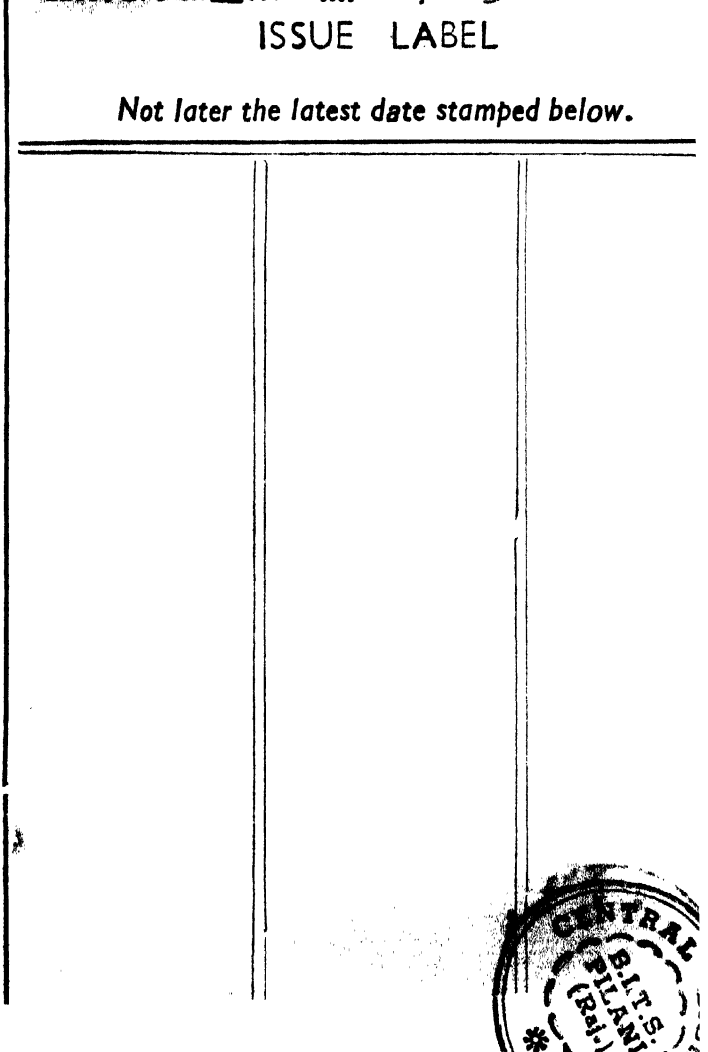

Acc. No. 125475

ISSUE LABEL

Not later the latest date stamped below.

CENTRAL
B.I.T.S.
PILANI
(Raj.)

CENTRAL LIBRARY
Birla Institute of Technology & Science
PILANI (Rajasthan)

THE

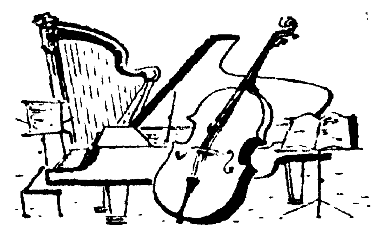
Joy In Listening

By HELEN L. KAUFMANN

EDITED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

THOMAS K. SCHERMAN

Director, Little Orchestra Society



Grosset & Dunlap

PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1940, 1942, 1947, 1948, BY
HELEN L. KAUFMANN

Under the title:
THE LITTLE GUIDE TO MUSIC APPRECIATION

© 1960 BY GROSSET & DUNLAP

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book, or portions thereof, in any form

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA

LEARNING A NEW LANGUAGE

It is my deep-seated belief that music is a language, with its own rules of grammar and structure, its own wide vocabulary and certainly its own literature expressed in many distinct and personal styles, each of which has its own strict set of regulations. It is as foreign a language to most of us on first exposure as are French, Russian, or Japanese.

Of course none of us would presume to expose ourselves to everyday communication in French, Russian, or Japanese, let alone to read their great creative masterpieces in the original, without at least basic knowledge of the rudiments of the native language.

In just the same way, I feel it is equally presumptuous of us to expose ourselves to a concert of live music or a good recording of a great symphony or opera and expect to receive any message from them, without having first acquainted ourselves with the basic rudiments of the "language" in which they are written. We must, in other words, be active listeners, bringing to the music knowledge of the composer's style and an understanding of musical form.

But how can we learn this foreign language, with all its strange illusive meanings? We do not need the amount of intensive training required of a composer or performer. We need only enough knowledge to understand, to a degree, what they are both *saying* to us. And the more we become familiar with the language, the more depths will we discover in their speech.

The first door to this sanctuary is that of learning the basic vocabulary and grammar—the knowledge of the different basic styles of music; a casual acquaintance with the instruments with which it is performed;

a more intimate acquaintance with the lives and working habits of the great composers and interpreters of the past; a sense of *historical* perspective of music, (*why*, for instance, Bach used the instruments and the forms which he did, instead of using the instruments and forms of, say, Tchaikovsky or Gershwin); an appreciation of the different *forms* in which most of the masterpieces were written (so that, on hearing a sonata for the first time, we can recognize its themes and know when to expect their repetition); an idea of why and how folk songs and jazz have had such an important influence on music of the great composers; and last but not least, an acquaintance with the stories of the songs, and of the tone poems, and of the operas, to which we will be exposed.

This modest series of books is merely intended as a key to this first door. It is merely an introduction to the fascinating but complex vocabulary and rules of grammar and syntax of the great musical language. If the books succeed in stimulating some readers to further investigation into the rich resources of that language, then they will have served their purpose.

THOMAS SCHERMAN

I

Pitch: The Ups and Downs of Music

WHEN, during World War II, General "Toohey" Spaatz was sent to bring American law and order to a badly bombed Italian town, almost his first act was to command everyone capable of playing a musical instrument to report to him. Instruments, and the men to play them, straggled in from caves and cellars. Within two weeks, he had a rough-and-ready symphony orchestra rehearsing regularly, and concerts followed in due time. The effect was miraculous. The frightened people, most of whom spoke no English, understood the language of music, and came eagerly to receive its message. Those concerts did more than torrents of eloquence or reams of propaganda to restore morale and establish confidence in the Americans. This is but one

COPYRIGHT, 1940, 1942, 1947, 1948, BY
HELEN L. KAUFMANN

Under the title:
THE LITTLE GUIDE TO MUSIC APPRECIATION

© 1960 BY GROSSET & DUNLAP

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book, or portions thereof, in any form

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA

LEARNING A NEW LANGUAGE

It is my deep-seated belief that music is a language, with its own rules of grammar and structure, its own wide vocabulary and certainly its own literature expressed in many distinct and personal styles, each of which has its own strict set of regulations. It is as foreign a language to most of us on first exposure as are French, Russian, or Japanese.

Of course none of us would presume to expose ourselves to everyday communication in French, Russian, or Japanese, let alone to read their great creative masterpieces in the original, without at least basic knowledge of the rudiments of the native language.

In just the same way, I feel it is equally presumptuous of us to expose ourselves to a concert of live music or a good recording of a great symphony or opera and expect to receive any message from them, without having first acquainted ourselves with the basic rudiments of the "language" in which they are written. We must, in other words, be active listeners, bringing to the music knowledge of the composer's style and an understanding of musical form.

But how can we learn this foreign language, with all its strange illusive meanings? We do not need the amount of intensive training required of a composer or performer. We need only enough knowledge to understand, to a degree, what they are both *saying* to us. And the more we become familiar with the language, the more depths will we discover in their speech.

The first door to this sanctuary is that of learning the basic vocabulary and grammar—the knowledge of the different basic styles of music; a casual acquaintance with the instruments with which it is performed;

a more intimate acquaintance with the lives and working habits of the great composers and interpreters of the past; a sense of *historical* perspective of music, (*why*, for instance, Bach used the instruments and the forms which he did, instead of using the instruments and forms of, say, Tchaikovsky or Gershwin); an appreciation of the different *forms* in which most of the masterpieces were written (so that, on hearing a sonata for the first time, we can recognize its themes and know when to expect their repetition); an idea of why and how folk songs and jazz have had such an important influence on music of the great composers; and last but not least, an acquaintance with the stories of the songs, and of the tone poems, and of the operas, to which we will be exposed.

This modest series of books is merely intended as a key to this first door. It is merely an introduction to the fascinating but complex vocabulary and rules of grammar and syntax of the great musical language. If the books succeed in stimulating some readers to further investigation into the rich resources of that language, then they will have served their purpose.

THOMAS SCHERMAN

I

Pitch: The Ups and Downs of Music

WHEN, during World War II, General "Toohey" Spaatz was sent to bring American law and order to a badly bombed Italian town, almost his first act was to command everyone capable of playing a musical instrument to report to him. Instruments, and the men to play them, straggled in from caves and cellars. Within two weeks, he had a rough-and-ready symphony orchestra rehearsing regularly, and concerts followed in due time. The effect was miraculous. The frightened people, most of whom spoke no English, understood the language of music, and came eagerly to receive its message. Those concerts did more than torrents of eloquence or reams of propaganda to restore morale and establish confidence in the Americans. This is but one

of the miracles wrought by music, itself the greatest miracle of all.

Its influence has grown steadily stronger. The media for hearing it are multiplied and multiplying. It is Esperanto, the language of One World. Not to know it is to be deprived of an important means of communication. Those who do not understand it feel compelled to study it in self-defense.

It begins with sound.

Some years ago, a physics professor said to me: "I never can think of any inanimate object as being dead. That wooden table under your hand, which to you doubtless appears wholly without life, to me is a moving mass, as alive as you or I. Its molecules, too small to be seen even with a powerful microscope, are pushing and shoving against one another, each struggling to maintain its existence in the seemingly inert body of wood. The same is true of the stone pavement on which you walk, the water you drink, the clothes you wear." I looked at that table with new eyes. If chairs and tables, trees and stones which we call dead possess vitality and motion, how much the more does sound—which comes trembling through the air in live vibrations, is received by a live instrument, the ear, and transmitted to another live instrument, the

brain. When you hear music—that is, when your ear and brain receive these live vibrations—if you do not respond with an interest as lively as the provocation thereto, it is because you never really listened to sound, you merely heard it.

What does it consist of, this sound? Is it particles of matter? Can it be seen as well as heard? Can it be measured? Is it hot or cold, fast or slow, masculine or feminine? When the physicists reply that sound consists of vibrations, they tell a complex story in a word, for several groups of vibrations are to be reckoned with. There are the initial vibrations produced at the source, and the resultant ones which travel through the air in the form of waves, and the vibrations of the eardrums which receive them. When a sound is thrown into silence, it is like a stone flung into a peaceful pool. Ripples, beautifully regular, starting at the point where the stone disappeared, undulate outward in ever widening concentric circles, until they are stopped by the banks of the pool, which vibrate with them, noiselessly and imperceptibly. The "plop" of the sound is carried in exactly the same fashion by waves; the ear is the bank which stops them.

There is a certain sybaritic quality to these

sound-waves, in that they are partial to warmth. They travel faster through warm air than through cold, swim through water faster than through the air, and are transmitted most quickly through glass and iron. When investigators first undertook to measure the velocity of sound, their method was primitive. They fired a cannon, and made notes of the time it took the boom to travel over a certain measured distance. They decided that, at a temperature of 32° Fahrenheit, sound-waves moved at the rate of about 1,100 feet per second. That is rapid transit. No wonder the modern city dweller has nervous breakdowns in view of the army of sound-waves, unpleasant as well as agreeable, which assault his eardrums daily at that rapid rate.

When a musical sound is uttered, its waves, more rapid than the vibrations of a humming-bird's whirring wings, are fully as regular. When they come evenly spaced like this or this or this they fall pleasantly on the ear, and are dignified by the adjective "musical." Conversely, such disagreeable noises as the squeak of unoiled machinery or the roar of subway trains are not to be confounded with music, for their waves, if photographed, would look jagged as a streak of lightning,

something like this [wave] . The listener subconsciously wards off from his ear-drums such badly-timed and unrelated sound-waves as these, while welcoming with serene satisfaction the arrival of the regular, properly timed waves which he knows as music.

The timing of the waves is the result of the number of vibrations set in motion by the original disturbance, and, to a lesser extent, of their intensity. When the wind blows gently through the trees, a low murmuring sound is produced, no less musical than the sweetest strains from the concert hall. Just before a storm the wind rises to fury, the branches toss wildly, and the low murmur becomes a high whistle. A whole gamut of sounds between the two rises and falls in symphonic variety, depending upon the velocity and intensity with which the branches are struck by the wind. Why does the pitch of the sound change in that fashion, or, to put it differently, why is it low one minute, high the next?

A helpful experiment can be conducted with an elastic band. Loop one end around a hook or nail, and hold the other, not pulling it too tight. Twang it, and listen carefully to the sound. Draw it tighter and twang again. Experiment with it at different tensions. Use

your eyes as well as your ears. Pluck it softly, then more forcefully, and notice the difference in the way it acts and the way it sounds. Perhaps you will arrive at the conclusion reached by the Greek Pythagoras, two thousand years ago. Pythagoras noticed, as you doubtless did, that the more quickly the plucked string vibrated, the higher the tone produced; also that the vibrations were speeded up by tightening the string. When the shortened or tightened string is set in motion, the arcs it describes can be seen to be smaller and correspondingly more numerous than those when it is long and loose. This is the elementary principle of pitch. The entire structure of melody and harmony is reared upon it.

Pythagoras proceeded from the general to the particular, and worked out a set of laws. He discovered, for instance, that a string half the length of another could be depended upon for a tone of twice the number of vibrations, which proved to be the counterpart of the original tone, eight steps, or an octave higher. A string two-thirds the length gave forth two-thirds the number of vibrations, producing a tone five steps above the original, known as a fifth. From there he went into square root formulas and complicated calcu-

lations having to do with the tones produced by strings of varying length, weight, and tension. He, or somebody, also observed that, aside from the difference in pitch, long loose thick strings do not give nearly so clear and agreeable a sound as thin light ones. All of these discoveries proved very useful in building instruments as well as in playing and listening to them. The seven identical octaves of the modern piano would be an impossibility without them.

A few people are born without the ability to distinguish differences in pitch. They are said to be tone-deaf. If drilled carefully, they can be taught, but they start heavily handicapped, for they are deprived of the perception of those subtleties of sound upon which compositions depend for their effect. I assume that you can tell instantly whether a note is higher or lower than another, for if you cannot, neither this book nor any other can bring you the ability to enjoy music.

When the discovery was made, long ago, that the pitch of a sound was changed by increasing or decreasing the number of its vibrations, the next step was to establish an arbitrary home-tone which could be used as a point of departure for others. A great many experiments were made before a tone of 256

vibrations per second was decided upon. It is called C, and is the constant from which others are measured. The tuning-tone used in the concert hall is not C but A, to meet the needs of the violin section, to whom the A is all-important. When you listen to the tuning of string players in a symphony orchestra, you will notice that the oboe gives them one tone, which they repeat until their own A strings reproduce it exactly. That is a tone of 440 vibrations per second, the accepted concert pitch for A in this country. If you can fix unshakably in your memory the sound of this A, you may find yourself able to call the names of other tones from their relation to that one. You will then have what is called *relative* pitch, an extremely useful talent in musical listening. And if perchance you discover that you have *absolute* pitch, that is, that you can call the name of any tone without stopping to figure out its relativity, you are indeed a fortunate individual, the possessor of a rare natural gift.

The diatonic scale upon which you will practice your talent, or at least try to find out if you possess one, is the practical application of the elementary principle of pitch. Western music is almost entirely built upon the diatonic scale. The Germans call a scale a ladder

of tones, and it is a good name, for by means of it you climb up and down from a note to its octave on regularly spaced rungs. The English name, scale, is taken from the Italian *scala,* which also means ladder.

As the first rung, let us take the C of 256 vibrations per second. There are twelve easy steps between this and its octave, the C of 512 vibrations per second. They are so easy that they are called half steps, or half tones, and when you conscientiously ascend or descend one rung at a time, without skipping, you are singing or playing a chromatic scale, that is, a scale which consists entirely of half tones. You are bound to get impatient, however, and occasionally take two rungs at a time, since they are so close together. When you do, you will be singing or playing whole tones. You may have heard that the diatonic scale has seven tones. That is because of the whole steps people insisted on taking.

Definite scales have been worked out, with a place for each step and each step in its place. The *do-re-mi* you probably learned in school will help you to fix in your ear and your mind the sound of the diatonic scale. C is called either 1 or 8; as *do* it comes both at the beginning and the end of the scale. The diatonic major scale of C is diagrammed as

follows, the large spaces representing the whole steps between tones, the small the half

1 2 34 5 6 78 (or 1)
C D FE G A BC

steps. Each tone is a whole step from the next except 3 and 4, 7 and 8, which are printed close together in the diagram to indicate the half steps. All major scales are constructed on that pattern; there are no exceptions. Whatever tone you start on as *do,* or 1 (and you can build a scale on every single tone and half tone), the spatial differences remain constant. This is an arbitrary arrangement. Nature had nothing directly to do with making the C major scale the standard by which music was measured. It was Man, in seventeenth century Europe, who decided upon this scale as the satisfactory basis of a musical scheme which was adopted by all of Europe. The diatonic major scale was developed from the medieval church scale, or mode, which had been developed from the Greek mode before it. The term tetrachord, specifically applied to the two four-tone groups of the diatonic scale, is a relic of this Greek ancestry, the tetrachord being the tones to which the four strings of the Greek lyre were tuned.

When the major scale predominates in a piece, the mood of that piece is likely to be a cheerful one. Such songs as *Merrily We Roll Along, Come Lasses and Lads,* and *Funiculi, Funicula* are inevitably in the major, so is the Hymn of Joy in Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony,* and the *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage Overture* by Mendelssohn.

A change in the location of the half steps results in a scale of another sort, called the minor scale. If you can learn to distinguish between major and minor in various pieces, you will be greatly aided in your understanding of the moods they express.

There are two kinds of *minor* scales, harmonic and melodic, making the vocabulary of sadness double that of gladness. The melodic minor goes up the scale by one formula and descends by a modification of the formula, while in the harmonic minor, ascent and descent are identical.

The little mark ♭ after a letter in the diagram means that the tone is lowered a half step. When it is to be raised a half step, which is sometimes necessary, the mark ♯ called a sharp is used. (In criticizing intonation, people often remark that a tone was sung or played sharp or flat, by which they mean that it sounded too high or too low.) The

symbol ♮ called a natural is placed beside a note that has been flatted or sharped, when it is to be returned to its natural place. In written music the symbols are placed before, not after the notes. Since you are going to listen to music, not read it, you need not at this point probe into the mysteries of sharps, flats, and naturals, and where and when and why they occur, so long as you retain the sound of the major and minor which have so much to do with determining the mood of a piece and its effect upon you.

The melodic minor is diagrammed as follows:

Going Up

C	DE♭	F	G	A	BC
1	23	4	5	6	78

Going Down

C	B♭	A♭G	F	E♭D	C
8	7	6 5	4	3 2	1

The harmonic minor handles the 7, or ti, differently from the melodic. It is diagrammed:

Going Up

C	DE♭	F	GA♭	BC
1	23	4	56	78

Going Down (the same)
CB A♭G F E♭D C
87 6 5 4 3 2 1

The half steps remain as they were on the return trip. Both minors have in common the flatted third or *mi,* that is, the half step between 2 and 3, and by listening for this, and for the raising and lowering of 7, the ear gradually learns to distinguish the minor from the major.

Familiar songs in the minor mode are surprisingly difficult to find. If, as is supposed, the major mode urges us to do, the minor to suffer, we are assuredly a race of doers. Our hymns, spirituals, and folk songs are in the major, and a search through several collections has brought to light only an occasional minor tune like *The Raggle-Taggle Gypsies,* or the Russian *Ochichernyia* (Black Eyes). Numerous examples of larger works in the minor rush to mind, however: Beethoven's "Fate" *Symphony in C Minor,* Schubert's "Unfinished" *in B Minor,* Mozart's popular *Symphony in G Minor,* and so on.

If you really want to fix this difference in your ear, spend your next free half-hour at the piano. Every key on the piano is a half step from the one beside it, be it black or

white. Find your octave and run up and down it, playing every note. You will be playing a chromatic scale. After that, try playing a major scale, being careful to place the half steps where they belong. Do the same with the minor and listen, listen, listen. You may start by doing it as a mathematical exercise; you will end by finding it an exercise in music, and in emotional reactions.

You are fortunate to be living today when you are asked to grapple only with major and minor scales, or modes, as they are also called. The ancient Greeks used the eight-tone scale, but varied it with eight modes instead of a mere two, called Dorian, Hypodorian, Phrygian, Hypophrygian, Lydian, Hypolydian, Mixolydian and Hypomixolydian, with the half steps differently situated in each one. The later Greeks even added two more. Trying to remember where the distinguishing half steps occur is confusing, and there is no reason why you should, although if you were taking a thorough course in the history of music you would probably be required to memorize them. But it is interesting to know that our major scale has actually the same steps and half steps as the Greek Lydian, and our minor as the Hypodorian, with one half step changed, so we owe the ancient Greeks

not only much of our general theory about pitch, but some of its practical application.

Composers of today experiment with Greek modes and with others. They experiment with pitch, splitting half tones into quarters and even eighths, hoping thereby to produce a greater variety of effects. Yet the songs of ancient India, of the Balinese and many African tribes, and of our own American Indians make use of just such fractional differences in pitch. The modern composer who uses them is creating nothing new, merely indicating his preference for the scale of some ancient folk other than the Greek. You will be conscious, as you listen, of the fact that when the music is not major or minor it falls oddly on your ear. And until you have reached a very advanced point you will cling to your knowledge of those two as your shield and buckler against confusion.

II

Dynamics: The Loud and Soft of Music

SUPPOSE, like a child with a set of blocks, you take the tones and half tones of the diatonic major and minor scales, and play with them. Every block, or tone, is of the same size as every other, of the same shape and color and quality. So, when you sing your scale, you must show no favoritism, but keep an even quality, hold each tone exactly as long as the next, do not permit one to sound louder or softer than another. It will not be long before you become bored with your game, for the effect is monotonous.

Your own ingenuity will then probably lead you to perform instinctively those acts which cause even the simple scale to become dynamic, that is, "characterized by energy, forceful . . . the opposite of static." There are many ways of bringing this about. One

is by varying the *duration* of the tones, so that not all are of the same length. Another is by varying the *quality* of the tone produced. And a third, the one usually dwelt upon in the textbook discussions of musical dynamics, is by varying the *intensity* of the sound.

The method of varying the *duration* of tones is not haphazard, but an orderly, mathematical process. Assuming that all tones were created free and of equal length, they did not long remain so. The monotony of pieces of identical lengths, played at identical speed, and made up of notes of identical duration was not to be endured. Let us suppose some composite legendary reformer took the matter in hand. First, he broke up long tones into shorter ones, and those again into still shorter. He took as his unit a whole note, expressed in musical notation like this 𝅝. This he proceeded to carve into halves 𝅗𝅥, quarters ♩, eighths ♪, and further multiples of four. He made a rule that when he placed a dot after a note it was to be held one-half its length in addition to its own value. He figured that it was pretty tiring to keep making sounds without an occasional recess between them, and that he could fit tones better into his rhythmic scheme if he worked out a system of rests

which corresponded in value to them. Thus, when the sign 𝄻 appeared, there was a rest which lasted as long as a whole note, 𝄼 a half, 𝄽 a quarter, 𝄾 an eighth, and so on.

Having gone this far in mathematics, he was impelled to go a bit farther. He divided the simple melodies he made when he changed the duration of individual tones, into mathematically equal groups called measures. A fixed number of beats to a measure seemed logical. His reward was immediate and gratifying, for while now there was orderliness in the marshaling of his material, within the measure he still could make use of many combinations of tones of different durations.

He made pieces of different lengths by using more or fewer of these measures; by hastening or retarding the speed with which he played or sang them, he changed the duration, not only of individual ones, but of the whole. The rate of speed at which a piece is played is called its tempo. He noticed that he himself, as well as any listener who happened to be around, felt quite different upon hearing a piece played at a fast, lively tempo, than at a slow one. And he drew his own conclusions as to the importance of tempo to vitality.

Sing your C major scale in an unvarying tone, allowing four equal beats to each note and counting 1, 2, 3, 4 on each:

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4

The only variety in the performance is provided by the differences in pitch; otherwise it is as dull a succession of sounds as the drip-drip of water from a leaky tap.

Now try it, for example, like this, counting on each tone the number of beats indicated below it:

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
4	2	1	1	1	2	1	4

If, while singing, you think of it in divisions of four beats, and accent the first of the four each time you come to it, you will be marking the rhythm, an element so important not only to dynamics, but to the architecture of music, that it rates a chapter to itself. If you proceed with your experiment, adding and subtracting measures, varying the length of the tones within them at your pleasure, singing fast, medium or slow, you will find yourself with a growing appreciation of the in-

fluence of duration upon the vitality of music, and upon the emphasis which adds so much to vitality that the composer stipulates it as definitely as possible. Sometimes the tempo is fixed by a metronome, a mechanical instrument with a pendulum, which is set to tick regular beats at different rates of speed. Even so, the tempo may not be absolutely as the composer wishes, for the artist still has latitude in interpreting those other orders with respect to dynamics, which may interfere with the tempo. For instance, a piece marked *grave* or *lento* is to be played very slowly, an *adagio* slowly, an *andante* at a walking pace, *allegretto* a little faster, *allegro* fast, *presto* even faster, *prestissimo* very fast indeed. There are further tempo instructions, mostly in Italian, such as *rallentando,* getting slower; *affrettando,* getting faster; *a tempo,* returning to the original speed, and many others. You must not forget that the artist or conductor has his own ideas of tempo, the composer has his, and you have yours. So by the time a piece actually reaches your ears, it has been subjected to several interpretative processes, designed to make more expressive or dynamic the composer's music. Some modern composers prefer not to use the Italian terms, nor the less frequent German or French ones

either. Percy Grainger, for example, directs that passages be played walkingly, talkingly, dancingly, skippingly, chatteringly. For the most part, however, the customary Italian is still in use.

Not only duration and tempo, but the colorful factor known as tone-quality, or timbre, can make music glow with life. You know what a vast array of musical instruments there is, each kind with its own distinctive quality of tone. You'd never mistake a flute for a trumpet, or a harp for a piano. Further, within its own group, each instrument is an individual whose personality is expressed in its tone-quality, so that a connoisseur can pick out a particular violin by its tone, though there may be dozens of other violins singing for his attention at the same time. And, to go further still, there are infinite possibilities on the same instrument for variations of tone-quality, ranging from shrill piercing wails to low sonorous murmurs.

The explanation of the phenomenon of differing tone-quality puzzled students of sound for years. Many theories had to be eliminated before a satisfactory one emerged. Even that is difficult to accept, since its first requirement is th[illegible]isbelieve your own

ears, which tell you that you are hearing a simple tone, when in reality you seldom or never hear a simple tone. There are hardly any in existence. If you did, you'd call it dull and flat, and demand a reason for its lack of luster and brilliance. What you do hear is a compound made up of a number of tones. The strong fundamental, which gives a tone its name (C, D, E, and so on) has contributory overtones, whose singing, properly blended with the fundamental, gives brilliance, richness, and resonance to the whole.

Take again the rubber band or string which vibrated when you plucked it. To your eyes, it appeared that the whole string was vibrating in one piece. So it was, but if you had had microscopic vision, and looked at your rubber band very closely, you would have observed an interesting phenomenon. It was vibrating in small regular segments also, each segment producing tones of different pitches so faint as to be individually inaudible. All of these, related to the mother-tone though different in pitch, are the overtones, and as they vibrate through the air, hovering above and around the mother-tone, they constitute a family group known in its entirety as the partial tones. It is for the instrument-maker and the artist to regulate the size of this family of

overtones, and by selecting only those who can play together congenially, to keep the family harmonious.

On what basis is this selection made? Every tone has many more partials than meet even the trained ear. How can anyone tell which ones to select? The fact is that the partials arrange themselves in a series called the harmonic series. For example, the partial which sounds most strongly, directly above the fundamental tone, is its octave; the next is five tones above that, the next again an octave above. When unwelcome partials not in the series obtrude themselves, the outcome is jangling and unpleasant. This is one family group which sticks together, refusing to welcome outsiders to its bosom with any degree of hospitality. The first six members are most easily identified. As they go higher in pitch, they decrease in power, and although their number is legion they are sensed as a musical aura, pleasant but undefinable.

In his informative book, *The Story of Musical Instruments,* Mr. H. W. Schwartz tells of a professor who amused himself by cutting out blocks of wood, each of which resounded to a definite pitch. He selected those in the harmonic series related to C as a fundamental. One after the other he dropped

them on a table in their order in the series: first C, then its octave C, followed by G, C the octave above, E, G, and C. When he gathered them together and dropped them all at once, a musical chord sounded, with C strongly predominating. When he added to the group other blocks pitched in odd tones not in the scheme, and let them fall together, confused noise, not a resonant chord, smote upon his ear. If you have a wooden xylophone which you are willing to sacrifice to science, you can verify his findings by performing the same experiment.

You can hear overtones for yourself at the piano. Play, or better still, get someone else to play one tone very loudly, depressing the right-hand (sustaining) pedal and holding down the key as long as it sounds, while you listen closely just above the strings. As the fundamental tone dies away, you should hear in the after-tones not only its octave, but at least the fifth above the octave—its two strongest overtones. If you cannot, try again, and eventually you will succeed. And gradually you will come to recognize the presence of overtones of greater or less intensity and number in every musical performance, hovering in the air as the fury of sound dies away.

When you listen to concert artists with your

ears alert for overtones, you will make some interesting observations. Each artist possesses a distinctive timbre, which is as much a part of him as his personality. At the same time, each plays his instrument with all the variety of tone quality and color of which it is capable. Furthermore, he plays it differently under different circumstances, altering the quality according to the mood of the composition and his own mood.

His nationality, education, experience, personality, musical taste, technical equipment and the nature of the instrument he plays; his health, his mood of the moment, the size and character of the hall, climatic conditions, are just a few of the factors which affect tone-quality by acting indirectly upon the overtones. To recognize their presence is not to weaken but rather to support the statement of Helmholtz, the German physicist, that "the character of a musical sound depends chiefly on the number and the proportionate strength of the partial tones of which the sound is composed."

Technical rules guide the artist to the tone-quality he desires. If you watch a string player, you will not fail to notice that, when he places his bow upon the strings somewhere near their middle, a rather faint, hollow sound greets

your ears, whereas if he bows on that part of the string nearer to the bridge he will draw a clear, strong, resonant tone. Moreover, the force with which he attacks the string, the part of the bow he is using, its tension and the amount of rosin on it, the smoothness or roughness of the finger with which he stops the string affect the timbre. When there are too many, or too noisy overtones, the quality is tinny. For a golden tone, find the golden mean. When a string is plucked with an ivory or metal pick, there are often too many overtones. The quality of the finest mandolin, for example, does not compare with that of a violin or even a guitar plucked with the fingers. The kind of string, whether gilt or silver, thick or thin, loose or tight; the kind of object which activizes it, be it bow, plectrum, pick or hammer; the material of which it is made; the exact place where it is attacked; the amount of resonance inherent in the particular instrument, affect the overtones. Correctness of pitch also exercises an influence. If, with an ear for quality, you listen to a singer off-key, the mixture of unfriendly overtones will make you uneasy, as though you were the unwilling witness of a family quarrel—which is exactly what you are at the moment.

There are devices for enhancing the effect

of overtones. All of them make use of the principle of resonance, or sympathetic vibrations. When the tone-vibrations are caught up in the right way, at the right moment, they induce sympathetic vibrations in whatever trap is set for them. Blending with the original vibrations, the sympathetic ones cause the tone to become more sonorous. They increase the number and regulate the relative intensity of the overtones, and present to the listener a much improved quality of sound. In the violin, the entire elastic wooden body acts as a sound-box, to send out the vibrations which come quivering down via the bridge over which the strings are stretched. The soundboard of the piano is a carefully calculated device which transforms into the rich, live tones of the modern piano vibrations received through a bridge from the strings. In the voice there are half a dozen such adjuncts—the cavities of the pharynx, the mouth, the chest, the nose and the head, adjustable by the singer to secure the desired resonance.

Intensity of musical sound is generally held to be the very essence of dynamic variety, intensity meaning its degree of loudness or softness. A tone becomes louder or softer according to the amplitude and extent of the vibrations which cause it, and the cor-

responding disturbance of air in the ensuing sound-waves. The interpreter of music is, in a sense, a dictator distributing power proportionately as he wishes tones to sound with greater or less intensity. Perhaps by no single test can you so well determine how much innate musical feeling you have as by your appreciation of the meanings implicit in the exquisite shadings, the magnificent climaxes, the rise and fall of sound which impart color and emotional significance to music.

The loudest music is not necessarily the finest. A soft passage treading on the heels of a thunder of sound, like the quiet melody immediately following the storm in Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony,* is more eloquent in that spot than the most impressive blast. Contrast enhances its effectiveness. Passages of moderate intensity are needed in the gamut of expression. It all comes down to the adjustment of intensities to one another in such a way as to create a language for those thoughts and feelings which words are inadequate to describe.

After a concert you will find little groups discussing dynamic intensities over their beer, attributing this or that meaning to the fact that a certain passage was played loudly (forte) or softly (piano). Perhaps they are

protesting that it was marked *fortissimo* (very loudly), yet that all the performance suggested was a *mezzo-forte* (moderately loud). You may hear them proclaim rapturously that nobody achieves an orchestral *pianissimo* (very soft) like Toscanini, who inspires eighty men to produce a resonantly beautiful sound which is hardly a whisper.

When the composer wants to indicate a rising tide of passion, anger, grief, or other positive emotion, he changes intensities. The word *crescendo* (cresc.) or this mark < commands that the sound grow louder, whereas *diminuendo,* (dim.) or this > asks for the direct opposite. Whether, music "roars you as gently as any sucking dove," or actually makes noises worthy of the king of beasts, the composer has his reason. The determination of what that reason may be adds untold zest to the listening process. The more music you hear, and the more heedfully you listen to its varying intensities, the more intelligent, as well as sensuous, will your enjoyment become. Whether or not you succeed in divining the composer's exact mood and meaning, you will find in the sheer consciousness of swelling and diminishing sound a rewarding satisfaction.

III

Rhythm: The Pulse of Music

FROM the moment when a newborn infant utters his first wailing wah-*wah*, wah-*wah*, his life is inexorably governed by rhythm. He breathes, walks, chews, his heart beats, his very thoughts occur with pulsing regularity. Rhythm is so much a part of him that he realizes its presence only when something occurs to impede its flow. If bronchial disturbance, lameness, toothache, heart palpitations, or mental illness shatter the rhythmic regularity of any one of these functions, his entire system rises in wrath and resentment.

Rhythm has been called the fourth R in education. It starts so long before the school age that by the time children go to kindergarten they are practically post-graduates. They march, gallop, and swing as directed by music, with immediate comprehension of

its rhythmic commands. Because it is so essential a part of your being and education, you too greet it as an old friend when you meet it in music. You may be deaf to differences in pitch, blind to dynamic shadings, indifferent to changing intensities. Still you waggle your head and tap your foot with instinctive enjoyment when you hear a piece with a pronounced rhythmic beat, for it echoes the pulses beating within you.

For this reason jazz is popular with people who may not know one note from another. They are captivated by its beat, and carried unresisting to a point where their world sways to its rhythm. Once they can be convinced that the rhythmic spell in the higher realms of music, while more restrained, is not so very different from that which already holds them, that they may beat time as rapturously to a Beethoven symphony as to *Ragging the Scale,* their insistence that they "can't listen to serious music" gives way to an incredulous realization that there may be something in it for them after all, if they approach it by way of rhythm.

Nor can anyone resist a military band. When it swings down the street a parade collects behind it for the sheer pleasure of marching. Whether the followers are soldiers,

pacifists, or boy scouts, they meet on the common basis of a steady ONE-two, ONE-two, with the accent on the first of the two steps. When "Everybody's out of step except my Johnny," it is Johnny who must look to himself. The majority are sure to be right when the beat is as clearly defined as it is in a good march. Such diverse tunes as Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever* and Wagner's *Wedding March* from *Lohengrin,* the French *Marseillaise* and the Yale *Boola-Boola,* are all in march time. That is, they are written with either two or four beats to the measure, with the accent on the first and third beats. Within the measure, there may be two or four quarter notes, there may be eighths, dotted notes, notes of varying duration; still the beat of ONE-two persists.

In songs, the rhythm of the words coincides with that of the music. The hymns *Adeste Fideles* ("Come, All Ye Faithful") and *Ein' Feste Burg ist Unser Gott* (A Mighty Fortress is Our Lord) are illustrations of the marriage of rhythm in words and music in a two-beat pulse. *Dixie, Turkey-in-the-Straw, Way Down upon the Suwannee River, My Old Kentucky Home, Tramp Tramp Tramp the Boys Are Marching,* encourage you to

walk, march or clap at any speed you desire as long as you hold the two beats.

If, however, you slip into *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean,* you will find all your efforts to stick to two beats futile. You will have to sing three beats if your words are to make sense, something like this:

My/Bonnie lies/over the/Ocean—/—
My/Bonnie lies/over the/Sea—/—
My/Bonnie lies/over the/Ocean—/—
Oh/Bring back my/Bonnie to/me—/—

You can waltz yourself as footsore to that Bonnie beat of three as to *The Beautiful Blue Danube,* or Victor Herbert's *Kiss Me Again.* The waltz, like the march rhythm, appears in simple and complex, popular and classical music. Instead of four quarter notes to the measure, there are three (or three half notes, eighth notes, or whatever the unit of measurement may be). The important thing to remember is that the waltz has three beats, with the accent traditionally on the first of the three.

The sense of the poetic meter of words in songs is a valuable crutch upon which to lean for the first steps. So, too, is whatever

instinct you may have for the dance. There is a primitive joy in giving yourself over to the rhythmic ecstasy which finds vent in action, be it dancing, singing, or wiggling the big toe inside the shoe. Such release adds immeasurably to the freedom of enjoyment, and should be encouraged as a stimulus to creative listening and creative composition. The savages did so. When their big drums spoke the eloquent language of steady, repeated beats, the physical responses of the listeners were varied enough to inspire the drummers to explore new rhythms. Above the throbbing of the big drums, they evolved, on additional little drums, series which were fascinating in their variety. Moreover, they didn't stick to the accent on the first beat of the two or three, but placed stress wherever they pleased both in big and little drums. In their way they practiced polyrhythms, the pitting of differently accented groups against one another in bass and treble, as sophisticated composers often do. And it all sprang from the dance. Such modern schools of the dance as the Jacques Dalcroze and Mary Wigman—the former Swiss, the latter German—depend for their material upon the metric and melodic pat-

terns of sophisticated compositions. They give a complete course in rhythmic education through corresponding bodily movements.

Sooner or later you will be thrown upon yourself, without words or dance to help you. If you are at a symphony concert, placed where you can watch the conductor, you will find him a helpful substitute. For his right arm tells you the "time" as unfailingly as a clock, while his left gives other orders. The right arm is invariably at the top of its stroke just before the beginning of a measure, bringing the baton down on the first beat.

When the composer writes his music he states his rhythmic specifications clearly by a fraction written at the beginning of the piece. The denominator tells the kind of note that constitutes a beat, the numerator the number of beats to the measure. Thus $\frac{2}{2}$ calls for two half notes to the measure, and the unit of measurement, or beat, is a half note 𝅗𝅥. Four quarter notes are marked $\frac{4}{4}$, or sometimes with a broken circle, C, the symbol for two-beat rhythm. A direction for three quarter notes to the measure is written $\frac{3}{4}$. This is waltz time, as is three eighths $\frac{3}{8}$ also. Six eighths $\frac{6}{8}$ may be divided into two

or three; that is, it may be played in waltz or march rhythm, depending upon the place of the accent.

One catch in this apparent simplicity is that the rhythm need not remain throughout as indicated at the beginning of a piece. The composer is at liberty to change it as often as he pleases, inserting the fraction which indicates the change. Sometimes composers take unfair advantage of this privilege, flitting from one fractional command to another within a few measures. An exaggerated example is a bit from the modern composer Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps,* in one part of which the composer changes the rhythm at every measure. The untrained ear cannot follow such lightning jumps, but should be forewarned of their likelihood, and able to recognize their share of responsibility for the restless jagged effect of such music.

If, in order to feel the rhythm of a piece, you needed only to recognize the difference between Oòmpah and Oòmpahpah, the whole problem of rhythm would be too simple to dwell upon. But do not be misled by this deceptive simplicity. As previously mentioned, the place of the accent can be, and frequently is, changed both in the bass and the treble. The accent may even come in a different

place in the treble from what it does in the bass without destroying the general rhythmic unit, as in Gershwin's *Fascinatin' Rhythm.* You will become increasingly aware of those misplaced accents which are characteristic of syncopation, and which appear not only in jazz, but in much serious music. You will perceive the play of accents against one another in bass and treble which is known as polyrhythm. The note-patterns woven above the bass, and lastly the larger rhythms within a piece, will also engage your attention.

Note-patterns belong in a discussion of melody, which is the Siamese twin of rhythm; separation of either from the other is a major operation. Like the leaves of a tree, which cast the shadow of an ever-shifting design on the sunny ground, notes and rests create a pattern which moves with flickering beauty. Watching the leaves you become aware of a rhythmic ebb and flow which, while not steady and regular, unobtrusively imposes certain restrictions on the pattern. In music these restrictions are definite, and are softened but not removed by the character of the note-pattern around them. As Aaron Copland explains in his book, *What to Listen for in Music*: "Even in a simple piano piece there is a left hand and a right

hand at work at the same time. Often the left hand does little more, rhythmically speaking, than play an accompaniment in which the meter and rhythm exactly coincide, while the right hand moves freely within and around the metrical unit without ever stressing it." What is true of the piano is true of other music. The pulse beats steadily and with pronounced accent in the cello of a string quartet, and in the basses and percussions of an orchestra, setting the meter as in poetry, while a pattern is woven above it, conventionally in the same meter, but using all the variety of pitch, duration, and dynamics that the composer is master of. Thus the two are joined in a rhythmic union which is concerned with the measure-to-measure pulse of the piece.

There is also a larger rhythm. It is concerned with the distribution of groups of measures in such a way as to create a combination of balance and of flow. Music has units of measurement which can be compared with those used in language. A single tone may be said to represent a letter, several letters a measure, which is comparable to a word. Several measures make a musical phrase, several phrases a musical sentence. A musical sentence ends in a cadence, or fall-

ing, a dying away of sound identical with the dropping of the voice at the comma, period, or other punctuation mark concluding a spoken phrase or sentence. A cadence may even represent a question or an exclamation. Musical sentences grouped together form a section or paragraph, and several such sections a composition, or movement. The rhythmic arrangement of the sections, and of the sentences and phrases within them, is no less important to the flow of the whole than are the lesser rhythms of the metrical pulse. In fact, the balancing of phrase against phrase, the thoughtful distribution of emphatic sentences, the pulsing of large units, each pulsing individually within itself, impart the true rhythmic interest to a piece.

It is not necessary for the performer to separate one group from another by exaggerated accents, long pauses, or extreme emphasis. Listening not only to the rhythmic beat, but the pattern above it, you will come to recognize the larger rhythms which result from the grouping, first of three or four measures, then of those with others. You will see how one group is balanced against another, creating a rhythm within the rhythm. You will watch for the beginning and the end of a musical idea. Experience will bring recogni-

tion of these larger pulses, and of the rhythmic hierarchy which extends from the lowly single measure to the piece in its entirety. You may have heard critics say admiringly of a conductor that he "kept the line." This was their tribute to the steadiness of the rhythmic pulse pumping the stream of music; to the nice balance of the rhythmic groups within the piece; and to the consistency with which the dynamics followed the rhythm which means, by derivation, "a steady flowing."

IV

Melody:
The Tune of Music

MELODY and rhythm are the Alphonse and Gaston of music. The fact that rhythm is dear to the heart of the savage who may sing-song in a monotone diversified only as to beat, gives rhythm the first place in many opinions. On the other hand, the tune of a piece is what catches the ear. To many listeners, the words tune and music are synonymous. The tune sticks, and you go out whistling or singing it, if you liked it well enough. Like rhythm, melody bears a disarming air of simplicity, an invitation to step up and get acquainted, especially when it appears as tune. You will meet it without strain when it appears in *Three Blind Mice,* or *My Country, 'Tis of Thee,* or a familiar hymn like *Now the Day Is Ended* and if you examine even these elementary tunes, they will

disintegrate into smaller, simpler units as, under the spell of the hypnotist, a jug split into fragments before the fascinated eyes of Kipling's *Kim,* then joined together again into a symmetrically rounded whole.

Melody is both more and less than tune. By definition, it is "a succession of musical sounds which have been organized into some kind of coherent shape or pattern." Actually, it is made up of small elements, called motives. Tones of different pitch and duration, as few as one and as many as twelve, are the motives which, joined together, make a melody. A simple example of a two-tone motive is the call of the bobwhite or the cuckoo, as musical as any sequence devised by man. Haydn thought so, for he used the cuckoo call in his *Toy Symphony,* and Beethoven also wrote it into his *Pastoral Symphony.* Even the one-note fanfare with which acrobats are greeted at the finish of a daring feat, a single tone delivered several times with different duration and force, counts as a motive. The first three notes of *Three Blind Mice* form a complete motive, the line "They all ran after the farmer's wife" another, and the two balanced in repetition make a complete melody. As to four-tone motives, the *Merry Widow Waltz* is introduced by a

charming one, and so it goes. *Ragging the Scale* makes of that eight-tone exercise a catchy tune, a motive complete in itself, yet permitting of interesting experiment in motion and design.

How are you to recognize motives, if no one is beside you to point them out? And why make the effort to do so? Why not be content to sing along when the tune strikes your fancy? Singing along mentally—but inaudibly—is a method of participating in performance, which heightens your feeling for the melody. In fact, one test of a melody's merit is its singability, but that should not be the sole criterion, otherwise many excellent pieces will be condemned simply because they do not lend themselves readily to internal vocalization. It is the very preconception of melody as a one-piece, singable tune which blocks the acceptance of new pieces that dangle no such lyrical bait. If you want to put yourself into a receptive state, you will adjust yourself to a concept of melody as a collection of fragments, or group ideas, called motives, assembled like parts of a structure, each having its place in the whole. As in all principles of construction, the more nearly perfect each unit, the more the entire composition approaches per-

fection. Each note in a motive, each motive in a melody should be indispensable, its omission a serious detriment to the whole.

It is essential to develop a musical memory so that, once you have heard a motive, you will recognize it when it recurs. For there is a great deal of repetition of motives; only when you have schooled yourself to hold them in mind does the melody assume the likeness of a tune. If it is difficult to remember, try to work with one motive at a time, follow it through a short piece, noticing how often it is used. Sometimes you will meet it in the identical form in which it was first propounded. Exact repetition of motives is common in simple melodies like *Three Blind Mice.* Frequently, however, the motive is repeated in slightly different form, adding a touch of adventure to its unmasking, giving a glow of accomplishment when you are able to piace it in the design, not as a new motive, but as an old one which has been modified.

The finer the performer, the more clearly do the motives stand out. In complementary or contrasting tone-colors, they emerge as separate entities or flow into one another like the colors of a painting, certain ones being high-lighted for emphasis. The rhythm

may be changed or intensified at an emphatic spot, or the important motive so placed or accented as to draw attention. Where there is an accompaniment, it helps to define the melody. Harmony goes hand in hand with melody and the chords which are associated with certain note progressions come to mind as an accompaniment whether or not they are played. Rhythm gives melody motion, harmony gives it color, while melody not only contains the germs of the design, but contributes largely to emotional satisfaction. The three constitute the Holy Trinity of music.

Do not start with too complex a melody, any more than you would select a problem child for your first venture into psychology. Take the simplest thing you can think of, a lullaby like the German *Sleep, Baby, Sleep* (Schlaf', Kindlein, Schlaf'). The three-tone motive, "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," immediately repeated in the second line, "Your father's tending sheep," is followed by a second motive in "Your mother shakes the plum-tree" also repeated, and the song then returns, in the last line, "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," to the first motive. Expressed in letters, it can be diagrammed: A A B B A. Go on from this to other simple songs and then proceed from

folk songs to other forms such as the Dvořák *Humoreske* immortalized by Kreisler's violin, the Paderewski *Minuet,* the Rubinstein *Melody in F.* And presently, you will find yourself at a symphony concert, intent on hearing the beginning of a piece because then the leading motive is announced, and following with the concentration you would bestow on a detective story the adventures of that and succeeding motives in the symphony.

The melody is usually to be found in the upper voice of a piece—at any rate, that is the first place to look for it. Changing its place is a way of securing variety, adding to its complex charm, and keeping you guessing. A favorite device of musical examiners is to play a well-known piece, and place the melody in the bass instead of the treble. Henry Purcell, the post-Elizabethan composer of madrigal and roundelay, once played that trick on royalty itself. Commissioned to write a birthday ode for Queen Mary, he used as a bass the tune of *Cold and Raw,* one of her favorite songs. The Queen had once called for it at what Purcell considered an inappropriate moment, and this was his way of rebuking her. But he didn't succeed, for she seems not to have recognized its presence, hidden in full view as it was, so Purcell

had the satisfaction of working off his ire without the unpleasant consequences which usually follow the taking of liberties with a queen. Contrapuntal writing, of which more later, places the melody frequently in one of the inner voices, where it plays hide-and-seek, challenging you to rout it out. In many of the works of Bach and Mozart especially, it is so perfectly woven into the fabric as a whole, that it can barely be separated as a complete thread, although all the time it is perceived as standing out from the rest by reason of its beauty.

Melody is one of the most powerful elements not only of design, but of emotional expression. Analyze as we may, the appeal of melody to the emotions is the undeniable, irresistible, essential appeal. Suppose you know that an ascending sequence in melody is stimulating, positive, indicative of ambition, effort and struggle, while a descending motion, contrariwise, has a quieting, relaxing effect. Such generalizations come to naught in the presence of a great melody, which defies them all to plumb the mystery of its emotional effect.

Nobody knows why it is that we like some melodies and dislike others. "That reminds me" is perhaps a more potent argument for

or against our liking than we realize. The French author Marcel Proust, in *Swann's Way,* makes of Swann's happy associations with the *Vinteuil Sonata* so vital an influence, that it compelled him to positive action at a moment when he might have hung back, and so altered the entire course of his life. The picture of the drawing room where he first heard it, which rises before him with nostalgic intensity when he hears even a few measures of the sonata, is shared by the reader. And if a literary excursion can thus impress, it is doubly true of a personal experience, especially an early one, which, connected in some way with a remembered tune, comes back with all the original poignancy of pleasure or pain when the tune is heard. A young man told me that the *Miserere* from *Il Trovatore* happened to be played on a passing hand-organ one day while he was being spanked when he was a small boy. He said that he never could hear the tune in after life without a rueful nether stinging which ruined his enjoyment of the music, no matter how beautifully it was sung. "That reminds me" has much to do with one's like or dislike. So does "O, I remember that!" Like an old shoe, familiar melody is restful and comfortable. You can be carried along

by it without listening too intently, without trying to analyze it, content because it sets up sympathetic vibrations in the memory.

Yet, even if you have heard only the best music during your youth, and base your liking on your knowledge, you still are limiting yourself if you allow your sole test of a melody to be its familiarity. Granted that it is as pleasant to meet a familiar melody among a lot of untried ones as an old friend in a strange and potentially hostile gathering, it is shortsighted to shut out the possibility of making new friends while enjoying old ones, since there are standards by which you may select those you can love and trust and those whose acquaintance you can dispense with.

A bad melody has definite shortcomings. It is sometimes monotonous, redundant, boring in the frequency and meaninglessness of the repetitions of its motives. It may be cheap and vulgar, strident and unprepossessing, or slovenly, with loose ends that are never tied up, like the untidy hair of a slattern. It may be dull and neutral, or merely commonplace and uninteresting. It may be jumbled and incoherent, filled with motives which do not hang together, which fail to make sense. Do not forget, however,

that seeming incoherence may be due to your inability to discern a pattern which, as you become more expert, assumes clarity and meaning. There is a wide gulf separating intricacy from confusion, and simplicity from banality. The ability to pick the right side of the gulf is the result of analysis as well as instinct, thought as well as feeling, judgment as well as tradition.

V

Harmony and Counterpoint: Tones in Combination

BREATHES there a man with ears so dead that he has never heard barber shop harmony? Though the electric razor has brought shaving back to the home, the so-called barber shop chord still survives from the day when a man's face was lathered to the strains of the vocal quartet. While the bass, or deep voice of the group boomed one note steadily (a drone bass), the tenor and baritone, with another bass, or two tenors with bass, sang above and below, one holding the melody, the others selecting at random any notes which made a pleasing sound. Their song always revolved around a comfortable combination based on the *do* of the song they were singing, the whole series being known as barber shop harmony. Although they called this sport harmonizing, neither the

quartets nor their audiences knew harmony as such. They played with blended voices for the fun of it. As to the names of the chords, or the rules which govern their use in classical composition, they probably did not know that rules existed.

Yet they were fearlessly touching the hem of the garment of harmony which cloaks music, and you may do the same with equal fearlessness. Do not let yourself be daunted by the fancy word trimmings which have been pinned on to it. You may caress its rich fabric, examine the strands of its supple elegance, and marvel at the artistry of their interweaving, without knowing a triad by name. For the appeal of harmony is to your own hunger for the beauty in blended tones, for the enrichment of a melody by the solid underpinning of congenial chords. Your perception of transitions from major to minor is an invaluable heightener of your harmonic enjoyment. Trust your ear. You may feel more confidence in it when you have equipped it with a little knowledge of what goes on as chord succeeds chord. But do not allow technicalities to cloud your eardrums, shutting out the sounds themselves, for it is through them that the music speaks to you.

When three or more notes are sounded

together in "pleasing" relationship, they form a chord. It is hardly necessary to mention that "pleasing" is an elastic adjective. A chord agreeable to one person may be distasteful to another, and furthermore, what is pleasing today was quite the reverse so short a time as a decade ago, taste being subject to change. The story of the development of harmony is a story of change.

There was no harmony in the earliest recorded music, the songs of priests. They were simple melodies, sung in unison, with all the singers praising God to a very primitive tune. No instrumental accompaniment, no part singing, nothing but a single line of melody in a limited range of intervals characterized these efforts, which were called plainsong. Scholars have deciphered the Greek plainsong, which was as pure as Greek art, and many fragments of it are embodied today in the Gregorian chants of the Catholic church. But a French monk named Hucbald, who lived in the tenth century A.D., took exception to the monotony of unrelieved unison. He decided that praise in two voices might not only be twice as acceptable to the Lord as praise in one, but half as tiresome both to sing and to listen to. He tried the experiment of two voices singing at an in-

terval of a few tones apart. He liked it, so did the other monks. Crude as it was, his experiment was successful, and his two-part songs, called organum, came into general use. Monks in other countries welcomed the diversion from the monotony of unison liturgical chants, and built further simple combinations. Presently they were singing two different melodies which sounded equally well together and separately, a product they called discant. From this point, other voices were added, and polyphonic, or many-voiced singing in the church developed by easy stages. Until the sixteenth century, harmony as such was not recognized, although, since two or more parts were sung simultaneously, forming chords, harmony was a far from silent partner of polyphony. Harmonic do's and don'ts were evolved from the necessity for blending two or more strands of melody. But for several centuries after Hucbald, all the stress was on finding melodies for the church which sounded well if sung each by itself, and equally well if blended with others.

Meanwhile, some time between 1225 and 1250, a song was circulated in England which introduced polyphonic singing into the weekday as well as Sunday life of the people. It was called *Sumer is icumen in,* and was sung

in a special way, called a round. The first singer sang the line "Sumer is icumen in, Lude sing cou-cou"; while he continued with "Groweth sed and bloweth med And springs the wode new," a second would start on the first phrase, "Sumer is icumen in etc," then a third and a fourth, each one continuing to the end and then starting all over again. When four voices proclaimed four different parts of the melody, each complete and harmonizing with the others, the effect was quite lovely. The song has a simple beauty which causes it to be sung today, not alone because it is a historical landmark, but because it is good music in its own right. A line of descendants, serious and frivolous, claim it as ancestor: the French round, *Frère Jacques,* the English *Chairs to mend* and *Scotland's Burning,* the German *Ach, wie wohl ist's mir am Abend,* and so on down to *There was a hole and the hole was in the ground.* In a round the tones of one part are strictly imitated by the others, at a distance of a pleasing interval (say a fifth or a third above or below), and this canonic imitation is an element in instrumental as well as vocal writing. If a round or canon happens to have a humorous twist, like *I went to the animal fair,* it is called a catch, probably because, as the words

were "caught" by the singers, a ludicrous turn to match them was given to the music. Whatever the name that describes it, *Sumer is icumen in* opened a door through which marched exponents small and great of the art of polyphonic singing in secular life, a similar service to the one performed by Hucbald for the church.

For a while, secular threatened to engulf religious polyphony. Church writers embodied in the religious service melodies taken indiscriminately from the streets and brothels, from any source which offered tunes that could be utilized. Pierluigi Palestrina, (1525-1594), a composer who for many years was choir master of St. Peter's Church in Rome, descended upon these purveyors of song like an angel with a flaming muckrake. He purified by example, for in all the vast collection of hymns, lamentations, litanies and masses from his pen, there is not one jarring or vulgar melody. He was not above writing secular music, but practiced the same delicate discretion here, with consummate taste playing the voices against one another, "punctum contra punctum," point counter point. Literally translated, this means note against note, and the word counterpoint is used to describe music which plays one note against

another in certain prescribed ways. It describes the study of horizontal part writing in general, and, more specifically, the melodies written against a fundamental subject, the *cantus firmus,* or fixed melody. Before J. S. Bach, the rules governing such writing were so strict that they formed a body of knowledge known as strict counterpoint, which every would-be composer was obliged to master before putting pen to paper. Bach freed counterpoint by demonstrating that within its frame, liberties were permissible which did not impair, but actually increased the expressiveness of polyphonic writing. Since his day, a system of free counterpoint has developed. Individual voices wander here and there with fewer restrictions, intervals formerly forbidden now go unreproved, chords which do not fit into the "pleasant" group are allowed, and so on. The counterpoint of Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms, of Debussy and Schoenberg is very different from that practiced by the predecessors of Palestrina, by Palestrina himself, and by his great contemporaries, Orlandus Lassus of Munich and Thomas Tallis of London. But the *cantus firmus* is still the cornerstone of the contrapuntal structure, the difference being that now it generally originates with the

composer himself, whereas in the early days it was taken either from an already known secular tune, or from Gregorian plainsong.

Dignified counterpoint, with its *cantus firmus* and improvisational excursions, furnishes the pattern for so undignified a descendant as jazz. Sidney Bechet, Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Fats Waller and Dizzy Gillespie stem from Palestrina. They take a popular tune like *St. Louis Blues* or *Dinah* as a *cantus firmus.* They have it sung, or played on trumpet, clarinet or other solo instrument. Then above, below and around it they weave, on clarinet, trumpet, piano, drum, or saxophone, a pattern which is the delight and despair of imitators. This is hot music. It is also counterpoint. You may be interested in supplementing the hearing of music by Palestrina and his contemporaries with a diversion into this ingenious modern counterpoint.

Polyphonic music is described as horizontal because when it is written, each melody makes its own line across the page, in contrast with music having a melody in the upper voice, with chords below to sustain and accompany it. Since the notes to be sounded simultaneously in a chord are set down one above the other, monophonic

writing, with melody above and chords below, looks vertical and is often so called. The distinction is somewhat artificial, for the motion of the chords parallels that of the melody, and by that token is also horizontal. Yet as an aid to determining the type of piece by a glance at the music, it has its value.

When, in the sixteenth century, the voice was supplemented by musical instruments, harmony began to come into its own. The restrictions on writing imposed by the limitations of the human voice, which could not handle too difficult an interval between notes, gave way as the resources of the viol, lute and harpsichord were revealed. The soprano-alto-tenor-bass combination was duplicated in instrumental writing, which became elaborately polyphonic. Then along came Johann Sebastian Bach to do for instrumental polyphony what Palestrina had done for vocal. With one hand he skimmed off its impurities, with the other he poured new and legitimate resources into it. He elevated it to a pitch which represents the ultimate. No composer has surpassed Bach in polyphonic writing. His separate melodies have inevitability, individuality, and sturdy solid strength, and at the same time are fitted together with all

the refinement of the minute parts of a fine Swiss watch. The elemental harmonies in which they blend, daring in their own day, appear all that is restful and right to our tired modern ears.

Bach neglected no resource toward the realization of contrapuntal perfection; he utilized to the full the already known devices. To appreciate a few of his characteristics is to acquire a new interest in hearing polyphonic music, so that you do not, like one hapless concert-goer, leave the hall and take a walk around the block whenever a piece by Bach is played because you cannot sit through it.

When a motive as sung by one voice or instrument is repeated by another, either exactly, or on a different step of the scale, or with slight changes that do not alter its essential outlines, it is said to be *in imitation.* Sometimes the imitation is like an echo, delivered *piano,* remote and wisp-like. Sometimes it is emphatic, insistent and aggressive. Imitation is a form of mimicry practiced in polyphonic music, the repetitions being one or many, always occurring in different voices. Transposition, on the other hand, is not a polyphonic concept, but a device in general use. When a motive is repeated deliberately

in another key or tonality—that is, using another than the original *do* as the center but retaining the identical relationship of the tones—it is said to be transposed. Very beautiful effects and changes of color are secured by thus lifting a motive or a whole piece into a different environment, the harmonies being changed to correspond. Bach tossed motives in imitation and transposition from one voice to another as easily and gracefully as infielders speed a baseball to the different bases. From the soprano to an inner voice, then perhaps to the bass and back to the soprano they go, in frequent but not wearying repetition.

That the repetition does not become tiresome is due to further devices aiming at variety. Sequences are used. These consist in the repetition of the same melody or part of a melody starting on different steps of the scale, and uttered by the different voices. The orderly progression of these sequences up or down establishes a sense of solidarity and neatness. Bach employed the inversion of motives also, retaining their rhythm and intervals, but turning them upside down from time to time and from voice to voice. He used the *stretto,* especially in his fugues. *Stretto* literally means "tied tight," quickened

in time. The quickening produces an overlapping of motives, so that a second voice answers the first with a second motive while the first or main voice is still going on. It is a dramatic treatment. The doubling or halving in duration of the tones of motives in repetition known respectively as augmentation and diminution, is another method of disguising the elusive motives. These are but a few. When next you hear a Bach composition, try to track the melodies from voice to voice, to recognize them wherever and in whatever guise they occur. It is a rewarding form of sleuthing. Most important, do not lose sight of the marvelous whole in your attention to its parts; the blended tones multiply the satisfactions experienced in hearing the individual voices. If you are aware of both, you will have captured the essence of polyphonic writing, and will be prepared for the enjoyment of the harmony which enriches both polyphonic and homophonic music.

When men went seriously about the business of building chords, they attacked the problem as one in construction. They built solidly from the bottom up, resting their chord on a firm foundation tone called the root. The three-tone chord do-mi-sol—the

root, the third, and the fifth of a scale—is called a triad, and is the primary building unit in harmony. Triads can be made on every tone of the scale. Those built on the tonic, the fourth and the fifth as roots, for instance, have as pleasant a melodic relation as any tune made of the intervals alone; the study of harmony is the study of the relationship of triads and chords such as these to one another. It is a motion study of chord progressions. Without going deeply into the technical aspects of harmony, you will be repaid for devoting some time and thought to the triad. It is not only in constant use itself, but is expanded into other, more complicated forms. By adding an interval of a third to the top, a chord of the seventh is obtained; adding still another to that, a chord of the ninth, and so on to chords of the eleventh and thirteenth. These are beautiful and interesting chords, and the education of your ear to the recognition of the triads on which they are based should be your first step toward familiarizing yourself with them.

Like scales, triads may be major or minor, depending upon the relation of the first to the third. When the third is dropped a half step, like the mi of the minor scale, a minor

G G

triad results. E is a major triad, Eflat a minor

C C

triad. Minor harmonies are largely responsible for the creation of a mood of sadness—they help to establish the minor mode. Triads become augmented or diminished when half tones are added or subtracted respectively.

Gsharp Gflat

E is an augmented, Eflat a diminished

C C

triad, the total number of half steps in major and minor being altered by one in each case. Still another change is rung by shuffling the notes of the triad. When any tone other than the root is at the bottom, the triad is said to be inverted. If the third is taken as the base, the triad is said to be in its first inversion—

C

G is the first inversion of the C major triad.

E

With the fifth at the bottom, it is in the second

E

inversion— C. Since major and minor, dimin-

G

ished and augmented triads can be built on every step of the scale, can be inverted and used in all these forms in chords of the seventh, ninth, etc., it is obvious that the study of them all, and of the possible relationships between them can become a life work. In lieu of the ambition to make it so, a little time spent at the piano playing triads in major and minor, in all their inversions, up and down the scale and at other intervals which suggest themselves as offering possible melody, even trying different chords of the seventh and ninth, will prove a pleasant entering wedge to understanding.

As chord units are put together, shifted, and fitted into their pattern, they are governed by regulations devised entirely for aural comfort. When, for example, a composer decides to change *do's* in midstream, a procedure known as a change of key or tonality, he does not jump abruptly from one key to the other, rocking the boat as he jumps. In following his melody, he may decide that he wants to change, let us say, from the key of C major to D minor. By way of softening the transition, he writes a series of chords which lead gently, or modulate, from one key to the other. Such a modulation may consist of one or several chords. Its effectiveness is a matter of the

composer's ingenuity in the selection of chords which are suitable and beautiful, and conform with the rules of modulation.

The preparation for a chord, the statement of the chord, and its resolution are the three steps which represent in classical parlance the normal treatment of a harmonic group. To the composer, the emphatic chord is like an honored guest. He leads up to its coming with lesser chords of preparation, which clamor for the climax of statement, or arrival. Then he slopes them down to the resolution which marks the end of the piece or some part of it, the guest's departure. This ending is called a cadence—a falling—like the dropping of a voice at the end of a sentence. The cadence which closes a piece is on the tonic chord, the chord of the *do* in which the piece is written. The tonic is often called the home chord, for the return to it from harmonic excursions is in the nature of a home-coming.

In the restless world of today, many people do not go home regularly, while others have no homes to go to. It is natural that harmony should follow suit and rebel against that invariable return to the home chord. It wants to stay out, go to a movie, anything rather than go home. So the final chord in modern music often remains unresolved, leaving you

hanging open-eared, awaiting the tonic harmony which never comes. Many an audience is fooled into applauding before the end, or withholding applause when it is due, because one unresolved cadence sounds so much like another that there is no way of telling when the composer has finished. The classic composers leave no doubt, but some others take pleasure in disregarding the good manners learned at their harmony teacher's knee. Not for them the traditional modulation, gentle preparation, statement and resolution. Not for them the "perfect cadence" from the fifth or dominant to the home chord or tonic, at the end of a piece. They even disdain the plagal cadence, from the fourth or subdominant to the tonic at the end, the A-A-A-men of hymns. They have learned to think vertically, in chords, as easily as composers formerly thought in single tones. And the chord units in which they think can sometimes not be traced to the triad or any of its variations. Even an old hand is frequently baffled by the apparent lawlessness of modern harmony. If he, how much more so the inexperienced listener! The latter, to be sure, has a certain advantage in that he cannot resent the infraction of rules with which he is not familiar nor gasp with disapproval of chords so scan-

dalously related as to be banned from all proper gatherings of their kind by the Emily Posts of harmony. To him, there is nothing scandalous about any chord relationships.

After listening carefully and often to the chords in common use, you come to realize them as absolute unities, each with its own personality, its own complexion. The fusion of three or more tones, which makes of a chord not a sum in addition or subtraction but a total of blended elements, a complete entity, is the very essence of harmony. If you are aware of it, you can delight in barber shop chords and their derivatives, without rejecting the rich combinations favored by Beethoven and Brahms, or making a wry face at the experiments of Stravinsky and Schoenberg. With a little knowledge and a great deal of tolerance, you will extract a kernel of beauty from the divergent harmonies of them all.

VI

Form: *The Architecture of Music*

IN THE vernacular of music, form has a twofold meaning. In a general sense, it is used to classify the framework into which the composer sets his design. Its more particular significance has to do with the kinds of design within the framework, and with methods of presenting themes and expounding ideas. Generally speaking, the moulds into which vocal and instrumental music are cast are successful in proportion to the extent to which they fit the material. There must not be so much compressed into a small mould that it threatens to burst its bounds, nor so little that it hangs limp and empty. In other words, a symphony cannot be expressed in terms of a dance suite, nor a folk song spread thin into an aria. In fact, the composer is free to in-

vent a form if, among the assortment at hand, he finds none that suits his material.

If he is writing for the solo voice, he starts from an early and satisfyingly balanced medium, the folk song, a strophic verse and chorus such as the English ballad song, *Barbara Allen.* A series of stanzas sung to the same tune, with a recurrent refrain which is always the same, is the ideal form for poems of this ballad type, and for simple narrative folk tales. Yet when Schubert set to music the tale of the Erlking, he achieved dramatic interest not by repetition of a refrain, but by writing music which followed the words and brought out their significance. This was the art song form, which Schubert perfected; in Germany it is called the *Lied.* It differs from folk song in that it is what the Germans call "durch-komponiert" ("composed through"), the music following the words in a continuous line from start to finish. The lyric or dramatic arias which are sometimes borrowed from the opera to grace recital programs are larger than art songs, but are also "durch-komponiert."

Although motets and madrigals are contrapuntal forms associated with the composers of the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries, they have served as the basis for much of the ambitious choral writing which followed. The

motets, sung frequently "a capella," that is, as in a chapel, without accompaniment, have their counterpart in the church anthems of today. When they are expanded into dramatic or religious vehicles for large mixed choruses, they are called cantatas or oratorios, depending upon the purpose for which they are intended. Cantatas were often written for special occasions, and are not necessarily as serious as the oratorio, which is an ambitious dramatic effort, the text usually based on the Scriptures. The mass, a polyphonic vocal work, forms a part of the Catholic liturgy, and is wholly religious. The most dramatic vocal demonstration, in which vocal and instrumental writing on a grand scale is required, with a subject to match in grandeur, is the opera. Its combination of stage action with the musical interpretation of that action by voices and orchestra challenges the gifted composer whose musical concept is too large to be contained in ordinary vocal or instrumental forms.

Instrumental music developed after vocal, but it did not lag behind in variety of forms. The solo instrumental piece with or without accompaniment, intended to exploit the qualities of a single instrument, is a voluntary offering, which may be in any form the composer wishes, and called by any name he likes.

He may write waltzes, studies, mazurkas, polonaises, reveries, or any kind of dance, as Chopin did for the piano. He may affix descriptive titles as Debussy did in *Gardens in the Rain, Children's Corner,* and *The Girl with Flaxen Hair.* Cradle songs and meditations on the one hand, brilliant flights like Tartini's *Devil's Trill* for violin and piano on the other, are evidence of a wide choice.

The concerto represents the high point of solo writing, for here the conception must embrace the symphony orchestra as well as the solo instrument it accompanies. When you hear a concerto with piano accompaniment, you may be sure it has been arranged, and is not being played as originally written. The effect is never wholly satisfactory. The display of solo virtuosity which is one object of a concerto is only half the pleasure of listening. For in a truly great work, soloist and orchestra participate in a dialogue that is nearly equal. The latter should not be rated as an accompaniment, so complete is its development of the material propounded by the solo instrument. Concertos have been written for practically every known instrument, and for small combinations treated as a solo unit. They provide the box-office attraction for many a symphony concert. They are tradi-

tionally in three movements, separated as though they were three separate pieces, although sometimes, as in the Conus *Violin Concerto,* all are played as one, or two movements are played together without a break, as in the *G major Piano Concerto* by Beethoven. The orchestra usually presents a small introduction, called a "tutti" (Italian for "all"), in which all the instruments play. Sometimes the soloist plays along unobtrusively in a tutti, to sing out with solo brilliancy when his turn comes. Whole sections may be joined together by tuttis which present new material and at the same time give the soloist a breathing-space.

In a concerto, the solo instrument is allowed to show off without accompaniment in a section called the *cadenza.* This is usually placed at the end of the first or second movement, sometimes both. The performer is permitted to supply his own cadenza improvising on the themes of the concerto if he wishes. However, many composers write cadenzas themselves, or their friends do so for them. They do not trust the performer as a composer.

A concerto is very much like a sonata for two instruments. It is a dialogue. True, sonatas are written for single instruments, but even then, the instrument carries on a con-

versation with itself, giving all the right answers to the questions it addresses to itself after the fashion of certain vaudeville comedians. In the wealth of sonatas for two or more instruments—there are as many combinations as there are instruments in existence—the dialogue becomes a conversation between voices of different timbre and equal importance. The piano part of a sonata with another instrument is frequently spoken of as the accompaniment. That is an error, the piano part being fully the equal of that written for the other instrument. Sonatas are written for more than two instruments, in fact, for whole ensembles. They usually consist of an Allegro, an Adagio, and a Finale. The first is cast in what is known as sonata form, adding yet a third to the meanings applied to the overworked word, sonata, which originally signified "something that was sounded."

Many instrumental roads lead to the Rome of the symphony. When composers started to write music for performance at the courts of kings and princes, they had to bear in mind the size of the room in which it would be presented, and so they wrote "musica da camera" or music for rooms, which we call chamber music. Duets, trios, string, wind and

piano quartets; quintets; sextets; everything up to an ensemble of twenty pieces is classed as chamber music. Thanks to the small number of instruments, the composer of chamber music can achieve a purity, lightness and delicacy, and a sharp outline which result in a cameo rather than a statue. When he comes to write symphonies, he seizes a heavier chisel to quarry out his musical thought. Since he deals with eighty-odd instruments, at least four times as many as a large chamber ensemble—the number can be increased to over a hundred—he works on a heroic scale. The four-movement tradition is practically universal in chamber music (with the exception of the sonata) and in the symphony. The Allegro, the lively first movement, with possibly a few measures of slow introduction, sets the tone, and presents the important thematic material which is later to reappear in other movements. The second movement, more meditative and deliberate, is traditionally an Adagio or Andante or some such leisurely tempo. Usually in a contrasting key as well as tempo, it presents new subject matter in measured, stately form. The third movement may be a dance-like minuet and trio, or a scherzo, a carry-over from the dance suite. The Finale, or last movement, is a grand summing-up, a

"Lastly, my friends," a peroration which is usually brilliant, rapid and exciting.

There are some forms of writing for the orchestra which are not in four movements. The Overture, for instance, which in some cases originated as the introduction to a dance suite, in others as the piece played before the rise of the curtain in the opera, appears on many orchestral programs, and is in one movement. The symphonic poem, a single-movement descriptive piece which follows a poem or a story, is well suited to some types of romantic writing. There are a number of ways of dodging what is known as absolute music, in which the thought is not necessarily communicable in words. Program music, such as the symphonic poem and the overture, freer and more rhapsodic than the symphony, permits the composer to explain his intentions in words. The associations thus presented prepare you for the hearing of the music which follows. The orchestral suite, which may or may not be program music, originated with the dances written for court entertainments by Lully and Couperin and Scarlatti. The enticing names Sarabande, Gavotte, Gigue, Branle, Pavane, Courante, Minuet, Bourrée, Forlane evoke a picture of rustling brocades above toes daintily pointed in the various

dance figures. Unrelated and unlimited in number as the movements of the suite were, gradually, as composers decided to join them together, a species of unity of purpose and mood crystallized into the unity of key and subject of the symphony.

Within such frameworks as these, the music disposes itself in prescribed designs, of which three, the sonata form, the variation form, and the fugue, appear in most of the instrumental music you are likely to hear. The sonata and variation forms are primarily harmonic, while the fugue is in the category of contrapuntal writing. Needless to say, there are numerous other forms described in the textbooks. And there are more than a few composers who have cast aside traditional form, as they have traditional harmony, melody and rhythm, in the attempt to blaze new trails. Even so, you will appreciate their sucesses and failures the more for knowing something of the tradition they are spurning.

In its most elementary manifestation, the sonata form has the appearance of an old friend, the simple folk song in the A B A pattern, that is, the statement of a main motive A, a contrasting motive B, and the restatement of the main motive A, with a possible repetition of one or both motives. Song and

dance are responsible for the A B A form, which sprang up because it fitted the words as sung, and the figures as danced in certain dances, particularly in the rondo. In the sonatas written in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the beginnings of the sonata form can be discerned, although in those days a sonata simply meant something that was sounded, or played, and the only connection between the two is the fact that the first movements of most sonatas are traditionally in the sonata form. This is built as follows. After the statement of the first subject or theme, usually a brisk, energetic strain of unmistakable melody, there may be a few modulating measures or a slight development of that theme. Then a second subject is announced, based on a different key. Sometimes it may be in a contrasting mode, minor if the first was major, or vice versa. The announcement of these two themes constitutes the Exposition section, A. It is followed by the feature which most decidedly differentiates the sonata form from merely an enlarged song form, namely, the development section. This is like the free play period of the modern classroom. While it lasts, the composer is at liberty to take his subjects apart and put them together again, to toss and worry them as he wishes. He

breaks them into short bits and phrases, inverts, augments, or diminishes them, modulates back and forth, harmonizes in any and all keys, juggles sequences, imitations and transpositions and changes rhythms. In the development section he has his big opportunity to spread out everything he knows, but if he is wise, he holds something in reserve, bearing consistently in mind the purpose of the development section. It should exploit the already stated thematic material, without introducing new basic motives and themes.

After the giddy, often puzzling whirl of the development section, B, the return to the theme A, called the recapitulation, falleth as the gentle rain from heaven. Especially does it so appear inasmuch as, when restated, both themes have the same tonal center or key, that is, the tonic or *do* of the scale on which the first theme is based. The return to those harmonies restores the sense of rounding out and completion of the story.

"Papa" Haydn, famous Austrian composer who lived in the latter half of the eighteenth century, did so much for the sonata form that the paternal title could have been bestowed upon him for that service alone. He made a definite, clear-cut pattern out of the muddy and muddled attempts of his predecessors. He

blue-penciled all unnecessary and extraneous matter; separated exposition from development, development from recapitulation, replacing with clear and logical chord-successions the meaningless flourishes he found; added an introduction at the beginning, and in many instances a coda at the end, the first designed to put the hearer in the proper mood, the latter to leave him that way. Literally a coda is a tail, the wagging of which dignifies and amplifies the ending of a section or a piece, new material in the spirit of what has already been heard.

Composers subsequent to Haydn availed themselves thankfully of his clarification of the sonata form. Mozart may have been more gracious, brilliant and aristocratic in the working out of the development sections, and Beethoven more profound, but Haydn laid the groundwork for both. The name of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, son of the great Johann Sebastian and precursor of Haydn, is closely connected with the development of the sonata form and its application is delightful piano works. Music was to Beethoven the expression of a spiritual state, and the development section the answer to his prayer to be enabled to reveal that state in its full beauty. Nowhere more than in these sections of his

various compositions does the wonder of his works appear.

The variation form may be pursued in the slow movements of the same sonatas, symphonies, etc., to which you have tracked the sonata form. It is frequently, though not consistently found in slow movements, and appears independently also in individual pieces. Like the sonata form, it is an outgrowth of dance and song. The Elizabethan composers William Byrd, John Bull and Orlando Gibbons pleased themselves by writing variations on a simple song, treating it successively in different fashions—lively, rugged, smooth, humorous, etc. In France composers were adding, in the "double" or repetition of a dance theme, whatever embellishments occurred to them as likely to prevent dancers from becoming bored with the restatement required by the dance figures. But it was not until Handel and Haydn added transposition and syncopation to the simple devices in use that the theme with variations became really interesting. In listening to a piece in variation form, it is essential to seize the initial theme and hold on to it with a tenacity that refuses to let go even for a moment. Keep singing it mentally while listening to its variations. If you can retain it despite the distraction of the

operations performed upon it by the composer, you will find yourself enormously entertained by the diversity of those operations. But once you lose the theme, the variations become meaningless, even dull, since they possess interest mainly as heard in terms of the original, and of the composer's success in departing from, while adhering to that original.

How are you to know the variation form when you meet it? It is one of the most readily recognizable. The first few variations after the original proclamation of the theme are usually tied closely to the thematic apron-strings. They present only the most obvious departures from the original, just enough to give a sense of change. It is only as one variation follows another, that the composer "goes to town," gradually coming to the point in the later variations where he disguises the theme so completely that you may have difficulty in finding it. A theme can be varied harmonically, rhythmically, melodically, and contrapuntally, one at a time or all together. A slight pause between variations generally permits you to gather your energies. Even without the pause, cadences to the *do* (or tonic) give a hint that one variation is ending and another about to commence. If you have

failed to follow one, you may have better luck with its successor.

Fugue form deals with thematic gymnastics which are more contrapuntal than harmonic in design, resembling the canon and round. In a simple fugue, the procedure is something like this. The subject is announced, and is immediately "imitated" by the second voice in a different key. A third voice enters, repeating the subject as it appeared in the beginning, a fourth again as in the second, and the chase is on. While the second voice is answering the first in another key, the latter broaches a new subject, contrasting in rhythm and melody, and known as the counter-subject. Be sure to fix both subject and counter-subject firmly in your mind.

Then you will not be baffled by the voices, first in parallel then in contrary motion, the chase of parts of melodies from voice to voice, the harmonic interludes which throw obstacles in the way of your pursuit, or the passages in free style, known as episodes, which are interjected into many fugues as hazards in the contrapuntal chase. Fugues are known as two-part, three-part, etc., according to the number of voices. J. S. Bach wrote a series of studies which is to all intents and purposes the Bible of the Fugue. It proceeds

from an open, comprehensible fugue treatment of a simple subject, to a complicated manipulation of the same subject in three, four and five voices. In this exhaustive treatment of the subject of *The Art of the Fugue,* Bach squeezes it as dry as a morning orange after you have extracted the juice.

Dryness is, in fact, supposed to be one mark by which you can always know fugue form. An often quoted definition describes it as "a piece of music in which one voice after another comes in, and one listener after another goes out." But the listener who goes out is a deluded mortal, deliberately turning his back on an exciting musical experience. He would never leave a football game in that way, yet a fugue is musical football. The football subject is followed with intense concentration as it is tossed from player to player, fallen upon by all in a body, seized by one player and carried for awhile, then snatched by another. It is never at rest. It is always the same, whether smeared with mud from the field, or of shining new pigskin. When finally it is carried over the goal line in a touchdown, all the players converge toward the coveted point. This moment represents the *stretto* in many a fugue, the climactic section where entries crowd in, overlap, overtake one another, push

and jostle. Just as there may be no touchdown or several in a game, there may be no *stretto* or several in a fugue. Both become the more thrilling for its presence, as you will agree when you have learned to play the game of "subject, subject, who's got the subject" which constitutes so large a part of the enjoyment, not only of the fugue, but of every musical form.

VII

The Voice

THERE is truth in the old saying that "a singing man is a happy man, for man never sings when he is in pain or misery, or is plotting miserable things." The mechanism of the delicate instrument by means of which the "singing man" releases his happiness is a marvel of simplicity. When an air current sets in motion the membranes called vocal cords which lie, one on each side of the throat, the effect is the same as when the rubber band was plucked. A musical sound is produced, and is carried by never-resting sound waves to eardrums poised to receive it. The air current is supplied and controlled by the lungs and their muscles; the stronger the current, the greater the volume of sound. The larynx, perched atop the windpipe and often called the Adam's apple, is a sound-box whose vibrations give the tone its resonance. Supplementary sound-boxes are the mouth, and the

passage up from the throat, behind the nose. The pitch of the voice is changed by the loosening or tightening of the vocal cords which represent the strings on this special type of stringed instrument. When the cords vibrate along their full length (they extend quite far down into the chest cavity), the tone is known as a chest tone, because it seems to be so definitely placed in that region. When, on the other hand, the cords vibrate only partially, with the throat relaxed and open nose, a head tone is produced. The latter possesses a smooth and open quality, lighter and clearer than a chest tone.

Men's vocal cords and resonating cavities are larger than women's, and their voices are pitched about an octave lower, otherwise there is no difference in the two mechanisms. But all voices of the same sex are not of the same quality and range. For convenience they have been classified in three groups. The female soprano, like the male tenor, sustains the upper part in a chorus, and generally carries the melody. A soprano may be a coloratura, with the ability to perform rapid passages and high trills in bird-like fashion, and with a range that carries her up to a high F, like Lily Pons, or Bidu Sayao.* She may be

* But not all coloraturas are sopranos.

lyric, which means that she sings a melody in a light high voice, fluently, perhaps even sentimentally, but without the high-pitched gymnastics of the coloratura. Dorothy Maynor, the exquisite negro soprano, Elizabeth Schumann, Lotte Lehman are of that order, so was the late Alma Gluck. Finally, she may be a dramatic soprano, like Helen Traubel, who projects her song with dramatic intensity, yet with no sacrifice of soprano range and quality. She may be a mezzo-soprano, like Risé Stevens.

The male equivalent of a soprano, the tenor, may be lyric, dramatic or heroic. Caruso was probably all three. When the tenor voice takes on unusual depth in range and quality, it is realistically described as a "robust tenor," or, in Italian, "tenore robusto." It approaches in quality the baritone, which lies halfway between tenor and bass, in the same position as does a mezzo-soprano voice, somewhere between soprano and contralto. Many of the finest solo songs have been written for baritone, as Lawrence Tibbett and John Charles Thomas' varied programs testify. In its lower range, the baritone becomes a bass-baritone (Ezio Pinza), while in the growly depths, it is known as basso profondo, or low bass. Chaliapin had the outstanding bass voice of our time, Alexander Kipnis too

has a voice endowed with resonance and intensity even at its lowest point. The female contralto matches in quality and range the male bass, and both suffer equally from a paucity of songs written for their limited but intensely moving types of voice. Ernestine Schumann-Heink was of Chaliapin's generation, a massive contralto whose thrilling organtones still haunt remembering ears. Marion Anderson is one of the great contraltos of today.

When you go to hear a solo singer, you had better first docket the voice according to its type. You will notice at the first note he sings whether he runs to head or chest tone. You will also size up the quality of the voice, whether it is rich, full and sweet, or acid, metallic and unpleasant Perhaps you have been annoyed by a voice that wobbled and shook, creating a tremolo. You may be pretty sure that something is wrong with a singer's breath control if he persistently maltreats his voice and your ears in this fashion. An exaggerated tremolo, as well as other unpleasant vocal sound effects, is due to faulty breathing. Quality and pitch, particularly of sustained notes, suffer when the breath is not properly rationed. The rhythm and phrasing of the song become distorted unless a breath

is taken at exactly the proper moment and with exactly the proper amount of force. Yet a singer must not fall into the error of drawing breath ostentatiously and audibly. The more natural and unobtrusive his control, the more pronounced his art. There are probably as many breathing "methods" as there are singing teachers, but here as elsewhere the natural method is the best. The breath is not alone of paramount importance in maintaining the "line" of a song, but in the "attack." "Attack" is nothing more than the way a singer begins a song or a note. It should be firm, clean and confident and the release of the note no less so. "Scooping" up to a tone, and holding on to it lingeringly before releasing it, blur the outlines and detract from the effect.

The Singer's Alphabet, a Summary in Rhyme, issued by Maria Hutchins Callcott in London in 1849, covers the ground of possible deviation from correct singing, in a fashion which is amusing if not wholly poetical.

"Singers! No teeth, no tongue, no palate-veil
Allow, against *vibration* to prevail.
Of all the double vowels *U* alone
Requires the voice to hold the *second* tone.

To noble Awe and Oh, and charming Ah,
Be loath, ye singers, e'er to bid farewell;
But let no stifled form of *E* or *Err*
Ee'n for one moment in your voices dwell.

You scarce can make the consonant too strong,
Tho' you may make it very much too long."

In appraising the singer, do not lose sight of the song, for songs have their intrinsic integrity apart from performance. Words are their staff of life. Excepting in the few instances where a composer elects to dispense with them and write "vocalises"—songs without words—you may depend upon the words to give the meaning of the song. If they happen to be in a language you understand, you are fortunate, for the music follows them, phrasing as the words are phrased, placing musical accents where the words demand emphasis. Unfortunately, even the best translation cannot exactly reproduce the meaning, poetic quality, rhythmic line and phrasing of the original. Take, for instance, the lovely song written by Tchaikowsky to the poem by Goethe which opens with the lines,

"Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss Was ich leide."

The translator has paraphrased this,

> "None but the lonely heart,
> Knows what I suffer."

As the word "Sehnsucht" is sung in the original, there is a world of "yearning to see" on the prolonged note, a wail of nostalgia, to which the English "lo-o-nely" fails to do justice, while the change in order brings the musical emphasis to an entirely different place than in the original. Yet to understand the words in a translation is a great deal better than not to understand them at all, and for this reason, translations are distributed with the programs of many song recitals. A good singer makes his diction comprehensible, so that you may judge a song by its words, its music, and the aptness with which the two are fitted together.

The accompaniment plays no small part in projecting the music and its poetic context. Between the simple folk song accompaniment and the sophisticated piano part, there is a world of difference. In the latter, there is a duet between voice and piano, with the piano now supporting, now answering the voice, following, amplifying, and sustaining it, accentuating its rhythm and phrasing, its dynamic nuances. It must be strong enough to give

steady, concentrated support, yet so tactfully unobtrusive that never does it steal the limelight. The more you know of the part played by the accompaniment, the greater will be your respect for the good accompanist. The old belief that any disappointed soloist can become an accompanist has long been displaced by the realization that accompanying is an art in itself, and a difficult one at that.

The accompaniment is less important to folk song or dance, which consist of a series of stanzas with a repeated refrain, often set to a tune already in existence. Whether folk song arises as the product of a single, unknown composer, or as a spontaneous group collaboration, its primary requirement is a good tune. As the stanzas go on and on, sometimes thirty strong, with the same refrain, it has to be a sturdy tune that will stand so much repetition. It needs to be adaptable also, able to reverse its mood if necessary when new words are supplied to it. For example, an English drinking song, *Anacreon in Heaven,* was selected by Francis Scott Key during the War of 1812 as the tune to which he scribbled the words of the *Star Spangled Banner.* Under the transforming pen of Julia Ward Howe, *John Brown's Body Lies A'Mouldering in the Grave* became practically

a new song, solid, ringing, magnificent, a *Battle Hymn of the Republic,* beginning "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." Such songs have their place on the music rack of the family piano, children bring them home from school, they are "music in the air." More of your present appreciation of song than you realize rests upon them, buried deep as they are in your musical subconscious.

Appreciation of art song, on the other hand, involves the breaking in of a new pair of musical shoes. Art song is not many leagues removed from folk song, it merely proceeds from a different premise. Where folk song fits the words to the tune, art song reverses the process. The composer starts with words, and writes his music to fit them. If you love poetry for its own sake, it can only be an enhancement of pleasure to hear it glorified by music. In its simpler moments, art song is hardly less melodious than folk song. It flowered in the expressive Lieder of Schubert, Schumann and their successors. It has no repeated stanzas, no refrain. The music dogs the footsteps of the poetry from start to finish.

Although those indefatigable initiators, Haydn and Mozart, tossed off art songs among their other works, they did not particularly

excel in this form, but did better with the operatic aria and recitative. It was not until the rise of Franz Schubert that art song really came into its own. Schubert wrote songs that were the essence of pure melody, unsurpassed in the balance and coherence of the words with the music, and in their romantic and dramatic outpouring. Like Moses in the wilderness, he had merely to strike a seemingly arid spot with the staff of his inspiration for a stream of sparkling melody to gush forth. In the short thirty-one years of his life (1797-1828), he composed more than six hundred songs, many of them doubtless as familiar to you as folk songs, accepted without thought of who was responsible for their irresistible charm. The Schubert *Ständchen* (Serenade), the *Heidenröslein* (Hedge Roses) and *Erlkönig* (Erlking) you probably recognize. *Die Schöne Müllerin* (Beautiful Maid of the Mill) and *Winterreise* (Winter Journey) song-cycles contain many well-known songs. *Der Tod und Das Mädchen* (Death and the Maiden), *Der Lindenbaum* (The Linden-Tree), *Ungeduld* (Impatience) and *Gretchen am Spinnrad* (Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel) are a mere handful of those regularly found on recital programs.

While the poet Goethe inspired many of

Schubert's settings, his successor, Robert Schumann (1810-1856) turned by preference to Heine for inspiration. Schumann displayed more discrimination in the choice of texts than did the prolific Schubert, and wrote one third as many songs. His music is so romantic that it borders on sentimentality, yet it glows with warmth, and occasionally with a flash of humor lacking in Schubert's. Schumann's instrument being the piano, he bestowed such loving care upon the piano accompaniments that they bade fair to outshine the voice. Whereas in Schubert's songs, voice and piano were equal, in Schumann's the honors are not even. The accompaniments to *Frühlingsnacht* (Spring Night) and *Aufträge* (Messages) are examples of this tendency. Other beautiful Schumann Lieder are *Ich Grolle Nicht* (I Do Not Complain), *Der Nussbaum* (The Nut-Tree), *Die Lotus Blume* (The Lotus Flower), *Die Beiden Grenadiere* (The Two Grenadiers), and *Im Walde* (In the Woods).

Robert Franz (1815-1892) has been called a "polyphonic Schubert," for his songs glorify melody in both voice and piano parts. Strongly influenced by the church, he wrote two hundred and seventy-nine Lieder, remarkable for a tender serenity of spirit. Franz relied for many of his effects upon unusual

modulations, rhythmic variation, and the subdued colors of the ancient modes, which he applied to modern song. A few of the most characteristic are *Im Herbst* (In the Fall), *In Meinem Auge* (In My Eyes), and *Schlummerlied* (Lullaby). Contemporaneously with Franz, Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) filled the chinks and crannies between his larger works with songs of solid worth. *Mainacht* (May Night), *Minnelied* (Love Song), *Liebestreu* (Constancy), *Wie Bist Du Meine Königin* (Thou Art My Queen!), *Der Schmied* (The Smith), *Botschaft* (Message), *Sapphische Ode* (Sapphic Ode) are designed for those with a nicely cultivated taste for art song; the *Wiegenlied* (Cradle Song) is sung by children everywhere. Its well-known first lines, "Guten Abend, Gut' Nacht, Mit Nelken Bedacht" (Good evening, good night, With flowers bedight) have found their way into thousands of homes, paving the way for appreciation of Brahms' more profound vocal writings. A master of form and expression, he applied to song writing all the skill which made his later works conspicuous for their depth of thought and feeling. His accompaniments also touched a high level. Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) who wrote for no other medium than the voice to any extent, went further than Brahms in the

matter of accompaniments. He entitled one volume *Lieder für Stimme und Klavier* (Songs for Voice and Piano) giving the piano equal importance with the voice in the very title. Writing wholly by inspiration, alternating periods of feverish activity with barren months of search for the poem that would release his musical thought, Wolf was truly the distracted genius of tradition. When the spirit of creation did abide with him, however, the remarkable freedom and originality of his product reached a new high level. So seamlessly did he join music to words that it appeared the two must have sprung together from his brain. *Gesang Weylas* (Weyla's Song), *Zur Ruh* (To Rest), *Auch Kleine Dinge* (Also Small Things), are individual songs gleaned from various collections, while whole volumes of settings of the verses of Mörike, Eichendorff, Goethe and others, are remarkable for characterization and workmanship. Richard Strauss, whose contribution of over a hundred songs, including the touching *Zueignung* (Devotion) and *Allerseelen* (All Souls' Day), brought the Lied to our own time, never surpassed Wolf at his best.

Song recital programs are still rather heavily weighted with German Lieder, in preference to those of other countries. Somehow, the

Teutonic brand of sentiment expressed in art song finds a ready response. It "clicks." But there are others. The Russian Moussorgsky, musical patron saint of peasants and children, has produced plenty of fine songs, *The Flea* being one that hops gaily from program to program, stinging one audience after another to laughter. A long list of other Russians—Glinka, Tchaikowsky, Rubinstein, Gretchaninoff, Rachmaninoff, Borodin, Stravinsky, Prokofieff wrote songs, many of them touched with the earthy, direct warmth of their national folk song. The cool lyric note of Edward Grieg sounded in Norway, his *Jeg elsker dij* (I love you) being a great favorite. The Finnish Sibelius writes song as well as symphony, and the Scandinavians Gade, Svendsen, and Sinding have brought offerings to the international feast.

There are those who lean toward the French, preferring the Gallic lightness of touch, the creation of an entire atmosphere as opposed to an emotional mood, the draughts of clear cool water in distinction to the often syrupy drink of the "durch-komponiert" German Lieder. The songs of Debussy (1862-1918) are typical. There are two sets, called *Proses Lyriques* (Lyric Prose), and *Fêtes Galantes* (Gay Festivals), impressionist music

set to impressionist poetry. *Mandoline* (Mandolin), *Nuit d'Etoiles* (Night of Stars), and *La Chevelure* (The Head of Hair) are among the best loved of the Debussy songs. His contemporary, Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) set with grace and clarity the poems of Verlaine in a series, *La Bonne Chanson* (The Good Song) and another, *Cinq Melodies de Verlaine* (Five Melodies of Verlaine), which his admirers consider superior to any others in the language. Other Frenchmen—Duparc, Ravel, César Franck, Milhaud said their highly effective say in song also. The English Peter Warlock, and the contemporary American composers Theodore Chanler, Paul Bowles, Charles Ives, Elliott Carter, and others have written noteworthy art songs. The Spanish have concentrated on the dance, and the Italians on the opera. Both possess admirable folk songs, but in art song they offer little. Composers all over the world are scribbling songs in such numbers that a simmering down process will be necessary before any proper selection can be made. But enough art songs by recognized composers have been mentioned to form a nucleus for expansion.

When you listen not to one voice but to groups, perhaps you will find yourself on more familiar ground. Few of us have not

sung in a group at some time in our lives, even if we have to go back to school days for our memories. One of my own is concerned with the song *Lead Kindly Light,* sung in unison by the whole of Public School 87, with a refrain that I firmly believed to be "Lead Thou me-ow," and so sang. Such school choruses, community "sings," church choirs, glee clubs and choruses give opportunities to anyone with a whole-hearted desire and half a voice to participate if he wishes. The ease with which we can join in, the closeness of singing to everyday life, and the fact that the voice is always at hand, cause many of us to feel more comfortable listening to a large chorus than to its instrumental counterpart, the symphony.

Particularly those listeners who are familiar with Catholic ritual have the form of the Mass so firmly in mind that they are bothered not at all by its somewhat lengthy six movements. They recognize the Kyrie as "contrite," the Gloria as "jubilant," the Credo "majestic," the Benedictus "rapt," the Sanctus "angelic," and the Agnus Dei "prayerful." These characterizations point the meaning of the traditional Latin words, unvarying no matter who supplies the music. Palestrina (1525-1594) and other writers of his day,—e.g.

Thomas Tallis, Orlandus Lassus, and Vittoria, —vied with one another in writing Masses distinguished by the purity and religious feeling which befitted music destined for church use only. Later writers, with the showmanship which accompanied the development of instrumental music in dramatic performances, produced Masses for performance outside the church. They made use of orchestral effects, great massed fugal choruses, soli, duets and quartets. The Bach *B Minor Mass* is a marvel of the interweaving of voices and orchestra, of huge choruses and solemn solos and ensembles. Written for the church, it is as effective in the concert hall as in the religious surroundings for which it was intended. The Beethoven *Missa Solemnis* is another famous concert Mass. Requiem Masses for the dead have nine parts instead of the customary six. Mozart, Cherubini, Verdi and Brahms all wrote magnificent Requiem Masses, performed frequently and beautifully recorded so they can be studied and enjoyed at leisure.

To follow a Mass with the Latin words makes the pattern of the music and its changing moods clearer. To be able to read the score, pursuing the theme from voice to voice on the printed page, is to have the eye confirm what the ear receives. Yet many of those

who have learned to read a score decline to do so at a performance because they find it interferes with the subtler delights of listening with what the Germans call "gespitzte Ohren"—ears both pointed and sharpened. So even if you are not among those who follow the line with your forefinger on the page, you can still enjoy with your mind and ears the music of these great Masses.

Motets, Masses, cantatas and oratorios are sufficiently like one another to be discussed in one breath. The Mass is a liturgical piece in six movements for mixed voices, glorifying God in the Highest. Originally intended for the church only, and sung without instrumental accompaniment, it was later extended to the concert hall, where instruments were added. The motet, serious if not invariably sacred in character, went direct to the Bible for its texts. But the tune was frequently anything but Biblical, any street tune which happened to fit the words being pressed into service. Through the sixteenth century, motets were generally sung "a capella," that is, without accompaniments. But their secular cousins, the madrigals, enticed them with demonstrations of the effectiveness of accompanied song, so that gradually they also permitted themselves that luxury. Motets were

sung by groups of men and women at betrothals and weddings, funerals and coronations, and similar events connected with the church but not restricted to it. Madrigal groups of today present these old-world motets and madrigals, catches, glees and rounds, to the delight of their audiences.

Cantatas (literally pieces to be sung) enlarged the scope and field of choral writing. Like the instrumental suite, they consist of a variety of songs strung together loosely, with instrumental accompaniment. Recitative, chorus, duet, and aria all have their place in the cantata, which was usually composed for a special event such as an official installation, a wedding, or a church festival. The *Passions* of Bach have been compared with the medieval miracle plays, and truly in the two *Passions* which survive the five that Bach presumably produced, the music *is* a miracle. The tale of the last days and the death of Christ, related by a narrator with antiphonal choruses, soloists, and orchestra has an unutterably touching effect, no matter how often it is heard. *The Passion According to St. Matthew* and *The Passion According to St. John* tell their story with such pity and power and beauty that no composers after Bach successfully retold that story, although they

continued to write cantatas which stand midway between the Mass and the highly complex oratorio.

The oratorio is a massive arrangement using soloists, chorus, organ and orchestra. The subjects are of necessity heroic. It may be considered as a dramatic form of church service on the one hand, and a religious type of dramatic performance on the other. It is only a step from the opera—in fact, if the participants put on costumes and appeared with a background of scenery, you would be hard put to it to define the difference. Saint Saens' *Samson et Dalila* and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* have been so produced, almost as effectively as though they had started out to be opera in the first place. George Friedrich Handel, (1685-1759) was the most diligent of oratorio writers. *Judas Maccabeus, Samson, Saul* (the last-named with the famous *Dead March*), are all well known, the *Messiah* almost hackneyed. The touching contralto solo, *He Shall Feed his Flock,* and the soprano *I Know That My Redeemer Liveth,* from the *Messiah,* are among the great songs of all time. Haydn trod in Handel's oratorio footsteps with *The Seasons* and *The Creation,* the latter a dramatic presentation of the events of the seven days in which God cre-

ated the world. *The Heavens Are Telling the Glory of God* and the splendid fugal chorus *Achieved is the Glorious Work* are only two of many choruses well within the capacity of average performers. That is more than can be said for the Finale of the *Ninth Symphony* of Beethoven, a choral based on Schiller's *Ode to Joy*. There is little joy in the heart of the soprano obliged to sing fortissimo for much of the time in the topmost register of the soprano voice. Although this Finale is a stirring and beautifully written portion of the symphony, it might have sounded better had the composer been more considerate of his singers' throats.

When you attend an oratorio concert, you must be prepared for fixed conventions. The mixed chorus files impressively upon the stage, the men a black and white background for the women in white or pastel-colored evening dresses. When they rise, at a signal from the conductor, the tremendous rustle is like a deep sigh. The massed chorus, the orchestra in front of them, the organ at the side, all appear so elaborate that unaccustomed spirits are apt to droop, wondering what they will have to sit through. The suspense before the first note is intense, and no wonder, for that note tells much about the

quality of the performance to follow. The unanimity of the attack, its decisiveness and clarity are the index of the kind of training the chorus has received. Soprano, alto, tenor and bass must blend harmoniously and unhesitatingly in a magnificent chord, possibly alone, possibly sustained by accompanying chords in organ, orchestra, or both. As the work proceeds, the pitch must be maintained. The voices should not sag to a lower level, as they have a tendency to do in group singing, nor rise above the set pitch, falling into one error in avoiding another. The voices of the soloists soaring alone, now in the recitative which most resembles spoken speech, now in the dramatic aria, now joined together in duets, trios, or quartets, should be well matched and perfectly controlled, the enunciation of the words distinct and comprehensible. Most important, the soloists should think and speak consistently with the thought of the composer, should themselves be under the spell of a song before they can hope to project it effectively. The orchestra should hold to its task of support and harmonic enrichment, while the organ should be assertive of its color rights, yet subservient to the voices.

The chasm which yawns between the simple folk utterance of the childhood of song, and

the elaborate oratorio of its maturity, appears at first glance to be unbridgable. Yet the principles of beautiful song and singing are identical on both sides of it. Whether the single voice be multiplied by two or two hundred, and whether the treatment is of one theme or many, is a difference of degree. The bridge which joins folk song to oratorio may be crossed by anyone with the will to traverse the intermediate stages of song.

VIII

The Pianoforte

EVERYBODY plays chopsticks. They are the resi due, sometimes the only residue, from early piano lessons or childish games. As well as any highbrow piece, they serve to illustrate what goes on inside the great black box of the modern piano when you depress its keys. To know what the mechanism is, at least approximately, is to listen with a keener realization of what that most popular of all instruments has to offer, and what it of necessity withholds.

When you lift the lid of the modern grand piano, you see what looks like a harp lying on its side, and it is possible that by some process of association the word *harpsichord* flashes through your mind at sight of the stout wire strings of graduated lengths, drawn taut, harp fashion. Harpsichord was the family name of the early precursor of the

pianoforte, taken from the picturesque Italian "arpicordo" (strings of a harp). These instruments were much closer to the harp than is our modern piano, for their strings were plucked by little, claw-like quill or leather pieces akin to the fingers of the harpist, and the twanging sounds thus produced bore little relation to the rich vibrant tones of the piano. They had very little carry-over, and sounded best when the keys were struck lightly. Yet they created a not unpleasant disturbance of the airwaves while they lasted, and the harpsichord became a sweet and welcome member of lute and viol groups and other small orchestras up to about the middle of the eighteenth century. In those days it was the usual thing for a composer to sit at the harpsichord when his piece was performed, occasionally lifting one hand to beat time for the other musicians, while with the other playing chords that held them to the desired rhythm. He frequently omitted to write out the individual parts, and for himself jotted down only a set of figures as symbols for the chords he intended to use in playing the bass part. This was called a "figured bass," in Italian "basso continuo." The players were obliged to improvise on that bass, and he to fill in the gaps when their ingenuity failed.

Resourcefulness in inventing embellishments to cover empty places on the spur of the moment was one measure of a composer's skill, and since it was impossible to produce a sustained note on the harpsichord, those embellishments consisted of runs and trills and rapid figures, such as are found in the works of the Englishmen Byrd, Purcell and Gibbons, the French Lully, Rameau and Couperin, and the Italian Scarlatti.

The spinet and virginal were early varieties of the harpsichord. The latter, a great favorite of Queen Elizabeth, was supposedly so called in deference to that Virgin Queen, but since the virginal was a lap instrument used by young girls to accompany their songs, it may have derived its name from them. The harpsichord is often heard in concerts of old music—heard, that is, when its feeble tinkle is not drowned by the robust voices of the modern instruments of the ensemble. A number of artists have taken the trouble to master the particularly fleet finger technique required for the manipulation of the two or more banks of keys, by means of which a certain limited variation in tone-quality is possible when the stops provided for that purpose are used. Of these, Wanda Landowska, Alice Ehlers, Ralph Kirkpatrick have done

much to recreate the music of the past. Other artists have presented modern works written for the harpsichord, an interesting experiment.

The harpsichord was popular even with Mozart and Haydn, although by the time they appeared, the piano had been invented and was becoming established. Both men were past masters at the harpsichord and balked somewhat at the necessity for acquiring a brand-new technique of the piano. They had no way of telling if the piano had come to stay, or was merely a flash in the pan. Mozart eventually did become a competent pianist, but the harpsichord was his first love, and to the end he played on it whenever circumstances permitted.

His immediate predecessor, Johann Sebastian Bach, was no less partial to another of the piano's ancestors, the clavichord, first cousin of the harpsichord. It was one degree closer to the piano in that its strings were not plucked, but struck by little metal hooks called tangents. The tone of the clavichord could be heard to advantage only in the most intimate surroundings. Not for its mild note the concert hall. It was possible, by rocking the hand back and forth on the keys in what the French called "balancement," the Ger-

mans "Beben," to cause the tone to vibrate, and within a tiny range of intensities it could be made to sound somewhat loudly or softly. It was more responsive, in its quiet way, than the harpsichord. J. S. Bach encouraged a system of tuning it to the "tempered scale" (our diatonic scale), which much improved it in the matter of intonation. Into the forty-eight preludes and fugues of his series, *Das Wohltemperierte Clavier* (The Well-Tempered Clavichord) (or Piano), he poured a wealth of material admirably designed for either instrument. Not only did these pieces sound well on the clavichord for which he designed them, but on the piano invented during his lifetime.

The new instrument, supposedly first built by the Italian Cristofori in 1711, was baptized forte-piano, or pianoforte, because it could be played both loud and soft, forte and piano. It had been in existence for over sixty years, and had undergone a number of improvements before it was manufactured to any extent. Johann Christian Bach, a son of Johann Sebastian, persuaded the public in England of its merits by playing it for them, and the firm of Broadwood, the oldest piano firm still in existence, started to manufacture the fascinating new instrument there in 1773. Our

own Thomas Jefferson in 1771, in an order to England for household goods for the bride he was bringing to Monticello, wrote astutely: "I must alter one article in the invoice. I wrote therein for a clavichord. I have since seen a Fortepiano, and am charmed with it. Send me this instrument instead of the clavichord: let the case be of fine mahogany, solid, not veneer. The compass from double G to F in alt, and plenty of spare strings; and the workmanship of the whole very handsome and worthy of the acceptance of a lady for whom I intend it."

Jefferson had reason to specify a solid mahogany case. For the early piano suffered a great deal from the expansion and contraction of the wooden cases, and of the sounding boards on which the wires were strung. Strings broke frequently, being made of iron wire which could not stand the high tension required to keep them up to pitch. When they did not break they stretched, and the piano was out of tune more often than in. Hammers struck the strings to produce the tone, but the damper, the little felt block which not only strikes the string when the key is depressed, but prevents it from sounding by resting upon it when not in action, was the product of a later day. The present

complete system of pedals is also a later development.

In the modern grand piano, the strings are of the finest steel wire, strong enough to endure terrific tension. They are strung on a frame of metal, and can be kept in tune, given a reasonably even temperature, for several weeks. The simple act of depressing the key of the piano sets in motion a train of incidents leading up to the production of the sound which, like a train of thought, occurs more quickly than one can tell about it. The depressing of the key, which is visible to the eye, releases a hopper inside the piano. The hopper causes the hammer to fall on the string. At the same time, it lifts the damper from the string. And in addition to all this, it checks the hammer on its rebound from the string. Magical hopper! All of this is required to produce one tone. But after that the tone must be beautified. The sounding board, which lies under the strings, is the good fairy who places resonance and sonority in its cradle at birth. The pedals are a trio of attendant fairies. On the extreme right is the damper (inaccurately called the loud) pedal, which holds up all the dampers as long as it is held down and thereby prolongs the tone, adds to its volume, and brings out

its overtones, evoking sympathetic vibrations in other strings. The soft, or shifting, pedal is at the extreme left, and its function is the opposite of the damper pedal. It makes possible the hushed pianissimo, the subdued sound-colors, by which contrast is achieved. The middle, known as the sostenuto pedal, holds up certain dampers, thereby sustaining a tone or chord so that its sound is prolonged while the rest are dampened. Of all the devices which have conspired to give to the piano some of that singing quality which is the soul of music, the pedals do the most obvious service. The seven and a quarter octaves of the modern piano as compared with the four of the ancient, the white ivory keys which distinguish the naturals from the ebony black of the sharps, the many devices for securing easy action and expressive sounds are all refinements. But the pedals are the most miraculous of them all, as you will discover by playing your chopsticks with pedal effects. The difference in quality and volume will amaze you—it hardly sounds like the same piece!

Besides amazing you, it will probably also give you a new interest in listening to piano performances. You may have enjoyed watching the fingers before. Now try watching the

feet while listening carefully. Pedaling constitutes about fifty percent of what is generally called "touch." Ignace Paderewski used to vibrate on the key with his finger in the manner of a violinist, and his admirers averred that due to this he and only he could make the tone vibrate and sing. But while the audience was breathlessly intent upon his fingers, his feet were pumping busily at the pedals and this, not his digital actions, performed the miracle they so admired. The speed and clarity and certain dynamics of a performance depend on the fingers, but the tone quality, emotional color and interpretative subtlety are mechanically the effect of thoughtful pedaling.

It is not surprising that the piano should be the most popular of the instruments. Self-sufficient in its capacity for expression, it is also highly socialized, blending amiably with another instrument or voice. It is equally at home in living room and concert hall, in solo and ensemble. It enables composers to work out their most complicated symphonic ideas on its patient keys. It invites the amateur. Since its notes are ready-made, anyone capable of a little drudgery can learn to play on it, tone-deaf and music-dumb though he be. Its tonal unity and harmonic completeness

compensate in part for its one great limitation, that, in spite of all its improvements, it cannot achieve the unbroken singing line of a melody as given out by voice, strings, or winds. That limitation must always be taken into account in piano performance. The story of the development of the piano is the fight against the initial handicap of percussion, while the history of piano literature is that of the adaptation of material to the instrument as it improved and developed.

In the early days, as we have seen, the dance suites fed to the harpsichord were delicate morsels, bits of pastry with traceries of sugared icing. The most satisfying were provided by Domenico Scarlatti (1687-1757), who wrote over six hundred harpsichord pieces, solidly constructed, cleverly manipulated. Not content with chasing his hands up and down the keyboard in every type of brilliant improvisation, Scarlatti crossed them in showy fashion to strike but a single note, a form of display which became the delight of young pianists. His sonatas and études, like those of Rameau, Lully and Couperin, are usually played on the piano, to which they bear transplantation extremely well if the hand that lifts them is light. J. S. Bach's magnificent *English* and *French Suites,* the *Italian*

Concerto, and the various *Partitas* are today an accepted part of the pianist's repertoire. So too are the sonatas of Haydn and Mozart, many of them designed for the harpsichord. They must be heard with their original purpose in mind before you can wholly accept the polyphonic coloratura which constitutes a large part of their charm.

Muzio Clementi (1752-1832) did as much as any one man could to supplant the harpsichord with the piano. Besides teaching a strong, virile technique, he wrote many sonatas and studies to develop the fingers, and prepared executants to cope with the difficulties of the compositions of Beethoven. For that great genius was the first composer to take the difference between piano and harpsichord seriously enough to adapt his writings specifically to the piano. You will notice the difference in texture between a Mozart and a Beethoven piano sonata—the rich harmonic foundation, the dependence upon a succession of chords in place of a series of frolicsome sequences, the solid melodic line, and above all, the immense expressiveness of Beethoven. He knew full well the resources of the piano, for he was an accomplished performer, who found in it the first complete single instrument capable of translating his

epic utterances. To a few of his thirty-two sonatas he attached names, such as the *Appassionata,* the *Pathétique,* and the *Lebewohl* (Farewell). The *Moonlight* was so christened by sentimental friends, not by Beethoven himself. The names are not needed to bring you his message, for these sonatas are among the most expressive pieces of piano literature. His five titanic piano concertos, played by every virtuoso, have, in addition to a rich and glowing piano part, a no less lambent accompaniment by the orchestra, and plentiful cadenzas (unaccompanied sections for the solo instrument), some of which he himself composed.

If you are to listen to piano recitals with pleasure, you will want to differentiate between the styles of writing of the greatest composers of piano music. Just as the leg-of-mutton sleeves and high collars of the nineties contrast with the hoop skirts and la-de-dahs of the Victorian years, and those with the streamlined tailoring of the twentieth century, so do the classic, the romantic, the impressionist, the ultra-modern and neo-classic succeed each other with definite differences. There is overlapping, of course. A composer of the romantic school writes classical pieces, and vice versa, but piano literature is so

voluminous that even an arbitrary classification is better than none.

Haydn and Mozart, and other early exponents of the harpsichord, are of the classical school, which in modern language might be described as the school of extroverts. With them, music came first, the expression in it of their own personal emotions later. Their piano pieces contain plenty of melody, written with charm and grace, with meticulous contrapuntal care on the one hand and clean, somewhat restricted harmonic intention on the other. Beethoven, the bridge between the classic and romantic, might be called a classic-romantic. His early sonatas and other piano pieces have much of the extrovert quality of Haydn and Mozart. In the later sonatas and in the concertos, there is a distinct change; he expresses subjective emotions. As his inner life became more intense, its translation into music was inevitable. You will be helped to some degree in placing the Beethoven works you hear by noticing the Opus number, marked by the abbreviation Op. next to the name of the work. Opus means work. Editors have labeled works, when their composer has not already done so, according to their date of publication, which in many instances approximates the date of composition. They also

have grouped pieces published or composed within a certain period, or logically belonging together for some reason, as numbered items under one Opus number, e.g. Opus 9, Number 1, 2, and 3. Opus 1 No. 1 marks a composer's earliest known publication, which is not necessarily his first composition. In Beethoven's case, the numbering of his enormous output is not absolutely chronologically descriptive of his working life. There are instances of early works published late in his career and numbered in the higher brackets which must be taken into account. Nevertheless, it is worth while to note the Opus numbers of his works, as a probable indication of whether a piece was written in his early, middle, or late period.

Admirable editing of this sort was done for Mozart by Doctor Köchel, upon whose careful listing of Mozart's works is based the complete edition published by Breitkopf and Härtel. The letter K printed before a Mozart Opus number, which you may notice on your printed concert programs, indicates that it is the number given in the Köchel catalogue.

Köchel died in 1862. Dr. Alfred Einstein has recently made a noteworthy modern catalogue of Mozart, in which he retains the Kochel numbers but corrects and clarifies the

chronological order by the use of lettering, and furthermore provides full and illuminating comment on the location of Mozart manuscripts, on individual compositions, and on literary allusions to Mozart.

Beethoven's contemporaries, Schubert, who was called the "little Beethoven" and Weber, were, like him, classic-romantic in feeling, with the stress on the romantic. In Weber's *Concertstück* (Concert Piece) and *Invitation to the Dance* there is an old-fashioned reserve behind the gay but formal phrases which cloak the emotions. Schubert wrote a number of long sonatas and two big fantasies for the piano. His smaller pieces, the *Marche Militaire in D* (Military March), *Moments Musicaux* (Musical Moments), *Impromptus* and *Waltzes* have the melodious charm of his songs. But they contain not so much of that personal emotion which places the songs in the unmistakably romantic category. Even ir the piano sonatas, which represent a more serious effort, he was more detached than in writing for the voice. His *Wanderer Fantasy* is probably the most romantic of his piano works.

Robert Schumann was the first pronouncedly romantic composer for the piano. When he felt emotional, he fell onto the piano stool

as readily as others fall on a friend's shoulder. While courting Clara Wieck, he wrote love letters in the form of burning piano pieces. Fortunately, she understood his language so well that not a syllable was wasted. Three of his greatest piano works—The *Davidsbündlertänze* (Dances of the Davidsbündler), the *Kreisleriana* (Sketches of a Group), and the *Noveletten* were written under the stress of the changing moods incidental to his wooing. The tender *Kinderscenen* (Scenes of Childhood), which contains the well known *Träumerei* (Dreaming); the *Fantasiestücke* (Fantasy) with its questioning *Warum* (Why) and the *Albumblätter* (Leaves from an Album) all had their origin in his inner life. *Carnaval* (Carnival) and *Faschingsschwank* (Carnival Merriment) described in musical pictures the merriment of carnivals, yet, pictorial as they were, they also conveyed the emotions attendant upon the scenes depicted. Schumann was steeped in German poetry, and many of his piano works can be described as the songs without words of German poets. He wrote, in 1839, "I used to rack my brains for a long time . . . but now I scarcely ever scratch out a note. It all comes from within." The warm tide of his feeling surged especially into his piano compositions. The instrument had by

that time been perfected, and to his wife, Clara, one of the greatest pianists of all time, he could entrust their interpretation. His genius thus had full freedom of expression.

Schumann was one piano giant of this group, Frédéric Chopin (1810-1849) was another. His feeling toward his chosen instrument was one of understanding solicitude. He studied its moods and capacities, its foibles and failings, as a mother studies her child. Chopin saw music for the piano as a picture ablaze with color, a poem of exquisite subtlety, a design of lacy intricacy and delicacy. At the intimate soirées where he played for a few chosen friends in his living room picturesquely illuminated by candles and flickering firelight, his music sang out in the fullness of its sincerity. An ardent patriot, he translated to the piano keys the political struggles of Poland, as well as his personal struggles. His *Revolutionary Étude* is a masterpiece of polemics in music. The names of his pieces vary. They are called études and preludes, mazurkas, polonaises, ballades, scherzi, nocturnes, valses, and are known by their key signature, as Valse in A flat, Polonaise in F sharp, et cetera. He has been described as "a great master of style, a fascinating melodist, as well as a most original manipulator

of puissant rhythm and harmony." He found new ways of brightening old dance forms, he created new forms and presented them in an original way. His pieces, romantic, sentimental and heroic, are intimate in feeling, poetic in refinement, thunderous in proclamation.

At the opposite extreme from Chopin is the Hungarian, Franz Liszt. Like Chopin, Liszt was conspicuously brilliant as a virtuoso, but there was little resemblance between them as composers. That which in the music of Chopin was delicate, subtle and suggestive, in Liszt became a thundering bravura, a show of pyrotechnics illuminated by strongly personal feeling. The lyrical *Liebestraum* (Dream of Love) and *Waldesrauschen* (Rustling Woods) italicize the emotional side. *La Campanella* (The Bell) has brilliant, assertive passages in octaves all over the piano, a technical tour de force expended on rather ordinary thematic material. The *Rhapsodies Hongroises* (Hungarian Rhapsodies), elaborate settings of national folk-dances, are melodious, spirited, colorful, and noisy. As virtuoso and teacher he did more for the piano than as composer. His fantastic keyboard facility has become legendary, and the difficult pieces he wrote in order to demonstrate it are re-

nowned largely because of their technical brilliancy.

A post-Romantic whose feelings were held in check by his intelligence was Johannes Brahms (1833-1897). He wrote rhapsodies, intermezzi, capriccios, ballades, waltzes, and romances for the piano, as did Chopin. But they are imbued with a depth of feeling, and an intellectual maturity, that are as much a part of Brahms as are charm, refinement and delicacy of Chopin. He wrote three magnificent sonatas, and three great sets of variations, one on a theme by Handel, one on a theme by Paganini, and one, for two pianos, on a theme of Haydn. It is impossible, in a small space, to give him due credit for the varied rhythmic devices, the thickened and enriched harmonies, the polyphonic resourcefulness and the largeness of his utterance. He adhered to the rules and the spirit of classical form, but did not permit his inspiration to be "cabin'd, cribbed and confined" thereby.

Claude Debussy (1862-1918), whose first important compositions appeared in France when Brahms was ending his career in Austria, presented an entirely new approach to the piano. He used the instrument to create a shimmering cobweb of sound, a cobweb

heavy with the morning dew, iridescent in the rising sun. It was spun of the delicate threads of impressions, and came thus by its name of impressionist music. Debussy was the discoverer and composer of music which was expressive not of the intellect, not of the emotions, but of subjective impressions, heard as through a veil, vague and blurred in outline as impressions are apt to be. In conveying impressionism to the piano, Debussy utilized methods of his own. When he himself played, he "wooed the piano with a caressing, frequently a glancing touch," as though he feared to frighten away his creation by too rude an attack. He used a whole tone scale as the basis for his harmonies, varying them with chromatic sequences strange but pleasing to the ears of the twentieth century. To emphasize the absence of a fixed tonality, he changed the tonality frequently in the course of a piece, producing a translucent, almost transparent background, like a water screen, a maze of blended patterns. His piano pieces, fluid in line, exert the fascination of the partly known, partly guessed. His twenty-four inspired *Preludes,* two sets of *Images* and his suite the *Children's Corner,* with its delightful *Golliwog's Cakewalk* appear most frequently on programs, but he wrote many

other works for the piano, for he regarded this instrument as an ideal medium for the music of impressionism.

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) in *Jeux d'Eau* (The Play of Waters), *Miroirs* (Mirrors), the *Pavane pour une Infante Défunte* (Pavane for a Dead Princess), the *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales* (Noble and Sentimental Waltzes), and *Gaspard de la Nuit* (Gaspard of the Night) produced pieces of admirable subtlety, also in the impressionist manner. Scriabin the Russian found in the shimmering, shifting harmonies of Debussy the perfect medium for expressing the mystical philosophy which was the root of his being. But on the whole, few composers have been as successful as Debussy in capturing the very moment when there smote upon the consciousness gardens glistening in the rain, clouds, fireworks, a sunken cathedral with mysteriously tolling bell, a festival, or what not.

The transparent veil woven by the impressionists was rudely rent by the first World War, which brought men and musicians face to face with a grim reality from which there was no escape into beautiful but fragile impressions. Discord was in the world, and discord touched the world of the piano. A new school of composers came into being, and

found in the piano an instrument ready-made to reproduce the most Philistine works. Either they wrote harmonies in a number of tonalities all at once, and called their works polytonal, or they acknowledged no tonality at all, and called their works atonal. Rhythm was the anchor that kept their pieces from drifting into utter confusion. The "Six"—Milhaud, Durey, Honegger, Auric, Poulenc and Tailleferre—created in France a vogue which spread to other countries, for works which, in their disregard of rules of harmony and form, seemed to express the psychology of a world temporarily deranged. The Austrian Schoenberg's piano works, based on a twelve tone scale, are percussive rather than persuasive. Highly complicated, they require a tremendous amount of study to make them moderately comprehensible, and even after long study, they show no trace of classic harmony or symmetry. The linear counterpoint of Hindemith, the experiments in classic, romantic, and atonal writing of Prokofieff, the rhythmic and harmonic originality of Bartók were clear and sane—powerful applications of thought to feeling. The pendulum has swung between the neo-classic, or new-classic, composers who turn for relief to the safety and sanity of the fathers of music, and pieces

which are mechanistic, like the age in which they are written, and give little emotional satisfaction in comparison with those of the past. A second World War intervened, and released new modes of expression.

In the latter half of the twentieth century, a group of composers appeared who sought new types of sound rather than new avenues for the expression of emotion. Some, like John Cage, introduced foreign objects into the piano or instructed the performer to use fists, gloves, or even brass knuckles in assaulting the keyboard. The public sometimes laughed, sometimes gave them a tolerant hearing. People listened politely also to the electronic pieces produced during a period when science threatened to overwhelm art. But for the emotional gratification which, for many, is essential to the enjoyment of music, they turned to pieces by such composers as Rachmaninoff, Tchaikowsky, Schumann and Chopin. Here a melody is a melody; feeling is revealed, not concealed; and the piano becomes the complete medium for eloquent emotional expression that it is designed to be.

You will find some of the composers mentioned on the program of any piano recital you attend. You will hear their concertos at symphony concerts. Others, too, will be repre-

sented who are not mentioned here, since this is not a complete catalogue of works for the piano. This need not confuse you. Hold fast to your knowledge that groups in each stage of growth had a style of their own, the result partly of the development of the piano as an instrument, partly of the point in the world's history in which the composers were living. When you have established to your satisfaction what manner of piece you are to hear, you may settle back to an appraisal of the performance.

As you listen, ask yourself a few questions. Does the pianist appear to enter fully into the spirit of the composer as you understand it? Does he play Mozart one way, Beethoven another, Brahms still differently? Does he *invite* his instrument to give forth, or does he bully it into so doing? Is the tone resonant and sonorous or hard and percussive? In this respect, the piano is one of the most abused of instruments. Is the rhythm steady, the melodic line as continuous as the piano permits? Is there variety of color in the interpretation, with nuances of loud and soft, or is it monotonous and neutral? Are the pianist's fingers fleet, his passages clear and sure? Is his pedaling interesting, or does there seem too much of one, too little of another

pedal? Does the architecture of the piece stand out clearly, thanks to emphasis, intelligent phrasing, carefully worked up climaxes? Do the right and left hands work with or against each other? And so on. The more you hear, the more you will want to hear, if you listen questioningly. There is much more to be said after a performance, than this, overheard in a lobby: "Well, he didn't play good, but he played awful loud."

IX

The Symphony Orchestra

WHEN Alice in Wonderland found herself in the midst of a caucus of dodos, flamingos, and other odd animals all talking at once, and put her hands over her ears in an attempt to shut out the noise, she acted as the novice at a symphony concert would like to act. The conglomeration of sounds made by all those strange-looking instruments is unintelligible, not to say terrifying, so that he, like Alice, is tempted to cover his ears and implore them to speak one at a time. His next best plan is to try to listen to one voice at a time until he has become acquainted with the individual sound of each, shutting out the others as well as he can while so doing. There is comfort in the fact that, numerous as the members of the modern orchestra are—from eighty to a hundred—they are not playing as many different kinds of instruments.

The first thing the novice should fix in his mind is the fact that the many instruments he sees actually fall into but four groups or choirs, set apart from each other by differences in the material of which they are made, the method of producing sound from them, and the quality of the sound resulting from these differences. They are known as the string, woodwind, brass and percussion choirs. Each of them is a family, and like other families, subject to differing voices within itself. In fact, four is a number to conjure with in the symphony orchestra, for at least three of the four choirs sing within themselves, in four-part harmony, the equivalent of soprano, alto, tenor and bass.

The string choir, the prima donna, is large, like most prima donnas. In bulk, it constitutes sixty percent of the entire orchestra. The violins sing soprano, the violas alto, the cellos tenor or baritone, and the double bass, bass, all together forming so complete and satisfying a whole that many delightful pieces are written for string orchestra alone. The glory of a great orchestra is in its string section. When the human voice is not being likened to the violin, the violin is being compared with the voice. The close contact between instrument and performer in both

cases make voice and violin practically one with the artist. The violin, tucked under his chin, vibrates not only as the strings are stopped by his fingers, but as he reacts emotionally to the music. It is one of the most expressive of instruments, its pulsations those of the human soul and body. The fingers of the left hand must be swift, strong and dexterous, since their warm, firm pressure on the strings actually sets the pitch of the tones that sing when the bow is drawn. The fingers are said to "stop" the strings, and when two or more strings at once are stopped the resultant chord is a "double-stop." The right hand, which holds the bow, achieves the combination of pressure and relaxation, of flexibility and weight, necessary to produce the shades and qualities of tone desired. The bow is to the violinist as the breath of the singer to his song, all-important in securing quality, continuity, clean attack and color. Different bowings are used to produce different effects. When the bow is laid fairly flat, near the bridge, the tone is at its loudest; when applied on its side, so that but a few hairs come in contact with the strings, away from the bridge, it becomes a mere whisper. Sometimes the bow is permitted to jump rapidly, touching the string only long enough

to produce a quick, short note, a "spiccato," much used in light passages. When the notes are connected so they merge smoothly without a break, the effect is "legato," or joined together. Legato notes are joined on a single bow whenever practicable. If the passage is so long that several bows are required, the change is made as smoothly as possible. The right wrist is so relaxed that no break is perceptible when down-bow (from nut to head) is changed to up-bow and back again. A smooth legato is a minimum essential of melody, an indispensable element in the unbroken line that is its essence. Short, disconnected notes, sharply accented, are called "staccato"; quick repeated notes with a shivery effect a "tremolo." A device encountered sometimes in orchestral playing is called "col legno" (playing not with the horsehair but with the wood of the bow bouncing on the strings), found in passages where a sense of mystery is to be created. Again, the bow may be idle while the fingers pluck the strings in a "pizzicato," used a great deal for rhythmic accompaniment, and occasionally in melodic passages. When the violinist places his fingers on the slender strings of the instrument, he applies a rocking pressure, a "vibrato," which

enhances the quality of the tone, causing it to pulse and throb exactly as the voice does. When, however, he lays a finger lightly either on the open string, or on the string already stopped, a cool pure tone called a "harmonic" or flageolet is produced, which compares with the ordinary vibrato tone as a choirboy's high treble with an opera singer's round maturity. One more effect that must be mentioned is obtained by the "sordino" or mute, the soft pedal of the strings. When you see the string players reach into a vest pocket and abstract a small metal or wooden piece which they fit upon the bridge of the instrument, you may expect an immediate change in tone quality. The mute stops the bridge from vibrating freely and causes the tone to become soft and muffled.

You are likely to encounter these terms in your program notes, or to hear them mentioned. They describe effects in common use not on the violin alone, but on the other instruments of the string choir. The concert master, who is the leader of the first violin section, drills the men under him and sets the pace, indicates bowings, fingerings, and methods of securing the effects indicated by the conductor, and plays solo passages. The

second violins also have their leader. All the choirs may be split up or "divisi" into smaller groups within the group.

The viola, several inches longer and wider than the violin, is permitted to rest under the player's chin despite its size. It gives forth a somewhat nasal, deep-bodied tone, thanks partly to its ample body, partly to the fact that its four strings are tuned an interval of a fifth lower than those of its first cousin. The violin is tuned at G for the lowest, D, A, and E, whereas the viola starts on low C, and goes on to G, D, and A. Both were known in the babyhood of instruments as "viola da braccia," arm-fiddles, while the cello claims as ancestor the thin-toned viola da gamba (leg fiddle), and like it is held between the knees. The cello is tuned like the viola, that is C, G, D, and A one octave lower. The bass viol or double bass, the deep-voiced grandfather of the strings, looks like a monstrous cello, and sounds like one too, but it is much too large to hold between the knees. The man who plays it must add to his height by climbing on a stool in order to reach the finger board with his left hand and the strings with the bow in his right. It is tuned like a violin in reverse, E, A, D, and G, with E as the lowest, and that is very low, being four

octaves below the violin E. While they are all only too happy to sing out a melody when the music permits them to do so, that privilege falls most consistently to the violins, with violas and celli next. Except in rare cases no melody is assigned to the double basses. Perhaps that is why the men who play them look so sad. They saw earnestly away at a rhythmic accompaniment, or pluck their strings in a booming pizzicato, or play passages with grim concentration on the pulse which is their special province. Nevertheless, the bass viol can play a solo, as witness recitals on the instrument by Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The harp is an honorary member of the string group, plucked instead of played with a bow. The only one of the plucked instruments that has any claim to richness or fulness of tone, the harp is likewise the only plucked instrument included in the orchestra. Its series of stretched strings differ in pitch as they do in length, and each is capable of sounding only one tone. A great many strings are required because new tones are not created as on the bowed instruments by "stopping," but by plucking the string of the required pitch. The harp is like the piano in this respect. "Arpeggio," that is, the playing

of the tones of a chord in rapid succession instead of simultaneously, much used in piano and other instrumental accompaniments, originated with the harp, and means "harp-like." "Glissando," the sweeping of a whole series of strings in rapid succession, is another beautiful harp effect, which makes you think of plashing fountains, moonlight and romance.

If the strings are the backbone of the orchestra, the woodwinds are no inconsiderable part of its remaining skeleton. They contain a triple soprano section, with the flute and piccolo as coloraturas, the oboe doing the lyric honors, and the clarinet the dramatic. The bass clarinet often sings alto, so does the English horn, with the help of some of the other low-pitched variants of the soprano group. The bassoon may be a baritone or a bass, and the contra-bassoon is definitely in the lowest register. The woodwinds are on the whole gentle souls, more ethereal than earthly. In comparison with the strings, theirs is a neutral beauty.

The flute, on which lovers in savage tribes breathe forth the tender passion, does not make its primary appeal in the orchestra as a vehicle for seduction except in such rare instances as Debussy's *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* (The Afternoon of a Faun), where it

woos the nymphs in accents to disarm the most virtuous. Yet it is expressive in its own remote fashion. Having few overtones and not much vibrato, its tone is one of unusual purity, the differences in color in the upper, middle and lower registers giving it nuance. It is used at times to proclaim a plaintive melody, again it hides unobtrusively among its playmates as one voice in the harmony. Most often, it and the impish piccolo, higher in pitch, are found doing difficult gymnastics. They are the finest acrobats in the orchestra, specialists in speedy passages, runs, and ornaments. The modern flute, made of metal though still termed a woodwind, has a range of three octaves, with the supplementary piccolo to take care of the highest soprano notes. It is played horizontally, the player changing the pitch by pressing various keys, while he breathes into the opening to set up in the horizontal column vibrations which produce one of the sweetest tones in the orchestra.

The oboe, the lyric soprano of the woodwinds, is blown vertically. A double reed made of two thin lips of cane held in the player's mouth produces the sound, while the air column inside the pipe reinforces the reed vibrations with synchronized vibrations of its own. The player looks as though he were

"sucking cider through a straw." The instrument was known to the French as haut bois, to the English as hautboy or high wood, and its tone is characterized in the lines

"And then the hautboy played and smiled,
And sang like any large-eyed child,
Cool hearted and all undefiled."

The mellow, reedy song of the oboe is so distinctive that it stands out whenever sounded. Only two are generally required in the orchestra, their parts being usually limited to short melodies sung charmingly and with dignity. Not for the oboe the agile leaps and somersaults of flute and piccolo. The dignified lyrical measures usually assigned to it create a mood of pastoral innocence and repose not in any way akin to the insanity which is supposedly in store for all oboe players—or so runs the superstition. Possibly you recall the oboe solo in the exquisite Andante which introduces the Scene of the Departed Spirits in Gluck's opera, *Orfeo ed Euridice,* one of the most touching passages in all music; or the sobbing oboe passages in the deeply moving moments of Bach's *Passion According to St. John.* When the strings of the orchestra tune they take the A from the oboe, since that pitch is stationary.

The English horn, pitched a fifth lower than the oboe, produces a tone even mellower and reedier through its double reed. It is especially effective in music of a reflective or melancholy order. According to Forsyth's *Orchestration,* "In expressing ideas of sorrow and regret, the instrument seems to have more personality than almost any other in the orchestra." This alto oboe may have been christened English horn in the same way that the violin belonging to a famous virtuoso became a Stradivarius. The rumor was circulated that he had bought a Stradivarius fiddle for $50,000. After the story had gone the rounds, he was asked for the details. "It wasn't a violin, it was a viola," he admonished. "Its price was five thousand dollars, not fifty. I didn't buy it, I sold it. And it wasn't a Stradivarius, it was an Amati." The English horn is neither English, nor is it a horn, and there are various theories as to how it came to be so called. Some say from the hornpipe, an early ancestor of indeterminate geography, others that in its youth it was called cor Anglais or English horn to distinguish it from the cor, or French horn. Still another story has it that it was called *cor anglé* (angled horn) by the French, and that this was corrupted to *cor anglais* (English horn).

The clarinet, whose sometimes shrill dramatic soprano is familiar in symphony and swing, is blown with a single reed, and has a complicated system of keys. Soprano and alto clarinets, tuned differently, afford a wide range. This instrument possesses extraordinary flexibility in fast passages, and great variety of color. When allowed to work its will on a melody previously presented by the flute, it demonstrates to perfection the difference between the two instruments. The pallor of the flute is suffused with the healthy flush of the clarinet, while neutral, sexless purity gives way to an abounding vitality. There is nothing over-refined or precious about the clarinet. It is a warm and welcoming instrument wherever encountered.

The clarinet can be humorous too, although as a rule that function is relegated to the bassoon, a big black pipe doubled back on itself, dotted with silver stops like the coat of a dragoon. Its abysmally deep voice and talent for staccato notes have given it first place as the clown; when you hear a deep throaty instrumental chuckle, you are safe in ascribing it to the bassoon. It is not, however, restricted to a humorous function, for it fills up the harmony, helps out the melody, furnishes an accompaniment and

supplies a bass, as the left hand of the pianist does. The contra-bassoon, larger and deeper, descends to those depths of sound whence there is apparently no returning.

The saxophone which occasionally doubles for the clarinet in a band may also supplement it in the symphony orchestra. Made of brass instead of wood, but played with a single reed like the clarinet, the saxophone has a fascinating blend of reed and brass tone which gives it a strange appeal. Invented by Adolphe Sax in 1840, in Belgium, it became popular in military and dance bands in America, although nothing was farther than jazz from its inventor's mind. It can "moan, laugh, cackle, titter, squeal and grunt." In its lower register, it sounds like a cello, and has on occasion pinch-hit for that instrument. There are at least five differently pitched saxophones in general use, comparatively easy for an amateur to play, although presenting as many difficulties as any other instrument to truly artistic performance. An eloquent if informal bit of brass, it has come to be highly esteemed for many purposes, and like the clarinet accepted as a legitimate member of the symphony orchestra. A solo rhapsody for saxophone and orchestra by Debussy and a chamber concertino by Jacques Ibert are included

in the serious repertory of the solo saxophone.

So much for the gentle woodwinds. The brass choir is not so ingratiating a group. The horn, trumpet, trombone and tuba interpose no reed between the player's lips and the instruments, but make use of those lips, the position of which is called the *embouchure,* to aid the stops in altering the pitch. The horns are the least strident—in fact, they can produce comparatively velvety tones, particularly when muted. They suggest the woodland, hunting calls, and romantic assignations, joyous, loving, portentous, or mournful. They have tubing wound artistically about like a large intestine within the circumference of the encircling brass pipe, an expedient adopted when the hunting horn which was the ancestor of the modern French horn became so unwieldy at its full straight length as to be impossible to hold. The horns carry most of the romantic and dramatic solos given to the brass choir.

The trumpet, long associated with military parades, is effective as a solo instrument in the orchestra, although its restricted gamut and pronounced tone quality limit its usefulness there. It comes out strong in climaxes, in simple dignified proclamation, in music of pomp and circumstance. When it was

young, that is, in the early days of the orchestra, it was used interchangeably with the horns, but as it grew to manhood its voice changed, and a system of valves, gradually introduced, made it more flexible, and equipped it to play faster, more exacting passages. It is the spoiled darling of the jazz band, brilliant and dependable in solo and ensemble.

The Jekyll and Hyde of the brass choir is the slide trombone. While the lips of the player govern the pitch to a certain extent, producing the whole tones, the slide on the instrument creates the half tones, or semitones, which fill the gaps between. Thanks to this smooth slide, the trombone can smear and slur, running up and down consecutive notes in a glissando which sounds as well in hot music as in the symphony orchestra. That is the Hyde of it. On the other hand, Berlioz, master of orchestration, considered it an "epic" instrument, "with all the deep and powerful accents of high musical poetry, from religious accents calm and imposing, to the wild clamors of the orgy." It supplements in great moments in the symphony orchestra the "hot licks" it utters in the jazz band. The tuba, the big brass monster slung over the shoulder, is the rumbling bass of the brass choir, brutal, powerful, inexorable.

There remain only the percussion instruments, those which when beaten respond with a boom, crash or tinkle. The large double drums to the right rear of the orchestra, which look like brass cauldrons with a sheepskin stretched over the top, are the kettledrums or tympani. As anxiously as any white-capped chef hovering over his kettles, the tympanist presides over them. He tightens or loosens the head by means of valves at the sides, according as the pitch is to be raised or lowered. With two sticks, fitted at the ends with great balls of leather, hard or soft as required for volume, he now beats thunderous rhythms, now subsides into a murmuring rhythmic accompaniment. No sinecure this, although it looks easy. It calls for rhythmic sense, impeccable pitch, and power of concentration sufficient to permit the player to tune in the midst of all the noise. The tympani are the center of the array of percussion instruments known as the battery. The symphony orchestra apes the savages in that it employs different big and little drums for big and little effects, the bass-drum and the side or snare-drum being most common. Unlike the tympani they are indefinite in pitch, and are used for rhythmic emphasis, for military rolls and tattoos, etc. The snare-drum has catgut

strings called snares stretched underneath its head to catch vibrations, causing them to sound dry and rapid and somewhat harsh. The bass drum rumbles a deep, dignified boom-boom. Dance bands use a trap drum, familiarly known as the traps, which permits the player to beat the bass drum and the cymbals at the same time by working a pedal with his foot, leaving his hands free to tickle the snare-drum. This practical one-man battery is not found in the symphony orchestra; its usefulness is limited to jazz. Drums, cymbals, bells, triangle and tambourine, introduced for special effects, are not considered indispensable, but are present when the music calls for them. The tympani, deep and vibrant, are most eloquent in conveying suspense or anxiety, explosive joy or sorrow. Drums and clashing cymbals often go together in the depiction of a battle scene, while tambourine and triangle connote festivity, gypsy dances, Spanish gardens.

Extras, as in the movies, are brought in to increase the numbers of the orchestra from time to time, and are fitted into whichever choir they seem to belong with. The proportion is about sixty percent strings (of which the violins alone constitute forty percent), thirty percent woodwinds and brasses (fifteen

percent of each) and six percent percussion, with a few percent leeway to be taken up by one choir or another as needed.

A resident extra in many symphony halls is the pipe organ, most at home in the church, but frequently mustered into the ranks of the orchestra. The pipe organ is a magnified, electrified, and mechanized version of the pipes of Pan, which you recall as a set of reeds of different lengths upon which the god breathed his love for this or that nymph. Pipes of varying length and pitch in the organ parallel Pan's reeds. But there are many more of them, arranged in sets according to tone quality, and blown mechanically. When an organist depresses a key of a modern instrument, he sends through the pipes an electrically controlled rush of air which causes them to sound. Fifty or sixty may sound simultaneously, uttering the same note in different timbres. He has under his fingers from one to seven keyboards, called manuals, used for loud, soft, swelling, diminishing, solo, accompaniment, sustained bass, and supplemented by pedals worked with the feet which also control the swell of tone and the combinations of keys or stops. No wonder that the organ tone not only is a spectrum of all tone colors of the orchestral instruments, but has

a larger diapason or range than any, extending from two octaves below their normal lowest to a pitch considerably above their highest. The voice of the organ swells above the most clamorous orchestra, enveloping its song in a velvety blanket of sound. Modern science has also produced small organs, portable electronic instruments like the Everett Orgatron, the Hammond Organ, the Ranger-Tone, and others, which are sometimes substituted in symphony halls that contain no built-in organs.

The conductor, the general who commands the army of instrumentalists, does his best work at the rehearsals which precede the concert. By the time you have the opportunity to admire his eloquent back, graceful gestures, and the facial expression by which he communicates his wishes to his men, careful and frequent drilling has educated them in the meaning of his every motion. With the baton in his right hand, he beats the time, strictly and intelligibly, the first beat in every measure down, the last up regardless of what occurs in between. Tempo and stress, attack, holds and releases of tones are the business of this hand. His left hand knoweth what his right hand doeth, and works with it in congenial partnership, indicating nuances, phras-

ings, and tone-quality, cueing the men, moulding the piece. He should know his score practically by heart, have a working knowledge of every instrument of the orchestra, an ear so keen that he not only detects any deviation in pitch or quality but knows whence it proceeds, a knowledge of music which is broad enough to select varied and interesting programs, a judgment of men which enables him to select his players wisely —for his is the right to hire and fire—enough personality to dominate his orchestra, and enough magnetism to hold both them and his audience. A large order! No wonder that people say "I heard this conductor or that last night, and he was great," as though the conductor, and not the men playing under him, were wholly responsible. As a virtuoso performing on the most complex of instruments, and as a guide to listening, he is worthy of close attention, so long as he does not monopolize interest at the expense of the music.

The music will become less of a puzzle when you have made friends with the four choirs and their director. This will take time. If you watch as well as listen, having first studied pictures of the various instruments, your doubts as to whether that reedy note

comes from oboe, English horn, or bassoon will the sooner be resolved. You will not be too much disturbed to find the choirs divided for the enrichment of harmonies and multiplication of effects. You will accept with equanimity the presence of differently pitched oboes, clarinets, and horns, added to increase the range of the woodwind and brass choirs. And you will recognize as visitors those instruments which make short guest appearances with the orchestra.

The keener your perception of the differing tone-qualities, the more assured will be your appreciation of the rapid game of catch-as-catch-can which instruments play with material provided by the composer. If you have taken to heart the hints on form in a previous chapter, you have no doubt as to the desirability of picking out the main and subsidiary themes which are presented at the very outset of the first movement of a symphonic work. Since the first movement is in sonata form, the composer plunges at once into his game of statement and restatement, development and recapitulation, sending motives or bits of them from one choir to another, from one section or instrument of the same choir to another, challenging you to follow their tantalizing course. Meanwhile, he

does not permit those instruments not concerned with the melody to remain idle. The "rests" they have are few and far between, and not of long enough duration to lay them open to the accusation of idling on the job. The rhythm is the primary preoccupation of the double basses, percussion, tuba, and in part the bass clarinet, which emphasize it in voices alternately mumbling, moaning and thundering. The middle voices of the harmony are taken care of by the tenor trombone, viola, English horn, alto clarinet, French horn or cello, while to the upper voices in each choir fall most of the plums of melody. Never forget that a great deal goes on at once, and do not be disturbed if it takes a long time and much careful listening before your heart opens simultaneously to all the different voices.

X

The Symphony Concert

THE snap reply to the question, "What will you hear at a symphony concert?" is, "Symphonies, of course." But before placing your folding chair among the seats of the mighty to whom the symphonic form is an open book, you should do a little preliminary scouting. Otherwise you may come to the erroneous conclusion of a once-bit, twice-shy layman, who asked, "Seriously, isn't a symphony saying with boring repetition which covers many pages what could be better stated in one?" He had started his concert-going from the wrong end, taking up a post-graduate subject when he was hardly prepared for an elementary one. It is difficult to rush full tilt into the hearing of a classic symphony unless you either know something about it specifically, or have worked up to it by first listening to simpler orchestral works such as program music.

Program music tells a story, paints a picture or a person, a mood or a philosophy connected with some aspect of the world outside the music itself. It is easily linked with extra-musical experiences and associations. The composer gives his piece, and possibly its separate parts, descriptive titles, and also writes out a more or less lengthy explanation of what is in his mind as he writes, and what he wishes you to have in yours as you listen. You may be one of those who set up associations in half-dreamy fashion while you listen; program music provides you with associations, ready-made, on which to build your own. The program is to the piece as the interlinear translation is to a book in a foreign language. The many voices of the orchestra make it a peculiarly eloquent medium for summoning the desired images. So, in addition to program pieces written for the orchestra, others originally intended for a single instrument are often transcribed for the orchestra, where they assume added drama and color. One of the most pleasing of these is *Pictures At an Exhibition,* written for the piano by Modeste Moussorgsky and admirably translated to the orchestra by Maurice Ravel.

Absolute music invokes no external aids

to understanding. It bases its appeal upon melodic and harmonic content, design and workmanship alone. The power to move and thrill which is inherent in musical sound is exercised without words of explanation. You may give it your own associations, you may receive it purely as sound, you may analyze it intellectually, or you may be so completely at a loss as to what it means that you do not enjoy it at all. Remember, the mere fact that the composer has not stated a program is no proof that he did not have one. Just as there is no such thing as a tone so pure that it is wholly without overtones, there is no music so pure that it is wholly detached from human experience. Only the cherubim and seraphim can produce strains of that kind. The symphony orchestra, heavenly though it sounds, is earth-bound, and the music it discourses is inevitably related to the life around it, so that the distinction between program and absolute music is by no means hard and fast. So-called absolute music contains passages as dramatic, imaginative and suggestive as any in program music.

Listen first, however, to all the program music for the orchestra that you can lay ears on. Study the written explanations carefully before you start to listen, then reread them

later to check up. Try to hear the same piece repeatedly, until you are thoroughly familiar with the story and the way it sounds in music. This does not become tiresome if you really listen, for at each repetition you will fasten upon some effect not previously noticed. Do not decide at once whether or not you like program music in general, or some particular piece of it, but reserve judgment until you have heard the same piece at least a half dozen times. Use one piece to prove to yourself that it is not impossible for you to enjoy *something* at a symphony concert. Once your impression is unshakably favorable, listen differently. Apply what you know about melody, rhythm, and harmony. If it is a fine piece musically, it will stand solidly without its program, secure in its musical content. When you have arrived at the point of realizing program music in that fashion, it is time for you to take the next step, your goal being to enjoy a symphony on its own terms.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, there is a painting which, during my childhood, held me enthralled for many a Saturday afternoon. Entitled *Between the Devil and the Deep Sea,* it depicts a Negro, alone, on a dismantled sailboat. On one side a waterspout towers above him, on the other

a man-eating shark displays its sharp fangs. It is not a very good painting, but the stolidity of the Negro, the horror of the choice before him, the tragic implications of the picture, made an impression that was not erased by all the masterpieces of the Museum. That is a program picture; everyone should have, somewhere in his memory, an equally good yarn in music.

One which answers the description, minus the horror, and with the welcome addition of humor, is Paul Dukas' *L'Apprenti Sorcier* (The Sorcerer's Apprentice), a twentieth century French composition, one of the most typical of program pieces. Briefly, it tells of the sorcerer's apprentice who, while his master is away, makes an experiment in sorcery on his own account. In the magic syllables he has eavesdropped, he commands the broom to perform his task of carrying water to the house. His glee when it obeys turns rapidly to dismay when, all available vessels being filled with water, he suddenly realizes that he has forgotten the formula commanding his slave to desist. To music which swells as his fright mounts, he seizes the broom and breaks it over his knee. There is a moment of quiet, a sigh of relief when he believes he has turned the trick. Then, to his horror, both halves of

the broom start with redoubled energy toting water that floods the house and threatens to engulf it and him. In an enormous crescendo, the water-toting motive recurs faster and faster, an orchestral uproar of fear, self-reproach and despair. Just as the music reaches a climax, the master returns. He quiets the turmoil, sending the broom back to immobility and the apprentice to grateful subservience. The steady inexorable rhythm of the violins as the broom comes and goes, comes and goes, the mounting excitement expressed in accelerated tempi and growing volume of sound, the pregnant moments of quiet, the majestic motive of the master magician, tell the story as clearly as words, once you have the key to their meaning. And aside from the story, the music itself is melodious, clearly revealed, full of realistic instrumental effects.

Another piece brimming with effects is Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite *Scheherazade*. Subtle Scheherazade, spinning her thousand and one tales for the Sultan, her husband; spurred to eloquence by the knowledge that her life depended upon holding his interest, could have selected no words more graphic than the music woven about them. Each of the four movements conjures its own image: *The Sea and*

Sinbad's Ship; The Story of the Kalender Prince; The Young Prince and the Young Princess and *Festival at Bagdad—The Ship Goes to Pieces on a Rock Surmounted by the Bronze Figure of a Warrior.* The ominous theme expressive of the threatening Sultan, contrasted with the graceful feminine melody of his consort sung by violins and harp, crop up here and there throughout the suite, a reminder that the incidents which are narrated enclose another story, that of Scheherazade. At an outdoor performance of this suite in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a thunderstorm broke at the moment that the ship split upon the rock, an effect not planned by the composer but which considerably enhanced his efforts and those of the orchestra. A suite originally consisted of pieces of dance music loosely hung together, and this original purpose is evident in *Scheherazade* and other modern symphonic suites.

Both the symphonic suite and symphonic poem are program pieces designed for the orchestra. The symphonic poem, a one-movement symphony with a program, was an idea of Franz Liszt's. Before Liszt wrote *Les Préludes,* in 1856, Hector Berlioz' programmatic *Symphonie Fantastique* had appeared, a gold mine of new ideas of orchestra-

tion. Berlioz knew instruments as no composer before him, his *Treatise on Orchestration* being one of the authoritative works on the subject. In fertility of resource he was unique, and Liszt did not hesitate to follow his lead in composing *Les Préludes,* the first symphonic poem. The philosopher Lamartine's question, "What is Life but a series of preludes to that unknown song of which Death shall intone the first solemn note?" suggested the program. It has two short themes which discuss life from the aspect of love, struggle, disillusionment, conquest and triumph. Written with genuine feeling, if somewhat flamboyantly, it is tuneful, expressive and extremely popular. Liszt wrote thirteen symphonic poems, among them *Mazeppa, Orpheus, Tasso,* and *The Battle of the Huns.* The form became popular and was used by other late nineteenth century composers. Saint Saens' *Danse Macabre* (Dance of Death) and *Rouet d' Omphale* (Omphale's Spinning-Wheel), César Franck's *Psyche* and *Les Djinns,* Borodin's *On the Steppes of Central Asia,* and Smetana's *My Country* are program pieces which are often heard.

But Richard Strauss (1864-) was the master creator of symphonic poems, which he called tone-poems. He reduced to naught all

preceding attempts to introduce realism into music. The effects he initiated, criticized at first as shameless and vulgar, gradually came to be looked upon as classic of their kind. In his *Sinfonia Domestica,* husband and wife bill and coo, the baby cries, the couple argue, quarrel and make up. The details of domestic life are exposed with sometimes tender, sometimes humorous musical comment, in an amazing variety of sound-effects. *Don Quixote,* which presents a narrative in music of the harassed Don's wanderings, is famous for a flock of sheep which bleat realistically, a windmill inviting the knight to tilt with its whirling arms, and a Dulcinea whose mock-sentimental love theme punctuates the tale of knightly adventures. *Tod und Verklärung,* (Death and Transfiguration) is a profoundly moving and uplifting philosophical excursion culminating in a plangent affirmation of faith by the brasses. In an entirely different mood is *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks,* which depicts the checkered career of a lovable scapegrace who ends on the scaffold with an astonished note from the clarinet as the culprit dangles from the end of the rope. Others are *Ein Heldenleben* (A Hero's Life), *Don Juan, Also Sprach Zarathustra* (Thus Spake Zarathustra) and *Macbeth.* Strauss combines

and utilizes all the instruments of the orchestra with a sweeping lavishness and photographic accuracy which are extremely helpful in introducing you to their individualities. Over and above this, a Strauss tone-poem arouses an enormous emotional excitement, a breathless sense of living with and sharing the experiences set forth by the music. Among the composers contemporary with Strauss who have written symphonic poems, none has struck so forceful and individual a note as he.

Overtures also are program music, inasmuch as they are often transplanted introductions to operas, which offer in the concert hall a sample of the materials of the opera. Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis,* one of the earliest, is one of the purest and most classic in outline and uplifting in mood. You cannot go far in music without meeting the delightful Mozart overtures to *The Marriage of Figaro, Don Giovanni,* and *The Magic Flute.* The first-named, according to H. E. Krehbiel, "puts the listener at once into a frolicsome mood . . . drawing none of its material from the music of the play . . . laughing and singing its innocent life out in less than five minutes." In *The Magic Flute,* on the other hand, the chords of the introduction, reiterated later in the overture by the woodwinds, are

heard in the opera as well, and the connection between overture and opera is close.

Weber's romantic overture to *Der Freischütz* (The Huntsman) is programmatic in a different sense than Mozart's. From the moment that the French horns sing the hunting call and hymn which usher you into the woodland, the thematic material consists of the Leitmotivs, or characteristic themes of the opera itself. In this respect, Weber anticipated Wagner. *Oberon* and *Euryanthe* are other Weber overtures which display the same characteristics, "the horns of elfland faintly blowing" in *Oberon* giving a foretaste of the opera which follows. Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia* (Barber of Seville), Smetana's *Die Verkaufte Braut* (Bartered Bride), Johann Strauss's *Fledermaus* (The Bat) and Bizet's *Carmen* overtures, light, gay and melodious, are favorites in the concert hall.

Although the material of the opera is not invariably foreshadowed in the overture, the advantage of knowing its story and something of its music is illustrated by a glance at the overture to Beethoven's *Fidelio.* He wrote four known as the *Leonore* overtures before he was satisfied with one. All are occasionally performed, but he preferred Number III, the one most frequently given in concerts. A

trumpet call off stage represents the climax of the overture and of the action in the opera. It occurs at a moment of extreme suspense. Leonore, the faithful wife of Florestan, unjustly imprisoned by Pizarro, his political enemy, has disguised herself as a young man, aide to the jailor, hoping thus to effect her husband's escape. She has despairingly completed the task of digging his grave under orders from Pizarro who, dagger in hand, is about to attack his victim, when the trumpet call is heard, first faintly from afar, then louder and closer. It proclaims the arrival of a just governor to defeat the villain's plan. A message of freedom and hope, it falls climactically into the excited, despairing medley of sound, while the quiet song of love and thankfulness which ensues is one of the loveliest in all music. Not to know this story is to miss the significance of the music. As a general rule, it is wise to read a brief synopsis before hearing any opera overture, even in concert form.

Other overtures, which have no story save that they were written for some special occasion, are found in the repertoire. They are called overtures although they do not introduce anything. Of this order are the dainty fairy music of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*

Overture, which Mendelssohn wrote at seventeen as part of the incidental music to Shakespeare's play. He intended to make an opera of it but never did. Brahms' *Academic Festival Overture,* and Tchaikowsky's martial *1812,* like others of their kind, were written to mark an important event. The overture is of value as a link between program and absolute music. It helps to modulate from one emotional key to another, from the subjectivity of program to the universality of absolute writing.

The symphony to which you proceed after having received your baptism of program music is actually a sonata raised to the nth power. It is a mural as against a canvas, a form which developed in size and complexity as the orchestras themselves developed. Johann Sebastian Bach wrote for a small ensemble consisting of strings, harpsichord and occasional other instruments which he felt would be effective in particular pieces—perhaps an oboe and a bassoon, perhaps a flute and oboe. Like a rambling old country house to which wings are added *ad lib.,* the orchestra grew unbalanced and cumbersome when other, less skilful composers added instruments as they saw fit. Haydn, that good housekeeper, instituted a spring cleaning, eliminated the instruments he considered superfluous, and re-

tained only those essential to symmetry. He left something which approximates the modern orchestra, clarified and compact, and with it a body of music admirably adapted to it.

Haydn defined, more by example than by precept, the requirements of a symphony. As you will recall, he helped to establish the sonata form, which is the first movement of the symphony. He composed between a hundred and a hundred and twenty-five symphonies, excellent morsels on which to try symphonic teeth already sharpened on program music, for they are clearly written and melodious, with few devious or complicated passages, the kind of music you like whether or not you know anything about how or why or when it was written. Structurally they are clear, harmonically in the best tradition, melodically tuneful. Mozart's forty-nine symphonies and thirty divertimenti, sparkling and spontaneous, are equally comprehensible. Three, the *Haffner*, the *G Minor*, and the *Jupiter* have had the most persistent appeal, if frequency of performance is any indication. Mozart appeared not at all dismayed by the symphonic form, but wrote with the same spontaneity for forty instruments as for four, the orchestra of his day being about half the size it is today.

Most of the great composers of the past, many of the well-trained men of the present, have written symphonies which approach but never quite achieve the stature of the nine monumental symphonies of Beethoven. These stand unique. Although you will find Haydn and Mozart more transparent and in a sense easier to grasp, do not delay too long the hearing of the Beethoven symphonies, for when you begin to understand his thought, and to perceive the beauties of the form in which he cast it, you will have gone a far way toward penetrating the mysteries of symphonic literature.

The great Beethoven was not above letting it be known when he had a program in mind, proving again how indeterminable is the line between absolute and program music. His *Third*, called the *Eroica* or Heroic, he described as his tribute to Napoleon, "composed to celebrate a great man." It does not follow the hero's life, as Strauss did in *Heldenleben;* if it did, the composer would hardly have put the funeral march in the second movement, and followed it with a jubilant scherzo and finale. But it conveys Beethoven's hero-worship of the man he mistakenly held to be the savior of France. His later disillusionment is not recorded in the music. Of the opening

of his *Fifth Symphony,* that famous four-tone motive proclaimed at the top of the orchestral lungs, Beethoven remarked "So Fate knocks at the door." Throughout the first movement the knocking continues, the theme being developed with astounding completeness. The *Fifth* is accordingly called the *Fate* Symphony. The *Sixth,* known as the *Pastoral,* is definitely programmatic. Its five movements have descriptive titles. The peasant merrymaking, with folk dance and song, interrupted by a thunderstorm, followed again by the serenity of clear skies, contains a realistic imitation of the sounds of nature. Thunder growls in the tympani, birds twitter in flute and piccolo, the shepherd gathers his flock together with an oboe call. It is full of the instrumental effects dear to the musical realist.

The *Seventh Symphony* Wagner called the "apotheosis of the dance." It is much more than that, but the interpretation given by the dancer Isadora Duncan in her prime brought out the dance element in it to a surprising degree. Even the sublime slow movement, than which there exists no more deeply moving music, inspired a series of tableaux of great nobility and classic repose. The *Ninth Symphony,* written toward the close of Beethoven's life, is the most philosophic, prob-

ably the most difficult to understand. The finale of this work, Schiller's *Ode to Joy* sung by a mixed chorus with the orchestra, is the culmination of four movements of thoughtful exposition and profound feeling, a cry of hope and faith which sums up the purpose of the symphony.

To enjoy the Beethoven symphonies without studying them in detail, you must hear them again and again. At each hearing, you will notice something that escaped you before. As themes or motives become familiar to you, you will follow them with increasing relish from choir to choir, singing them to yourself as you learn to know them. The magnificent sweeping line of the whole, the mood as indicated by key, color, harmony and rhythm, the thought, at first difficult to follow, give you much to feel and ponder. The clearer they become, the more deeply does the emotion in this "absolute writing" impress you.

Once you know your Beethoven symphonies, those of the composers who wrote more personally, the group known as the Romantic composers, will give you great pleasure. Schubert, Schumann, and Mendelssohn wrote heart-warming works replete with melody. Two of Schubert's are "required" in the symphonic curriculum. The *Unfinished,* in B

minor, which has two movements instead of the usual four, is so tuneful that the theme of the first movement was used as a waltz song in an operetta *Blossom Time* based on Schubert's life. The Schubert *C Major* is described as of heavenly length, though to many a listener it appears more lengthy than heavenly. The themes are beautiful, but they are repeated so relentlessly as to become wearisome. Schubert wrote nine symphonies, but only these two are played to any extent.

Mendelssohn is kind to his listeners, for although he does not write scenarios for his symphonies, he gives them titles indicative of the atmosphere they create. He makes the great Reformation hymn, *A Mighty Fortress is Our God,* the backbone of his *Reformation Symphony.* He writes a *Scotch* symphony, and an *Italian* symphony, after his travels have so thoroughly imbued him with the spirit of those countries that he is able to translate it into music of more than ordinary charm and expressiveness.

Schumann, last of the trio, gave titles to two of his four symphonies. The *Spring Symphony,* No. I, in B flat major was written in the flush of happiness of his early married life. He wrote to Wilhelm Tauber, who was about to conduct its first performance in

Berlin, "Could you infuse into your orchestra . . . a sort of longing for Spring? . . . The first entrance of the trumpets, this I should like to have sounded as though it were from above, like unto a call to awakening; and then I should like reading between the lines, in the rest of the introduction, how everywhere it begins to grow green, how a butterfly takes wing and, in the Allegro, how little by little all things come that in any way belong to Spring. True, these are fantastic thoughts, which only came to me after the work was finished." In the last movement, he pictures the farewell of departing Spring as he has pictured her coming in the first, with light-hearted charm and gaiety. The *Symphony No. IV,* in D minor Opus 120, was the second he wrote, although numbered IV, and is the product of the same happy period, though more introspective and personal than the *Spring Symphony.* It is played without a break between the movements, with recurrent themes as the connecting link. In the *Rhenish,* the composer depicted the festivities of life along the river Rhine in a tone picture enlivened by the swing of the country dance, the stately measures of cathedral music, and the sentimental strains of the romanza.

The year 1940 marked the centennial of

Peter Ilich Tchaikowsky (1840-1893). His many orchestral works did not require a centennial celebration to summon them from obscurity. They are not among the neglected masterpieces gathering dust upon the shelves. So familiar as to be household words are his six numbered symphonies: No. I in G minor, *Winter Dreams,* No. II in C minor, *Little Russian,* No. III in D major, *Polish,* No. IV in F minor and V in E minor, and the lacerating No. VI in B minor, the *Pathétique.* They abound in haunting tunes, in big climaxes that blast you from your seat, in harmonies that wash over you like a warm perfumed bath, and in emotional states so uninhibited that they require no interpretation even for the unmusical. Tchaikowsky described himself as "a sensitive." His acute reactions to pleasure and pain were transferred to his music with the equivalent of literary license. Those to whom music spells emotion cannot have enough of the symphonies, or of his other orchestral works. He wrote in many forms—songs, chamber music, operas, and solo pieces, but most freely and lovingly for the orchestra. His symphonic fantasies, *The Tempest* and *Francesca da Rimini,* the Fantasy Overtures to *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet* are among his best. His concertos for violin, piano, and

cello are distinguished for the warm current of emotion which flows between soloist and orchestra.

Johannes Brahms, upon whose four mighty symphonies descends Beethoven's mantle of grandeur, refrained from symphonic expression until he was forty years old, which may explain the rich maturity and structural perfection, the profound philosophic quality of these works. Only a few decades ago, critics knit dubious brows at Brahms' syncopations and cross rhythms, unusual intervals, and crowded color schemes. The use of violas and woodwinds in place of violins in solo passages, their playing as choirs oftener than as individuals, and the frequent interjection of horns and trombones produced a texture of peculiar depth and thickness, which seems muddy until the ear becomes accustomed to it. The first symphony has been described as "pathetic," an individual and personal utterance. The second, in D major, is "pastoral," the third, in F major, in a mood of "heroic resignation," while the fourth, in E minor, is the most introspective, "a philosophic commentary on the tragedy of waning life." Thick lyrical themes, a Rembrandt texture, unshakable structure and emotional depth characterize them all.

When you have acquired a solid underpinning of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, of the romantic composers, and Brahms, you will be prepared to cope with others. Sibelius, Bruckner, Mahler, Glinka, Kodály, César Franck, Dvořák, Delius, D'Indy, Smetana, and, later, Martinu, Prokofieff, Shostakovitch, Rachmaninoff, Khatchaturian, Copland, Harris, Stravinsky and Hindemith are some of the names which appear on programs devoted mainly to the symphony. Just one word of warning in closing is indicated. Defer hearing works which you know to be long and complicated, lest you become discouraged with the symphony before you have had an opportunity to discover that it is not, as one novice complained, "a conglomeration of noises," but a unified, coherent, emotional and thoughtful work of art.

XI

The Opera: Three Arts in One

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD whose mother took her to the Metropolitan Opera House for a performance of *Hansel and Gretel* sat enraptured and silent throughout the afternoon. On the way home, the mother broke the silence to ask, "Did you like the music, dear?" "Music!" the child turned astonished eyes upon her. "*Was* there music?" Her interest had been so concentrated on the dramatic portrayal of the familiar fairy tale, that it rejected everything else. Instead of trying to watch the action, listen to the singers and orchestra, and follow the libretto she bestowed her attention on the part that most interested her. The opera divides its allegiance between several arts, she gave hers to one at a time.

If you love a good fight, you will be partial to this form of art, for opera is a battleground.

As words and notes live on separate planes, the libretto is often at odds with the music. Play and music find it as difficult to lie down peaceably together as the proverbial lion and lamb, and singers and orchestra battle over which can make the most noise. Moreover, throughout its historical development, composers have argued back and forth as to the relative importance of this or that element, of libretto versus action versus music, and have stressed one at one period, its opposite at another. "Opera," the word, is the plural of the Latin "opus," meaning "work"—a collection of works, a fusion of arts effected with the blowtorch of genius.

When you are first exposed to the opera, you may be more hilarious than respectful. The amorous antics of potbellied tenors, the halting of the action while the prima donna delivers a long aria, the performance of feats of valor for love of a bumpy heroine in virginal white, the death scenes sung in a healthy fortissimo, may be so amusing that you forget to be uplifted. You may find yourself in agreement with the critic who defined opera as "the art in which everything that is too stupid to be spoken is sung." But after you have had your laugh, much remains. Varied as are the types of opera in the repertoire, they have

points of likeness. Vocally, they divide the *solo* honors between what is called "recitativo" and "aria," the *ensemble* honors between groups which range from two singing a duet to a large chorus of a hundred or more. Instrumentally, the orchestra has stepped out of its early rôle of meager accompaniment to become an integral part of the dramatic-musical scheme, so important that to disregard it is impossible. Dramatically, the posturing and overacting, the incredible plots and libretti are being slowly modified. It has gradually appeared that a good singer need not be a bad actor, and that correct costumes and décor detract not at all from effectiveness. Thanks to improved diction, libretti are more plainly understood than formerly, and in a few cases have been revamped to their vast improvement.

"Recitativo," or recitative, one form of operatic solo, bears a strong resemblance to recitation. It is elocution, the speaking of a piece, a carry-over from Greek tragedy in which a declamatory passage was inserted into the play accompanied by a few scattered chords of music whenever the action seemed to require explanation. In the sixteenth century, certain Florentines decided to revive this Greek custom, but they made a pretty dull

affair of it. Monotonous as to voice and with the barest skeleton of an accompaniment, it was well-named "secco," Latin for "dry," in distinction to "stromentato," where the instrumental accompaniment is more elaborate. Recitativo appears in the opera today much as it did in the early days, whenever formal dialogue or explanation of the action is required. But the aria is the vocalist's true glory. By definition a simple song or air, in the opera it becomes an extended solo, delivered according to a set convention in the full glare of the spotlight. It enables prima donnas and male principals to touch off their best vocal fireworks. They considered themselves slighted if the composer did not write arias for their special talents, hence to the vanity of singers rather than the exigencies of dramatic action can be traced many elaborate arias. Be the subject love, sorrow, remorse, jealousy, the weather, a new dress, or a bowl of soup, it receives its measure of display. Many arias are nevertheless so lovely that their presence redeems a whole opera or, borrowed from their context, a whole concert. They become by repetition as familiar as folk song. *Mon Coeur S'Ouvre à ta Voix* (My Heart at thy Sweet Voice) from Saint

Saens' *Samson and Delila* or *Celeste Aïda* from Verdi's *Aïda* are examples.

Like arias, small ensemble numbers are often inserted because the composer likes them, not because they are essential to the action. In Beethoven's *Fidelio,* an exquisite quartet is heard early in the first act, when Leonore voices her fears for her husband's safety, Marcellina her love for Leonore disguised as the youth Fidelio, Rocco the jailor his hopes that Marcellina will marry Fidelio, and Jacquino the jilted suitor his love for Marcellina. The action of the play stops completely while these four harmoniously voice their hopes and fears, yet no one in his musical senses would want a single note omitted. When the ensemble is woven logically into the action, the effect is even better. In Gounod's *Faust,* the love duet of Faust and Marguerite with interpolations from Mephisto falls easily into place in the dramatic action, at an emphatic point in the play and the music simultaneously.

Large choruses are introduced, sometimes with a reasonable appearance of ease, sometimes clumsily. Peasants sauntering about a market place, guests at a banquet, soldiers and sailors with sisters, cousins and aunts are priv-

ileged to burst into part singing at a moment's notice. A tavern may be invaded by regiments of vocal infantry, while at the same time, by one of those operatic coincidences, the square outside is crowded with enough of the town's female population to round out a mixed chorus. Even so obvious a dramatic trick is permissible. Whether the chorus relieves tension by an agreeable interlude, or heightens it by emphasizing a situation, it provides color and motion on the stage, and a vocal element indispensable to the grand total.

The question of the relative importance of the orchestra and singers is a battleground strewn with the bodies of exhausted vocalists and irate conductors. This is especially so since the so-called reforms of Wagner have glorified the orchestra. No tender-hearted person can sit unmoved through the efforts of soprano and tenor to rise above the orchestral din in many parts of the *Ring* cycle and *Tristan and Isolde*. Yet this is preferable to the tinkle of harpsichord and strings in a few rationed chords which, in the operas of antiquity, left the voices naked and exposed. Nobody would want to return to those accompaniments once he has known the modern orchestra. Its infinite range creates a gorgeous independent tone picture. As the colors of

costumes, voices and scenery are revealed on the stage, they are amplified and deepened by the orchestra. Orchestral and dramatic climaxes occur as one; emotional effects become cumulatively exciting as the orchestra emphasizes them. Personages are characterized in different timbres by different instruments. The opera orchestra is a full symphony orchestra, specializing in program music with all the resources of stage and singers thronging to its aid in dramatizing the story or program.

Volumes have been written, telling the stories of all the operas, describing the music, and characterizing the composers. For detailed analyses of that kind, you are referred to those volumes. The high spots in the history of the art since Jacopo Peri's *Euridice,* its first crude appearance in 1600, can be illuminated by examining a few typical operas. You will not hear *Euridice* today, nor will you hear the works of Monteverde, who improved on Peri's model. The famous lamentation "Lasciatemi morire" (Let Me Die) alone survives from Monteverde's opera *Arianna.* And enough bits of his *Ritorno d'Ulisse* (Return of Ulysses) and *L'Incoronazione de Poppea* (Coronation of Poppea) remain to demonstrate that the devices he introduced enhanced the emotional

expressiveness of his operas beyond those of any which preceded them. His use of recitativo with above-the-average accompaniment, of pizzicato and tremolo, and of the different choirs of the orchestra in polyphony, was new to his day. However, the study of the opera from living models begins over a hundred and fifty years after Peri's *Euridice,* with the production of Christoph Willibald Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice.* Written in 1762, this work, when revived some years ago at the Metropolitan, cast a spell which endured. In its day it turned a page in the history of opera.

Gluck found the declamatory concerts in costume which passed for opera in the eighteenth century silly and meaningless. In his preface to *Alceste,* he expressed his ambition "to attain a grand simplicity" in the Greek manner, and "to put an end to abuses against which good taste and good sense have long protested in vain." He made the overture an important and expressive section, he made the music interpretative of situations in the plot. In the arias he wrote for his principals, irrelevant ornaments were banished, nor were the singers obliged by the command "da capo" (from the beginning), to bore the audience and themselves with wearying repetition. The value of pause between numbers

not merely as punctuation but to express emotion, the use of the orchestra also to that important end, contributed to his purpose of making the music "second the poetry by enforcing the expression of the sentiment, and the interest of the situations, without interrupting the action." No less a man than a determined, experienced, and original Gluck could have effected as many changes at one time as he did, and even he had to fight every inch of the way, and write a great many operas to prove his points.

Orfeo ed Euridice is a good example of his style. The story is both touching and dramatic, and creates the more convincing illusion for being taken from mythology. The Greek poet Orpheus, inconsolable after the death of his beloved Euridice, prevails upon the god of love to permit him to seek her in Hades, and bring her back to earth. He finds her, but while leading her back, he disobeys the god's command not to look upon her until they have regained the upper regions, and to his horror and remorse, he sees her fall lifeless at his feet. Despairingly, he draws his dagger to take his own life, but the god of love, relenting, revives Euridice and restores the lovers to a united existence. The lament, *O, Che farò senza Euridice* (O, What Shall I

Do Without Euridice), uttered by Orfeo when he loses his beloved for the second time, is familiar to many who have never heard of Gluck and his *Orfeo*. The mourning chorus which opens the opera, the chorus of happy shades in Elysium, Euridice's joyous aria when she encounters Orfeo in Hades, are direct, pure melody. So universal is the appeal of this music, that it is surprising that not more of the one hundred operas of Gluck should have become known. *Iphigenia in Aulide* (Iphigenia in Aulis), *Iphigenia in Tauride* (Iphigenia in Tauris), *Alceste, Armide, Paride ed Elena* (Paris and Helen) belong to the same school of writing as *Orfeo*, yet only some of the overtures are played, while the operas themselves lie neglected.

The sparkling operas of Mozart, close to Gluck's in time, are far removed in style. For the dignified posturings of mythology, Mozart substituted light, human-interest plots, blest with humor as well as melody. Some historians call them aria operas, because one melodious aria after another pours forth without effort. In the connecting passages between arias, Mozart placed his own version of recitativo, a rapid amusing patter with a few well-chosen chords of accompaniment. His style, modeled on that of preceding Italians,

was imitated by subsequent Italians, who wrote as he did, save that they discarded even his modified recitativo wherever possible. Three of his operas, *Le Nozze di Figaro* (The Marriage of Figaro), *Cosi Fan Tutte* (Thus Do All Women) and *Don Giovanni* (Don Juan) have unusually good Italian libretti supplied by Lorenzo da Ponte; *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (The Escape from the Seraglio) and *Die Zauberflöte* (The Magic Flute) are in German. The handling of the orchestra as an element of independent beauty, the depiction of character and situation with humanity and humor, the rococo and sparkling vocal parts, and above all, the melody, aristocratic, rare, a melody of the past with a charm wholly its own—by these shall ye know the operas of the incomparable Mozart.

Don Giovanni is heard frequently on the large stage of the Metropolitan. It is less of an "opera buffa" (light chamber opera) than the others, although its subject, the amours of the libertine Don Giovanni, and the rascally tricks played by his servant Leporello, is handled with a light touch. The Don fiits gaily from mistress to maid, from peasant to aristocrat, leaving a trail of irate husbands and lovers burning to avenge their broken-

hearted women. In a mocking aria, *Madamina, il catalogo,* Leporello recites to his master's latest victim the list of the gentleman's conquests. It is a catalogue tantalizing both in the clever musical patter and in the subject matter, one of the great arias of the opera. A duet of a different order, sung by the Don with Zerlina, a rustic bride whom he aims to ensnare, is *La ci darem la mano* (Give me your hand), often abbreviated to *la ci darem.* The Don's brilliant drinking song, *Fin ch'han dal vino* (Now that they've wine), the charmingly conciliatory *Batti, batti, bel Masetto* (Beat me, beat me, dear Masetto), sung by Zerlina in an attempt to smooth her jealous bridegroom's ruffled plumage, Don Giovanni's serenade, *Deh vieni alla finestra* (ancestor of Stephen Foster's *Open Thy Lattice, Love),* and finally Donna Elvira's emotional *In quali eccessi* (Into what excesses has he fallen!) are endearing arias, which flow into your consciousness and settle there to create a deep inner contentment.

Beethoven's single opera, *Fidelio,* chronologically next (1805), has been called dramatically inept. Yet nobody denies that the music has beauty, the libretto makes sense, and the story, a typical romantic interpretation of conjugal devotion, is good operatic material

which affords ample opportunity for arias bearing the mark of Beethoven's genius. The villain Pizarro's cry of triumph when he sees his schemes apparently about to materialize, *Ha, welch ein Augenblick!* (Ha, what a moment!) fairly epitomizes the spirit of malignant revenge. Fidelio's indignant protest, *Abscheulicher, wo eilst Du hin?* (Wretch, whither are you hastening?) follows close upon it. The chorus of prisoners in the finale, blinking at the sunlight so long denied to them as they praise God's mercy for their release, is sublime in its depth and sincerity. There is little recitativo in this opera, but numerous asides and soliloquies carry on the story. The orchestral score, thicker in texture than Mozart's and of velvety smoothness, is admirably proportioned to the voices; it knows its place, and keeps it.

It is strange that the romantic operas of Carl Maria von Weber, which injected a new humanity and continuity into operatic writing, should be little known today save as their overtures are played in the concert hall. *Der Freischütz* (The Enchanted Huntsman), *Oberon,* and *Euryanthe* are all three based upon fairy tales colored by Weber with the subjective emotional quality of the romantic school. Their overtures, containing the best

of the melodies, present a capsule version of the operas, while the operas themselves are interesting chiefly for the innovations which Weber introduced. *Der Freischütz,* produced in 1824, is probably the best of the three. Weber characterized his principals by musical motives not far removed from the Leitmotiv later attributed to Wagner. Weber's use of motives, the imaginative tone-coloring of his orchestral accompaniment, and the achievement of a musical continuity new to his day, sent the romantic operas of other men off on a new tack.

The truth is that Italian operas have been consistently more popular than German. There was something in the Italian temperament that permitted men to write and enjoy with complete freedom from self-consciousness what in other hands would have appeared unreal, sentimental and ridiculous. Opera was a natural expression for Italians. Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, who came upon the scene shortly after Weber, carried away the public, beginning in their own country, and widening their influence to take in the whole world. Rossini was the big man of the three. When he went to visit Napoleon in Paris, and bent to kiss the imperial hand, Napoleon restrained him with the remark,

"There need be no ceremony between emperors." His *Barbiere di Siviglia* (Barber of Seville), *William Tell, La Gazza Ladra* (The Thieving Magpie), and *Semiramide* (Semiramis) have been criticized as superficial, facile, all surface and no substance. Yet people like Rossini's operas and always have, and demand not only the galloping measures of the *William Tell Overture* but the whole opera. Rossini it was who recognized the expressive possibilities of the brass choir of the orchestra, and who played on the religious sensibilities of his audience by giving the prima donnas ardent prayers to sing when the world was too much with them. He wrote recitativos with rich accompaniments, and made use of enormous crescendos to express the surge of emotion.

Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* contains, besides a mad scene to end all mad scenes, a florid sextet dear to singers, horn-players and organ-grinders. His other operas, *L'Elisir d'Amore* (The Elixir of Love), *La Figlia del Regimento* (The Daughter of the Regiment), *Don Pasquale,* and *La Favorita,* are often coupled with those of Bellini—*I Puritani, Norma,* and *La Sonnambula* (The Sleep-Walker), which they resemble in style. All are modeled faithfully on Rossini's successful pat-

tern. The lesser yet considerable talents of Bellini and Donizetti swim to fame like dolphins in the wake of the whale.

If Rossini is a whale, Giuseppe Verdi is a mammoth. His is without doubt the greatest name in Italian opera, some think in all opera. *Rigoletto, Il Trovatore* (The Troubadour), *La Forza del Destino* (The Power of Destiny), and *La Traviata* (Lost Lady), *Aïda, Falstaff,* and *Otello,* are names to conjure with. Verdi probably wrote more successful operas, numerically and qualitatively, than any other composer. He did not bother with theories, but wrote for orchestra and voice with fine impartiality, and with the ease of one who was not obliged to translate into the language of the opera, since he actually thought in that language.

La Traviata is one of the most gratifying in melody, and can be followed with ease. Verdi wrote it in his fortieth year, in the prime of his career. Its story, which follows that of the French *Camille,* concerns Violetta, a French courtesan, and her love for Alfredo. Urged by his father, she relinquishes the love which means all the world to her. Alfredo, misconstruing her sacrifice, heaps reproaches upon her head. In the end he is undeceived, and returns to her, repentant, to find her dy-

ing. The story is tragic, but Verdi dwells skilfully upon its happier aspects. When the curtain rises, Violetta and Alfredo are at a banquet, enlivened by the gayest and liveliest music. A rousing drinking song for Alfredo, *Libiam nei Lieti Calici* (A bumper we'll drain) is sung by Violetta and all the guests. When the rest of the assemblage goes off to dance, the two lovers remain behind, singing tenderly of their first meeting. Violetta then, left alone, sings one of the great coloratura arias of the opera, *Ah, fors è lui* (Perhaps 'tis he). Midway in the song her mood changes, she mocks herself for her solemnity, and with the words *Sempre libera,* (Always free), consecrates herself anew to a life of pleasure. The aria is florid, ornamental, and difficult to sing and brings down the house in proportion as the singer emphasizes the contrast between the quiet contentment of the first and the forced gaiety of the latter part. Others from *La Traviata* are *Non sapete* (Don't you know?) a baritone aria sung by the father pleading for his son; *Dite alla giovine* (Tell the maiden), Violetta's message to Alfredo's sister for whose happiness she relinquishes her own; and *Alfredo, di questo cuore* (Alfred, from my heart), a concerted number sung by the lovers, Alfredo's father, and the guests who

have witnessed Alfredo's reproaches. Finally, in a mood of quiet resignation, the opera ends with Violetta's *Addiò al passato* (Farewell to the past), and *Parigi, O cara* (O beloved Paris).

No less to be recommended is the same composer's *Aïda,* publicized as the opera in which live elephants appear, and in which the aria *Celeste Aïda* is sung by the tenor. Like the old lady who liked *Hamlet* because she found it so full of quotations, you will find yourself encountering, with the delight of meeting old friends, the priests' chorus, the triumphant march of the returning Egyptian armies, and Aïda's prayer for pity, *Numi, Pietà* (Priests, have mercy). The background of plot and counterplot, the picturesque setting, the excitement of the musical score establish a whole tradition of Italian opera.

From the France of this period, meanwhile, come at least two important additions to the operatic repertoire. Gounod's *Faust* was first produced in Paris in 1859, and there has been no lack of opportunity to hear it since then. Musical snobs dismiss it as over-theatrical, over-simplified, over-popular, and over-whatnot. Yet think for a moment of the lilting waltz of Marguerite's song when she receives a gift of jewels from Faust and exclaims, *Ah! Que je ris de me voir si belle!* (Ah, I smile

to see myself so beautiful), her ballad, the *King of Thule,* the soldiers' chorus, Mephistopheles' serenade under the innocent Marguerite's window, and her ringing redemption song after her fall and imprisonment. Such arias succeed one another, so tuneful that you hum them for weeks afterward. The story of *Faust* appeals to all the bourgeois virtues, while its music is neither that of pre-Mozart classicism, Mozart Italianism, nor Weber romanticism. It is French music touched with Rossini and blessed with a dramatic libretto based on a great poem, Goethe's *Faust.*

Bizet's *Carmen,* produced some years later, written by a Frenchman with nearby Spain as its background, has been described as the perfect opera. Carmen, the fickle cigarette girl who lures her soldier-lover, Don José, to his ruin, only to spurn him for the bullfighter, Don Escamillo, and who finally pays the price of death at Don José's jealous hand, won from the public far greater loyalty than she herself was capable of. The part of Carmen is a juicy plum for an ambitious soprano, for it permits her to hold the center of the stage before a fascinated chorus as she sings the famous *Habanera* and others which draw heavily on her grace, charm and vocal gifts. The *Toreador* song sung by Escamillo is known

to every schoolboy. The choruses are not only brilliant, contributory to the action, and full of Andalusian fire, but are introduced with unusual tact and logic. As for the orchestral score, the *Overture to Carmen* is worn threadbare with concert repetition, the accompaniment is dazzling and unusually well balanced with the voices. The opera was greeted with moderate applause at its first performance, which poor Bizet is said to have quit in tears before the end. During the ensuing months, his initial disappointment was eased by repeated performances, but he did not live to know that his Carmen later entrenched herself so securely in the public heart that even Wagner could not dislodge her.

That is indeed an achievement, for Richard Wagner is the *Führer* of opera. His disciples have shouted "Heil Wagner" so long and loud that the feeble voice of the opposition has been completely drowned. That they acclaim a genius, nobody denies. But the shadow of that genius athwart the operatic map of the nineteenth century is too black and grim for the comfort of minorities. Wagnerian mannerisms, without the originality that made them bearable in him, are deplorable as they appear in the writings of other composers. The glory of Wagner lies largely in his han-

dling of the orchestra. His music-drama is symphonic opera, as compared with the singers' opera which preceded it. As it was said of Disraeli that he thought in empires, so it might have been said of Wagner that he thought in symphonies. His orchestral scores are no painful bringing together of single instruments or choirs in studied effects, but a rush of voices commingling with an inevitability which is overpowering. The rich texture created by interwoven strands of melody, and the plangent tone-color produced by unusual harmonies, imperiously command attention. Wagner's use of the orchestra, apart from the fact that it is louder than others, is unique. Bass clarinets and English horns splash on bold new colors. Divided string choirs, the exception rather than the rule before him, became a regular device after he showed the way. Harmonies and progressions, many of them chromatic, many using unorthodox intervals, further stamp the orchestrations as "made by Wagner." Most distinctive, as you know if you have been exposed to a Wagner opera, is the weaving of the Leitmotivs into the orchestral fabric. A few notes, constituting a short phrase, are used to characterize personages, significant stage properties, dramatic events, even thoughts, a differ-

ent phrase for each. They are the Leitmotivs, or lead motives. More than eighty such motives appear and reappear in the *Ring* series of four operas—*Das Rheingold, Die Walküre, Siegfried,* and *Götterdämmerung.* They may be heard in the orchestra and in the voices, foreshadowing an event, being repeated during the event, and returning afterward like a memory. The same motives recurring in all four operas, which are already connected as a narrative, emphasize the cycle idea. Several hearings are required to fix the most important ones in your mind, and none but a Wagner "fan" attempts to remember them all.

Rienzi, The Flying Dutchman, Tannhäuser, and *Lohengrin* are early Wagner. They are broad interpretations of romantic opera, containing premonitory rumblings of the thunder of the *Ring, Tristan und Isolde* and *Parsifal,* products of Wagner's mature genius. These last are works of a conception to match the gigantic sculpture of Rodin's *Thinker.* The adaptation of the ancient legends is good theater, so too are the libretti written by the composer. Voice and orchestra feed the drama without ceasing. To be sure, protracted soliloquies and orchestral interludes slow the action, and the repetition of motives is so

stressed as to become wearisome at times. In the last act of *Tristan,* the hero spends forty-five minutes reviewing his past life in a musical March of Time before he finally expires. Only the fanatical Wagnerite does not confess to becoming restless during this scene, and the hour-long preachment of Gurnemanz in the first act of *Parsifal,* and the endless soliloquy of Wotan in *Die Walküre.* On the other hand, the thrilling ride of the Walküre, the fire music when Brunnhilde is hedged about with protecting flames until Siegfried comes to her rescue, the orchestral rustle of the woodland, with the clear soprano bird-song to interrupt it as Siegfried sets forth on his adventures, the Good Friday Spell in *Parsifal* are rewarding moments. There is no lightness or humor in these operas, which are serious, not to say ponderous, from beginning to end. *Die Meistersinger* is the only one in which Wagner condescended to laugh, or at least to smile. Possibly the general lack of humor marks him as the perfect *Führer.*

After Wagner, the deluge of imitators. Richard Strauss is the most successful of these. His tragedies *Salome* and *Elektra* are dark with Wagnerisms, and his comedy *Rosenkavalier,* like *Die Meistersinger,* has symphonic orchestration to support its humorous

plot, gay waltzes and lyric arias. A notable contribution is Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*. Like Wagner, Berg wrote his own text, and stressed the part of the orchestra above the voices, employing ultra-modern dissonance vaguely reminiscent of the most daring of Wagner's harmonies.

A music drama of the twentieth century which, to its everlasting credit, remained outside of the Wagnerian orbit, is Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*. Other operas are to *Pelléas* as the hard brilliance of diamonds to the softly glowing pearl. A mystical opera, it creates and maintains its illusion so subtly that the audience, transported to another world, does not question what magic has effected the miracle. No thunderous deities, no heroes armed with non-shatterable swords nor heroines to be won by the heavyweight champion, no sonorous climaxes in orchestra or voice are to be found in this gossamer creation. One thinks and speaks of it with bated breath, for it represents all that is gentle and innocent, reserved and aloof, elusive and mysterious. Its murmurous silences pregnant with meaning, the seemingly vague orchestral background for voices equally vague, the dialogue sung almost conversationally, the consistently silvery color make it a unique

work. Its strange quiet is like a prolonged benediction. When Golaud, Mélisande's husband, tortured by jealousy of his young brother Pelléas, drags Mélisande across the floor by her long golden hair to make her confess, she only murmurs plaintively, "Je ne suis pas heureuse" (I am not happy), probably the most pronounced understatement ever made on the operatic stage. The whole opera is one long understatement.

Composers of all nations have attempted the operatic form. The library of the Paris Opéra contains hundreds of scores, placed there because of their merit, but never produced. Some American composers have won enthusiastic if transitory success. Italians other than those mentioned including Puccini, Leoncavallo, and Mascagni have continued on Verdi's line. The Russian Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunoff* is one of the most barbarically splendid of the modern contributions. Contemporary operas which have won praise are Shostakovitch's *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk,* Prokofieff's *War and Peace,* Britten's *Peter Grimes,* Thomson's *Four Saints in Three Acts* and *Mother of Us All,* Gruenberg's *Emperor Jones,* and on the lighter side, Menotti's *Amelia Goes to the Ball, The Telephone,* and *The Medium.*

You may find that you enjoy opera as it is sometimes given, in concert form. Singers and orchestra appear on the platform without stage sets, props, or stage costumes. There is only a suggestion of the dramatic action; the emphasis is on words and music. Introduced as an experiment by such enterprising conductors as Thomas Scherman and Arnold Gamson, such presentations became very popular in the decade from 1950 to 1960. Listeners who were frankly bored with conventional productions found they could truly absorb and enjoy the music when it was brought to them in this direct fashion.

There is an opera to fit every taste and you cannot expect to enjoy one as well as another. You will find you can't sit enraptured through even the few with which you may be familiar. The alliance of the arts here is too complex to permit near perfection in every department. But you can make the whole a richer experience by bestowing on each part of it intelligent attention.

XII

The Ballet

As POPULAR as the opera has become in America, just so unpopular did its first cousin, the ballet, remain for many years, and on much the same ground—it is too artificial an art. Opera is orchestra plus voice and drama, ballet might be described either as opera minus voice, or orchestral music plus dancing. Those pluses and minuses hardly explain the omission of ballet from most discussions of the various forms of music, for the musical element is decidedly worthy of consideration, with or without the dance.

Concerning the prejudice against the dance *per se,* several explanations present themselves. The Puritans who frowned upon the doings around the maypole at Merrymount back in the sixteen hundreds were a prolific lot, whose descendants inherited the frown along with the other sterling qualities of that first censorship committee. Their conviction

that the dancing foot is a cloven hoof persists, not only in religious circles, but in many other good people who, if charged with it, would stoutly deny any such belief. An additional cause for prejudice is that ballet dancing has long been regarded as a sissy art, to which no hundred percent American male gives countenance. As a profession he shuns it, leaving it to the women. The most positive arguments against the ballet are brought forward, however, when people unearth old memories. Perhaps it was the dancing class to which they were dragged in their youth, scrubbed and protesting, on those sunny Saturdays when all outdoors invited them. Or they recall with a squirm the "treats" to children's pantomimes and ballets, where adipose fairies galumphed gracelessly across a badly simulated stage fairyland; where a child toe-dancer in dirty white tarlatan performed an interminable *pas seul;* or where animals in hideous masks leaped and bounded, scaring them out of their wits. The *Dance of the Hours* from *La Gioconda* performed by an earnest troupe at the Hippodrome some years ago left a permanent distaste for ballet in many a young spectator.

The opera is responsible for some of the prejudice against the ballet, because opera

ballets have not been all they should. When, early in the nineteenth century, so-called ballet divertissements were introduced, there was not much attempt to assimilate them into the body of the opera. They remained an extra limb, dangling awkwardly, as though they didn't quite know why they were there. Even so, at that time the demand for ballet in opera was insistent, especially in Paris, where its popularity depended in great measure upon its ballet. The very moment when the dancers were to flit from the wings was decreed by the fashionable audience. It had to be during the second act, in order that those who lingered over their coffee and cigars during the "unimportant" first act might not miss the ballet for which they attended the opera. That the art should suffer under such a system was inevitable. Dramatic and musical unity had to be disregarded. Extra music had to be hastily written and inserted by the composer if he happened to have omitted to include it in the first place. When Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was first produced in Paris, in the middle of the century, it contained no ballet, since in his opinion none was called for. The protest was immediate and vociferous. He grudgingly inserted one, but added insult to injury by placing it

in the first act. The Jockey Club, a group of Parisian dandies, staged a riot at the performance, expressing their displeasure with hissing and catcalls, and *Tannhäuser* was actually withdrawn for a time. Yet, despite this inauspicious beginning, the dance of the houris of the Venusberg in *Tannhäuser* is a rewarding addition to the opera, both as music and dance. The inconsistencies of some other ballets are more pronounced. The music to which the Egyptian priests in Verdi's *Aïda* perform their solemn dance is more Italian than Egyptian; the Kermesse in Gounod's *Faust,* which should be a Flemish peasant dance, is, in part at least, a French salon waltz; in Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunoff,* an opera of medieval Russia, the courtiers dance to a nineteenth century tune. And so it goes. Great ballet troupes may bring their all to the opera, but unless the music supports their efforts, they cannot convince the public of the sincerity and integrity of their art.

Prejudices are doubly amusing if you consider the origin of the ballet. It started as a religious manifestation, a dance of ecstasy toned down to solemnity by the priests. In ancient Egypt, religious dancers were called *awalin,* or wise ones. In ancient Greece, the worship of the gods through the dance was

an honorable and beautiful custom. Nothing in these religious beginnings ought to bring a furrow to the brow of the Puritan. Along with the altar ballet, the folk dance of the people flourished, so also did the dignified pirouettes of the aristocratic salon. In the medieval period, they all influenced one another, and inspired a dance art fit for the court of a king, which is where it took up its abode. Louis XIV of France tripped the light fantastic toe to the tunes of Lully and Couperin until his embonpoint banished the lightness, and he had to compensate by ordering ballets specially written for the theater, where he could view them at his ease from the royal loge. Meanwhile, ballroom dancing became freer and more democratic. The waltz wave which swept Europe in 1800 carried aristocrat, bourgeois, and proletarian off, or rather, onto their feet. Polkas, mazurkas and square dances vied with the waltz, and all influenced the formal ballet. In the same way, jazz is today syncopating its way into the so-called classic dance.

France did her part, but to venerable Russia goes the credit for the modern ballet in all its glory. For many years Russia surpassed all other countries in developing the art of the dance. The Russians had theaters sup-

ported by the state. They had composers who were ready and willing to turn out music as directed by the choreographers connected with those theaters, with the virtue of having been written expressly for the purpose for which it was used. They had large Imperial ballet schools in Moscow and Saint Petersburg, public schools of the dance, to which poor and rich might come for training. All the students were rigorously drilled, and since in Russia the ballet was not marked "for ladies only," men as well as women played prominent parts in the ballet company.

When, early in the 1900's then, a genius like Diaghileff appeared on the scene, he found in Russia, his native land, plentiful material ready to hand for the execution of his ideas. And such ideas as he had! Their imaginative extravagance and originality shook the conservative walls of the Marinsky Theatre, where dancers trained in the tradition of the classic ballet by the Frenchman Petipa were pirouetting and entre-chatting as ballet dancers always had. Diaghileff envisaged something freer, more dramatic, and infinitely more lavish. He went to Paris, the land of the brave and the home of the free in art, taking with him an admirable troupe of dancers, including the choreographer

Michel Fokine, the artist-designers Léon Bakst and Alexandre Benois, and the composer and conductor, Alexander Tcherepnin. In the life of the star Nijinsky, written by his wife, there is a vivid account of those days in Paris when great ballets were being born. Upon the groundwork laid down during the twenty years from 1909 to Diaghileff's death in 1929 is erected the best in ballet today. Many of the creations conceived in that decade are danced by successors and imitators, while their gorgeous choreography and specially arranged or composed music have served as models for new works.

Those to whom music is primarily an emotional experience were overwhelmed by the impact of these dances. There was nothing merely pretty or superficially pleasing about the Diaghileff ballets. They were not a series of classic posturings, but dramatic, highly moving, continuous emotional experiences conveyed by pantomime and music. The pantomime provided a set of deeply realized associations which could but intensify the reaction to the music. Pygmalion loving his Galatea into life was no more a miracle worker than Diaghileff vitalizing the ballet into a genuine emotional experience.

The impetus Diaghileff gave to the com-

position of ballet music was incalculable. When he found existing scores that could be rearranged or orchestrated for his purpose, he thankfully seized upon them, and many of his well-known creations were danced to the works of Chopin, Schumann, Tchaikowsky, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Weber, Scarlatti, Cimarosa, Handel, Fauré, Rossini and Strauss. On the other hand, he commissioned from comparatively unknown young men works which proved to be masterpieces. He supplied the golden spark that fired their ballet talent. He made a great man of Stravinsky. Works by De Falla and Prokofieff, by Debussy, Ravel and other young Frenchmen flowed into the Diaghileff reservoir. After the World War, the group of young originals in France who called themselves "Le Six" wrote many works for him. The effectiveness of the ballet danced to ready-made as compared with made-to-order music is debatable, but there is cause for gratitude in the fact that the ballet provided an incentive for so many talented composers. Under the supreme test of playing the music without the accompanying dance, the best of these works maintain their appeal as especially colorful examples of program music whose program is written in the dance.

An example of a ballet set to already exist-

ing music is Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Scheherazade.* Here no liberties were taken with the pictorial music, but the story was altered from the narrative of young love supplied by the composer, to a passionate tragedy which seemed to Diaghileff to express the music more completely, although the composer's family objected to it. The same barbaric quality, without the tragedy, is found in the Polovtsian dances from Borodin's opera, *Prince Igor,* which were lifted bodily from the opera and performed by the Russian troupe to applause as tumultuous as the ballet itself. The music called upon the male dancers to perform those incredible leaps in which they seemed to cover the entire stage in a single bound, creating a mood of savage exultation which, once you have witnessed the ballet, recurs whenever you hear the music.

There are numerous examples of music especially created for ballet use. Before Diaghileff came on the scene, Tchaikowsky had tried his hand at writing for the pupils of Petipa at the Imperial Ballet School some music, explaining, "I wrote it partly because I wanted the money, but also because I had long had a wish to try my hand at this kind of music." It was a successful experi-

ment. *Le Lac des Cygnes* (The Swans' Lake), is an arresting combination of a romantic tale with the ultra-romantic music Tchaikowsky so well knew how to write. He followed it with *La Belle au Bois Dormant* (The Sleeping Beauty), and the perennially popular *Casse-Noisette* (Nut-Cracker) Suite. This amusing fairy-tale is the story of the toys that came to life on Xmas Eve and staged a mock battle in which a nutcracker, saved from defeat by its owner, Marie, is transformed into a prince, and flies with her to the court of the Sugar-plum Fairy. At the court, a series of dances is held in their honor, containing an Overture, a March, a *Danse de la Fée Dragée* (Dance of the Sugar-plum Fairy), *Danse Espagnole* (Spanish Dance, also called *Chocolat*), *Danse Chinoise* (Chinese Dance, also called *Thé*), *Danse Arabe* (Arabian Dance, also called *Café*), a *Trepak* (Russian National Dance), a *Danse des Mirlitons* (Dance of the Kazoos), all ending with the charming *Valse des Fleurs* (Waltz of the Flowers). The dances are most attractive, the music utterly pleasing.

These were drops from a faucet which Diaghileff turned on full force. The first work he commissioned from the then young Stravinsky was an orchestration of Chopin's piano

prelude, Opus 28 No. 7, for Fokine's exquisite ballet, *Les Sylphides*. Having won success with this, Stravinsky embarked eagerly upon the composition of the music for *L'Oiseau de Feu* (The Fire-Bird), a fairy-tale ballet aglow with youth and innocence. It is in four parts. In the first, the gallant prince Ivan, while hunting, enters the enchanted garden of the magician Kastchei the Deathless, where he captures a beautiful bird with wings of flame. Moved by her pleading, he releases her, retaining one feather in token of her gratitude. This incident is described in the score by means of delicate harmonies on the strings, blended with the cool notes of the celesta which sounds like a delicate xylophone and looks like a small piano. Capricious rhythms and a faster tempo enliven the music upon the entrance of the Fire-bird. Then, in Part II, as Ivan hides behind a tree, the princesses held captive by Kastchei enter and perform a round dance to the tune of a Russian peasant song. While the oboe carries the melody, the harp and strings throb sympathetically in accompaniment, a gentle idyll in contrast with what follows. For Part III, the entrance of the magician Kastchei, is signalized by a clash and clangor expressive of the grotesque and fantastic rout of monsters who accom-

pany him. When Kastchei detects the presence of Ivan, he threatens to strike him dead, but the Fire-bird's feather wards off the spell, and she herself returns in time to cast a counter spell of slumber on the magician. To filmy harmonies under a bassoon lullaby, Ivan and his princess escape. In Part IV, their wedding is celebrated, a traditional Russian wedding, to the sound of a folk song glorified by the orchestra into a resounding paean of hope and joy.

Petroushka, Stravinsky's next response to Diaghileff's command, was in striking contrast to the comparatively naïve *Fire-Bird.* Like the wooden doll Pinocchio whose adventures as unfolded in Collodi's book are dear to the hearts of children, Petroushka is a puppet, endowed by the showman, his master, with an abortive mind and heart. The ballet is a story of puppet love. It ends in tragedy when Petroushka, pursued from the puppet booth, is cut down by the Moor who has won the heart of his beloved ballerina. But the showman displays the sawdust body of Petroushka to the alarmed crowd at the fair, who have witnessed the murder. "You see," says the showman, "he was only a puppet." Meanwhile, the ghost of Petroushka, wan and despairing, appears above the booth,

waving disconsolate arms in protest. In the orchestra a trumpet squawks weakly as the limp body falls lifeless upon the roof. Petroushka is the symbol of man in unequal combat with circumstances over which he has no control, the unoffending victim of forces stronger than himself. He has a pathos only partially realized in the music. For Stravinsky wrote this ballet with a cool objectivity which indicates that the plight of his hero does not move him as did the tale of the Fire-bird. The music, carefully calculated, mechanically inventive, is surprisingly unemotional. Possibly he became obsessed with the problem of carrying into music the movements of automata, or possibly the trivial happenings which culminate in disaster are not sufficient to shake him out of his Russian fatalism. He seizes every opportunity for humor, and nowhere is a more mirth-provoking musical incident to be found than in the love dance between the ballerina and the Moor, wherein the ungainly fellow steps on her feet to heavy dark chords in the bass, while her twinkling white toes are artfully pictured in the treble. In contrast with the puppet music are the folk melodies and street songs which reflect the milling of the crowds around the puppet booth before and after the show, the hurdy-

gurdy with its patient dancing bear, the rhythmic evolutions of nursemaids, coachmen and grooms, the comic lurching of the drunken merchant, and the provocative dance of his gypsy companions.

Still another facet of Stravinsky's art is displayed in *Le Sacre du Printemps* (The Rites of Spring), inspired by *The Golden Bough,* Frazer's book on superstitions and taboos. It represents a primitive sacrificial rite in which, after games and dances by the entire company, a young girl is led into their circle. Her head crowned with leaves and a basket of Spring flowers in her hand, she dances continuously in a sort of ecstasy, beginning vigorously, growing slow and faltering as she weakens, until she falls to the ground from exhaustion. As her lifeless body is carried off, the others break out in a wild celebration, more abandoned than anything that has preceded, with every indication of the thoughts toward which a young man's fancy lightly turns in the Spring. The *Sacre* is the most uncorseted of ballets. When it was first performed in Paris, women fainted and the audience was worked up to such a pitch that quiet was restored with difficulty. The music is frenetic. The rhythmic shuffling of many feet dancing the chosen victim to her doom

is heard in the basses, steady and inexorable, mounting in intensity until the moment when she falls to the ground. The orgiastic rites with which the others then welcome the Spring create an excitement faithfully registered in wild excursions of sound from the orchestra. This is music which lifts lifelong repressions, providing so drastic an emotional catharsis that no program notes are required to insure the proper or improper reception of its message.

Other ballets written by Stravinsky are *Le Chant du Rossignol* (The Song of the Nightingale), *Pulcinella, Les Noces* (The Wedding), *Apollon Musagéte* (Apollo Musagéte), *Mavra, Le Jeu aux Cartes* (The Card Game). With the three already mentioned, they have served as models for many contemporary composers, and may well become the nucleus of any one's ballet experience, since they represent so congenial a union of music and choreography.

Debussy's *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* is as cool as the *Sacre* is ardent. When Nijinsky arranged the dances which depicted the pursuit of nymphs by an amorous faun, he saw them as two-dimensional, the figures presenting themselves only in profile, like bas-reliefs on a Greek vase. The filmy music, which sug-

gested sighing trees, a plashing mountain stream, and the plaintive piping of the faun, is likewise two-dimensional, and the effect of the whole is exquisite. *Jeux* and *Le Martyre de Saint Sebastian,* the latter danced by the famous Ida Rubinstein, are others by the same unerring hand.

Another of the ballets composed for Diaghileff which has found lasting fame is De Falla's *El Sombrero de Tres Picos* (The Three-Cornered Hat). Gorgeously set by the famous Spanish painter Pablo Picasso, danced by Leonid Massine and the Diaghileff company, alive with gypsy vitality in such native dances as the vito, jota and farruca, this ballet did not confine itself to the castanet clashing, stamping, twirling and shawl waving which usually pass for Spanish dancing. Carl Van Vechten said of it, "The dancers evolve the most elaborately intricate rhythms, creating a complexity of effect that defies any comprehensible notation on paper." They were inspired by music no less intricate and expressive. When De Falla agreed to rewrite for Diaghileff a pantomime piece which he had already sketched, he brewed a compound of gaiety, drama and color in a comic tale. The Miller, jealous of his seductive wife, resents the advances made to her by the elderly gov-

ernor in his three-cornered hat. She encourages the governor in order to tease—and test—her husband, and a series of humorous misunderstandings ensue, which culminate in the governor's being given a good drubbing by the miller's friends. As a climax, his three-cornered hat is trampled upon, final symbol of his discomfiture. This is one of the jolliest and most alluring of ballets. The scenes flash by in dazzling succession. The miller's dance suggests all of his conflicting emotions, his wife's coquetry is expressively indicated, and the villagers twirl with irrepressible gaiety.

When, as an innovation, certain dancers converted well-known symphonies to the uses of the ballet, they raised a hornets' nest about their ears. *Les Présages,* danced to Tchaikowsky's *Fifth Symphony,* and *Choreartium* to Brahms' *Fourth,* caused many music-lovers to raise the cry of desecration. What right had the dancers, they asked, to turn the symphony to such base uses? The ballet, they asserted, is not needed to interpret a symphony, which requires no interpretation, and furthermore, to dance a symphony is to gild the lily. That controversy is in the past. The danced symphony has been accepted. When Isadora Duncan brought Beethoven's *Seventh* to this country after dancing it abroad, she not only

created a furor, but endeared the symphony to many who had shied off from it before it was presented to them in this form. To conceive a dance worthy of a symphony is difficult but not impossible. There must be no stumbling or halting, but a splendid sweep in the grand manner, a true fusion of the choreography with the great implications in the music. As Ernest Newman put it, "The dance must run in harness with the sequence of shapes and moods in the music."

Ballet is not to be regarded as a sugar-coating for absolute music, but rather as one very delightful form of program music. It clarifies the composer's intention for those who are more eye than ear-minded. It gives those who love music primarily for its rhythm a physical and musical experience shared with masters of rhythm. American composers have found in the composition of ballet music a congenial medium. Henry Gilbert's Negro ballet, *In the Place Congo,* John Alden Carpenter's *Skyscrapers, Krazy Kat* and *Birthday of the Infanta,* Virgil Thomson's *Filling Station,* Paul Bowles' *Yankee Clipper,* Aaron Copland's *Billy the Kid, Rodeo* and *Appalachian Spring,* Herbert Kingsley's *Terminal,* Kay Swift's *Alma Mater,* Elliott Carter's *Pocahontas,* Robert McBride's *Show Place,*

Gian-Carlo Menotti's *The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore,* and numerous others are evidence of the upswing in ballet interest in this country. Continuing from the Diaghileff tradition, composers and choreographers are evolving a realistic, indigenous art which is bringing the ballet into high repute.

Changing styles in music, as reflected in the dance, are noteworthy. On one program of the remarkable Martha Graham and her company, in the spring of 1960, every number was danced to music by a contemporary composer, and the range of mood and method was astounding. It included *Clytemnestra* to music by Halim El Dabh; *Night Journey* to music by William Schuman; *Seraphic Dialogue* to music by Norman Dello Joio; *Acrobats of God* to music by Carlos Surinach; and *Alcestis,* to music by Vivian Fine. A far cry from the *Water Music* and *Royal Fireworks* by Handel to which another distinguished choreographer, George Balanchine, choreographed a new ballet that same season, and a further inducement to careful listening while watching.

From Europe, Asia, Africa, from everywhere but outer space, groups have brought their dance interpretations of great music, past and present, to the United States. There

has been no dearth of ballet presentations—from Russia's famous Bolshoi and Moisseyev companies, the Sadler's Wells of England, the Kabuki of Japan, the Royal Ballet of Denmark, and the French Ballet de Paris, to the alert young American Ballet Theatre which celebrated its triumphal twentieth anniversary in 1960.

A list of leading exponents and choreographers of modern dance must include Martha Graham, Agnes de Mille, Valerie Bettis, Lucia Chase, Nora Kaye, Hanya Holm, Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, Kathryn Dunham, Frederick Ashton, Jerome Robbins, Anthony Tudor, José Limon, Ted Shawn, Eugene Loring, John Butler, and George Balanchine. The experiments of Merce Cunningham, Alwin Nikolai and Balanchine have been toward the separation, if not the divorce of emotion from the dance. They are in line with experiments in abstract music which have also led the dance in the direction of abstract detachment. Nikolai's *Eruptions and Involvements; Leythic; Illusional Frieze* are all guided by what he has called "choreosonic music of the dance theatre." A new language! Music and dance are a married couple, and—as in other marriages—one inevitably adapts to the other and follows where it leads, for better or worse,

till death do them part. So your enjoyment of one inevitably contributes to your enjoyment of the other, as you watch it leading or being led. And while you look and listen, you may find yourself agreeing with Havelock Ellis that "Dancing is the loftiest, the most loving, the most beautiful of the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstract from life, it is life itself." And music, may we repeat, is the pulsing heart of the dance; without a heart there can be no life.

XIII

Home Music

A FAVORITE story in musical circles tells of a newly rich lady who engaged a string quartet to play at her first evening party. She was completely overwhelmed when four artists presented themselves, for she expected a one-man show. No less well-intentioned and ill-informed was the very effusive lady who approached the first violinist of a string quartet group after a performance, gushing, "Oh, that was *so* lovely! Does your quartet also play the Tchaikowsky Fifth *Symphony?*" While, on that same evening, a young man came up to the second violinist and asked timidly, "Please, Sir, may I examine your instrument? I've always wanted to know what a second violin looks like, and in what respect it differs from a first."

This trio of stories is told to illustrate a few of the misconceptions about chamber music, which need not be so mysterious as the

stories would seem to indicate. On the contrary, it is cozy, intimate music for the home, one of the most satisfactory forms of home music in existence. Not that the day is past when the daughter of the house renders a selection on the piano. The parlor vocalist, too, still has her place. And far be it from me to decry the joys of group singing around a piano, or in the close harmony of a vocal quartet. The beginning of many a beautiful friendship for music is to be found in such gatherings. But the joy of chamber music for home consumption transcends them all, so great is the variety of instrumental and vocal combinations, and so large the body of literature available for such combinations. Chamber music—from the Italian *musica da camera* —is music intended for a room (in Italian *camera* means room or chamber), as distinguished from concert music. You can readily see how so loose a classification permits of latitude in the kind and number of works included. Yet chamber music seems to frighten the very people who would most enjoy it. The small number of performers, the intimate character of the music, and the circumstances under which it is performed are a direct invitation to friendship. The impression that none but Ph.D.'s in music are

worthy to receive its message is unfair. Designated as "the delight of the performing amateur and of the listening connoisseur" it appeals also to a large group of non-connoisseurs to whom the "consort of sweet sounds" of a string quartet or other small group may become a source of infinite delight.

The explanation of the aristocratic aloofness associated with chamber music is not far to seek. It was born in the dwelling places of the wealthy. As late as 1843, a Mr. Henry Banister published in London a snobbish little volume called "Domestic Music for the Wealthy, or a Place for the Art and its Professors." The drawing rooms of kings and princes of the church and state in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries resounded to sonatas for one or more instruments, to duets, trios, quartets and small orchestras in all manner of combinations. The music for these entertainments was especially commissioned and great composers flocked to kiss the hand of patronage thus extended to them. Some attached themselves to princely households, and since by so doing they gained an incentive to write some of the loveliest works in musical literature, they did not object to the arrangement. It must be said for the patrons of the past, that they made

an effort to keep up with the Joneses in the number of compositions their pet composers presented to them, so the crop was bountiful. There are composers today who look longingly upon those days of kindly patrons, for then at least a man could be sure that what he wrote would be performed, that he would have a hand in the performance, and that he would not starve.

Most favored of those who basked in the sun of patronage was Franz Joseph Haydn, who for over thirty years held a steady job in the household of the benign Prince Esterhazy. For performance in the prince's spacious salon, Haydn wrote eighty-three string quartets, besides any number of trios, sonatas, and orchestral works. He set the feet of the string quartet on the richly carpeted floor of the salon, but he also set them on the classic path along which they have led other composers. And best of all, the works he turned out in such abundance for his patron delight present-day listeners as much as they did the aristocratic gentlemen of their own day. His was the first twenty-four carat metal in the golden age of chamber music which he inaugurated, and which Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert continued.

You will recognize a Haydn quartet by sev-

eral marks. Aside from the clarity with which the sonata form is used, and the joy of living which pervades them, they give the first violinist very great importance, so that at first hearing you may receive the impression that a string quartet is a piece written for a leading violin and subdued accompanying strings. As a matter of fact, the ideal string quartet acknowledges the first and second violins, the viola and cello which compose it, to be of equal importance, and partitions the musical material among them with the utmost justice possible. The composers who followed Haydn worked to this end, and by comparing their works with his you may determine their degree of success in achieving it.

Mozart was so grateful to him that he inscribed to Haydn six of his finest string quartets. He always maintained that from Haydn he learned all that he knew about this form of writing. The complete list of chamber music by Mozart covers three and a half printed pages of a sizable encyclopedia, for he delighted also in groups somewhat larger than a quartet—septets, octets, nonets, and so on. He employed horns and woodwinds with the strings most effectively—his clarinet quintet is an instance of the beautiful blending of string and clarinet tones. And it is

difficult to see how his twenty-six string quartets could be improved. They are clear and clean, full of the warmth of subjective emotional expression. A little short one which he wrote at the age of fifteen, K. 156 in G major is an excellent one to begin with, simpler and more comprehensible than his great C major quartet, but with the same kind of charm. He catalogues his other chamber works as divertimenti, serenades, marches, et cetera. You will hear few programs of chamber music, either in private or in public, which do not offer a draught from the bubbling spring of Mozart.

Beethoven and Schubert also acknowledged their indebtedness to Haydn, although not in the form of a dedication. Beethoven had patrons, with whom he quarreled to his sorrow, even going so far as to call his most influential supporter, Prince Lobkowitz, a donkey. But the names of Count Razumofsky and of Prince Lobkowitz, wealthy nobles both, took luster from their inscription by Beethoven on quartets which are the wonder of chamber music. Between the six limpid early quartets, Opus 18, and the complexities of the mature Opus 135 lies a lifetime of suffering. There are sixteen quartets, an eloquent

record of Beethoven's growth and development.

The string quartet, like the symphony, consists of the usual four movements, the first usually in the sonata form, the others optionally in the sonata or some other form, with the exception of the third movement, which is called the menuetto or scherzo, and has an attendant trio. The menuetto is a dance-like figure in two sections, each of which is repeated; then a new little section occurs, in a different key and of an entirely different character, known as the trio, followed by a return to the menuetto, which is then played through without repetition. It was the menuetto which Beethoven transformed into the meatier and more substantial scherzo, altering without destroying its original character. The string quartet is the most typical, readily attainable, and purest form of room music, and many of the observations about it apply equally well to other combinations of instruments. When Beethoven wrote string quartets, he displayed a Jovian impartiality in the assignment of parts to the different instruments. In fact, before a first performance of one of his works, he wrote to each member of the Schuppanzigh Quartet to "outshine his

fellows in the way he played the solo sections," of which there were enough to keep each player on the alert. Not only are the parts justly divided, but the whole forms a succession of chords in marvelous harmony, while at the same time each voice speaks for itself. Every nuance is marked meticulously. You will hear frequently a *forte,* followed by a *piano subito,* an immediate soft tone or passage with no decrease in volume leading up to it. This effect he uses repeatedly and most expressively. Not that he disdains *crescendi* and *diminuendi*—he orders them scrupulously whenever he wishes them—but the *piano subito* is his own device, which none other employs as he did. The Beethoven Adagios attain such sublimity, especially in the quartets he wrote in later life, as to cause a hearer to murmur reverently, "By their Adagios shall ye know them." A number of eminent quartet groups have given series of all the Beethoven quartets, playing two or three at a session, and those who care to listen have thus had a rare opportunity to familiarize themselves with these works. If string quartets pall, there are any number of other chamber music combinations from his pen which bring his great spirit directly into the home.

Franz Schubert's quartets are not written with the same close absorption in the distribution of the four parts as are Beethoven's. More unison passages for two instruments are found, thinning the harmonies, and the first violin has a tendency to elope with most of the song-like melodies, leaving a monotonous tum-tum for the others, especially the cello. He could not resist supplying titles to several, based on songs he had already written. Thus the *Quartet in D minor* has as the main theme of the slow movement his immortal song *Death and the Maiden.* By that name the quartet is known and played at gatherings ranging from funerals to soirées. The *Quintet for Piano, Bass Viol, Violin, Viola* and *Cello,* based on his song, *Die Forelle* (The Trout) is a thing of flashing, leaping beauty and grace, like the trout it celebrates, its slow movement presenting a series of variations, one lovelier than another. The *Quintet for Two Cellos, Violins, and Viola,* with its ineffable slow movement, has a message for all with an ear for noble melody. Schubert produced these and other such works with much less encouragement than his more fortunate predecessors. He was poor and unknown, and not very bright about picking up patrons. His chamber music works have faults. They are over-long

and repetitious; like many after-dinner speakers, he had no terminal facilities. But they contain whole sections of writing so smooth and lovely, so song-like and complete, that you will willingly sit through their less felicitous moments.

The gift of melody was not denied to Schumann and Mendelssohn either, and both of them displayed it freely in their chamber music. Schumann deserted his beloved piano long enough to write some quartets, but his most successful work of this kind is the *Piano Quintet,* wherein the strings cluster around that instrument with all the devotion of a family of children around the mother. As for Mendelssohn, he wrote piano trios, string quartets, and ensembles with wind instruments, but he frankly preferred the orchestra for the pictorial effects he delighted in. Nevertheless, his *Octet for Strings* is the delight of chamber music players, the fugue finale in which the instruments enter one after another in a merry chase being a type of musical gauntlet-running which has caused many a performer to bite the dust.

Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert, themselves a quartet of no mean order, form a closed corporation in chamber music. Berlioz, Chopin and Liszt provided home music

of a different order, particularly Chopin and Liszt, whose piano pieces have enlivened many a quiet evening within four walls. They wore blinders, however, which shut out the temptation, if temptation it was, to write the sort of works initiated by the illustrious four. Such blinders did not sit well on Brahms. Despite his interest in other forms, he bestowed passionate concentration upon violin and cello sonatas, trios, string and piano quartets and other combinations. His chamber music works have the Rembrandtesque texture associated with his symphonies, not too thick, since he thinned down his harmonies enough to make them suitable for their medium without any loss of Brahmsian sonority. In combining strings with piano, he permits the piano to pour out its heart with a horn-of-plenty abundance, while at the same time he assigns to the strings harmonies of a depth and darkness which enable them to hold their own against that heavy instrument.

Some enthusiasts object to the combination of strings with the piano, saying that the percussion breaks the spell woven by the strings. See how you feel about that when you hear, first a string quartet, then a piano trio or quartet. Undoubtedly, in the latter, a combination of skilful writing and tactful perform-

ance is required to secure even a qualified balance of sound. With a pianophile as a composer and a determined virtuoso assigned to play the piano part, it follows inevitably that the piano dominates, that the strength of ten fingers on the piano is as the strength of twenty on the strings, and that the latter sound as a timid accompaniment to a not always interesting solo. This is not chamber music in the finest sense; in these small combinations, every man's voice should be heard equally with every other's. Each part should be heard as an individual thread, as well as an integral part of the harmony, while every fragment of melody should sound authoritatively above the rest for the brief moment it remains with one instrument or another. One of the great fascinations of chamber music is the fact that it is possible by careful listening to follow its dual life, first as a succession of melodious and logical chords, then as a combination of melodious, individual voices.

When a woodwind is combined with the strings, as in the clarinet quintets of Mozart and Brahms, or the Bach Brandenburg Suite for flute, violin and string orchestra, the reedy tone of the wind is so prominent that only at such times as it is allotted a few measures' rest do the strings really come into their own.

Yet the woodwind provides a fine coloratura, playing among the other voices or soaring above them.

A young man who had always avoided classical music once allowed himself to be dragged to a concert of the famous Flonzaley Quartet, one of the finest groups that ever devoted itself to the cause of chamber music. Under the patronage of Edward de Coppet and the inspired leadership of Adolfo Betti, this organization gave public performances which were unique. The young man in question happened on one of these. To his utter amazement he sat enthralled from the first moment. As the strains of the Mozart *C Major Quartet* which headed the program died away, he stuttered excitedly, "I—I didn't know string quartets were like *this*. Why did nobody ever tell me?" Because it may be that nobody ever told you either, I venture to try to give you an idea of the charm of this intimate music.

Go with me to the home of Mr. X, who throws open his music room every Friday night to all who are willing to take musical potluck with him. Amateur and professional musicians come, bringing their instruments. The first violinist may be Heifetz or he may be a recent young graduate of a conservatory.

It makes no difference, here both meet on common ground. The host has a large music library, and presently an animated discussion arises as to what is to be played, and who the performers are to be. On every piece he has noted in pencil when and by whom a composition was last played. This insures rotation, a favorite work not being repeated at too short intervals, nor by players who have previously had a go at it. Furthermore, it does not permit one who has played it before to excuse mistakes by pretending that "he is just reading it" and "never saw it before in his life."

Finally, the piece is chosen, the players singled out. They settle down in the center of the room, grouped around a lamp which throws light on the four music stands with the same impartiality the players are expected to maintain in performance. The rest of the room is in a semi-darkness to which the listeners silently retreat. Someone has said, "Let's start with an 'easy Haydn,'" and the quartet, Opus 64, No. 5, *The Lark,* has been chosen. The chooser overlooked the fact that this is a typical example of Haydn's propensity to make the first fiddle do most of the work—or perhaps he is playing first himself and wants to show what he can do. In

the opening measure, the soaring theme from which the work takes its name is announced. Three quarter notes and a whole note, all of them of the same pitch, are followed by a jump to a sixth above, a melodious descent, and a throbbing trill, leading to the cadence of the five-measure motive. The first violin, which has started the story, continues it, jealously clinging to its leadership, throughout a first movement in typical sonata form, with a development section rich in the bird-like runs and trills which justify the name of *The Lark*. The second movement is played, as the directions specify, Adagio, very slowly, Cantabile, like a song. It is for the most part soft and sweet, with a suggestion of sadness immediately dispelled by the jolly Menuetto and Trio. The Menuetto of *The Lark* has a cheery peasant swing, and is followed by a Finale played Vivace, very fast, very light, mostly with spiccato bowing. It requires perpetual motion from the first violinist, and solid support from the others, whose nimble fingers and bows supplement his in the rapid laughing passages with which the quartet gaily concludes.

As soon as the last note has died away, the talk comes to life. The players are surrounded. An enthusiast who is well ac-

quainted with the piece embarks upon a critical monologue, interrupted by protests from the performers. He complains that the intonation wasn't always perfect; many chords sounded out of tune; why couldn't they have listened more carefully to one another? He quarrels with some of the dynamics, but compliments them upon the way they took the lovely soft *piano* ending of the first movement. The rhythmic accompaniment sounded uneven, and the structure wasn't always clear; didn't they recognize the various divisions of the sonata form? If the instruments which had the accompaniment had accented the first beat of each measure more decidedly, the rhythm would have held steadier. The balance, he says, was none too good. Up to this point you have probably followed him, since dynamics and rhythm are an old story to you. But what is this about balance? You ask him to explain.

Balance is the very essence of the string quartet. Like balance elsewhere, it consists of so weighing sounds against sounds that the scales tip evenly. It is a process of adjustment with the object of making each chord a rounded whole. It applies to all music, but in the string quartet, where no concealment of imperfection is possible, it is a matter for

especially careful study. To secure balance, the four instruments must measure quantity and quality of tone as if with a medicine dropper. The players should not only have instruments with a similar tone-quality, but they should practice together the exact part of the bow they will use, the exact degree of vibrato they will exercise, to secure unity. Furthermore, they should know the full score by heart, so that they are aware which instrument is to sing out the theme, how far they are to subordinate the accompaniment, how much allowance they must make for the dynamics of a particular passage. They should be able either to lead or to follow, holding in their minds a clear picture of when and how to do certain things, and they *must* listen to one another. Above all, they must listen. Many a good soloist falls by the wayside because he has not developed this ability. If he does not hear, how can he adjust the volume and quality of his sound to that of the others, to secure the desired balance? When he has to echo a passage, how can he give an exact imitation if he has not listened with the utmost care? Again and again in string quartets, the ball of melody is thrown from one instrument to another without a break. There must be no departure from the balanced line

other than that inherent in the instrument and its player. Every cue must be snapped up unhesitatingly. A delicate business, and one which calls for super-acute ears if the balance of the quartet is to be maintained!

But the players are impatient to continue. They came to make music, not to talk about it. A distinguished pianist has just come in, and the Brahms piano quintet is placed upon the stands. It is an invitation few pianists can resist, and this one is no exception. In a few moments, the room is filled with the crashing chords of the opening. There are power and tragedy in that first movement, and a sonorous surge that fills every nook and cranny of the room. The broad lyricism of the second movement is pleasant after the stormy opening, especially as it is followed by a thunderous scherzo and an exciting finale. The Brahms quintet is strong meat, pressed down and running over with a wealth of material. You will not grasp it all at this hearing, nor at the next, but just enough of it to induce you to break into a cheer, along with the other guests, at its successful completion. By this time the crowd is thoroughly warmed up, and the preceding conversation is as nothing compared with the torrent of talk which now rushes forth. The players declare themselves

to be both excited and exhausted by the music. Perhaps at this point the hostess tactfully suggests a temporary adjournment for the refreshments which are an invariable adjunct to a chamber music evening at home. Afterward, the playing goes on and on until the wee small hours, and you will have no desire to tear yourself away until the last player has firmly packed up his instrument and departed.

If you can become acquainted with the classics of chamber music under conditions like these, your enjoyment is a foregone conclusion, and you will require little encouragement to browse further among the flowery fields where hosts of composers past and present have planted blooms for your plucking. Even though you may be able to enjoy them only in the less clubby concert hall, or on records, or over the air, their unquenchable "homeliness"—in the English sense—carries a direct appeal which you cannot resist, once you have awakened to it.

XIV

Knowing the Composers

THERE is no way of measuring the extent to which your feeling for a man's music is governed by your feeling toward the man himself. All judgments are more or less personal, even artistic ones. Yet it does not follow that, because you admire a composer's character, you enjoy his music, nor the converse. What is certain, however, is that understanding a composer as a man leads to a better understanding of him as a musician. This is true whether he pours forth "sweet strains of unpremeditated art" which seem to bear no relation to his private life or whether his creative life is as autobiographical as Schumann's. The revelation to you of each one's music becomes a question of your success in divining his personal in relation to his artistic impulses. It is a fascinating field of exploration.

Deems Taylor has a theory, which he expounds in his book, *Men and Music,* to the

effect that a composer's greatness is measurable by his ability to detach himself, attaining a state of complete objectivity while in the act of writing, and that furthermore, the emotions inspired in you by his music are not necessarily connected with the feelings which sway him at the moment of writing. This would indicate that the severance of a composer's personality from his creative power is complete. In support of this theory, Mr. Taylor points to two composers, Tchaikowsky and Mozart. He mentions the *Nutcracker Suite* and *Sleeping Beauty* ballet, the *B flat Piano Concerto* and luscious *Violin Concerto,* the *Fifth Symphony* with gay waltzes in two of its four supposedly doleful movements, the lyric *Romeo and Juliet Overture* as bearing no trace of the chronic melancholy attributed to Tchaikowsky, no reflection of the existence of which Tchaikowsky wrote: "Regretting the past, trusting the future, and dissatisfied with the present—such is my life." When Mr. Taylor analyzes the composer's life and character, however, he has to admit that they contain many satisfactions which may have alleviated his excessive morbidity, that he had no reason for being consistently down in the mouth, nor for adhering to a mood of unrelieved pessimism in his writing. Those

pieces which are seemingly not in accord with the accepted idea of Tchaikowsky as a sobbing symphonist can be set down to the happier moments, or the reconstruction of those moments in his life. There is nothing to prove that in order to adopt a lighter tone, he had to go into a kind of trance, completely detaching himself from his real self.

Tchaikowsky did not know the "ugly grinding poverty, ceaseless worry, bewilderment and humiliation" of Mozart, who wrote some of his gayest music during his worst moments. There must have been an unquenchable spark of light-heartedness in the man who waltzed with his wife to keep them both warm when there was neither coal in the grate nor money to purchase it, who was the life of the party in company, who could pour music from his mental reservoir onto the paper as fast as his pen could write. Of course he wrote melancholy music also, yet he could so far disregard the pangs of poverty and the ravages of illness and mental anxiety as to sparkle in his music at the most unlikely moments, possibly because of his ability to detach himself, but more probably because he could draw at will upon whichever side of his nature the job required.

You can build a circle of composers as you

would a circle of friends, peopling the world of music with personalities, instead of lay figures with names attached. Sometimes one or two significant facts, selected as a caricaturist selects outstanding features, make a man come to life as a human being and kindred soul. Take Papa Haydn, for instance. He wrote some of his happiest music as an escape from the tirades of the virago of a wife who bedeviled him by making curl-papers of his best compositions. He was the original henpecked husband, nevertheless fortunate in being able to turn the key in the door of his workroom which shut out not only the sound of his sharp-tongued consort's voice, but all thought of her existence. In truth, he lived a double life. Before sitting down at his desk early in the morning, he dressed carefully, slipped on his finger the diamond and sapphire ring given him by his king, Frederick of Prussia, and with it forgetfulness of all save the music he wrote for five or six hours without a break. He was superstitious about that ring. With it on his finger, his white wig carefully combed, black satin knickers pressed, spotless ruffles at neck and wrist, he reflected in his music the scrupulous neatness of his attire. That he should have been the man to prune and edit the orchestra

and clarify the sonata form becomes wholly comprehensible, a logical result of the meticulous habits to which he adhered through all wifely attempts to disrupt them.

Had Bach not been more than an ordinary choir master and pedagogue, like those pedaling the organ in the churches of every little German village, his music would be no different from that of all the others. But Bach was a deeply religious man, so fervent that no profession of his abiding faith could be perfunctory. He was a family man; the survivors of the twenty children born to him gathered about him with their musical instruments in a family life that was harmonious in every sense. His tenderness toward them, and toward his young second wife, Anna Magdalena, he infused into his writing. The *Clavier Büchlein für Anna Magdalena Bachin, Anno 1722,* a book of little pieces written for and dedicated to her during their early married life as an aid to her efforts to play the piano, was a special tribute, which has delighted many beginning pianists. Essentially he was a loving man, whose love reached out beyond the immediate personal relationships to the greater love of the universe and the Almighty. Whether Bach rejoices, grieves, supplicates, or resigns himself to a will higher than his

own, the abiding love in his heart casts its mantle over his musical utterances, gathering them into unity.

Whom else do you wish to know? There are so many, you cannot hope to become friendly, or even acquainted with them all. In the beginning, you had better concentrate on a few of the undeniably great figures of the past. They will serve as a nucleus for the expansion of your circle as time goes on. There was much beautiful and interesting music, there were many challenging composers before Palestrina and after Debussy. But for the present, it is expedient to allow these two to bound at opposite ends the list of those whose lives you will look into for the enhancement of your enjoyment of their music. Palestrina, Bach, Gluck, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Liszt, Chopin, Mendelssohn—perhaps Rossini—Brahms, Wagner, Verdi, Tchaikowsky and Debussy—there are deplorable gaps in the list, long as it may appear, but it must suffice as a beginning.

The bare bones of biography can be found in any encyclopedia or collection of thumbnail sketches. A preliminary reading of one fixes your composer's nationality, place in history and the major facts of his life. But to

recreate his personality, more is required. If your appetite for information has been sufficiently whetted, a book-length biography, possibly in fictional form, is next in order. Like a historical novel, such a biography can create an impression more lasting because of its picturesque vividness than that of a more erudite but less colorful book. Thus, Thayer's *Life of Beethoven* in three volumes, an admirable and thorough study of the greatest of composers, is less valuable for your immediate need than Romain Rolland's or Robert Haven Schauffler's less pedantic and more dramatic accounts. Last, but not least, read the letters of composers. They have a way of revealing interesting incidents omitted from biographies. Many of the men who are most eloquent in music are likewise prolific and entertaining letter-writers, notably Mozart, Beethoven, Liszt, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Wagner. Their letters amplify the political, historical and musical background against which they functioned, and explain its connection with their own lives and their music.

A leisurely perusal of the letters which Chopin wrote illuminates the combination of ardent patriotism with susceptibility to feminine charm which dictated much of the music of this nostalgic Pole, who lived so much of

his life in Paris that he appeared more French than the Parisians, yet ordered that some of the soil of his beloved Poland should be placed in his grave. He was versatile. From the trivial waltz he tossed off to please his mistress, George Sand, in honor of her pet dog chasing its tail, to the tragic *Revolutionary Étude,* wrung from him in his despair upon learning that Warsaw had been taken by the Russians, a whole range of pieces reflects his flitting moods. Passionately and spontaneously he poured into the piano his reactions to the women he loved and hated, the politics he alternately applauded and deplored.

Wagner, too, was seriously affected by the political upheavals of the late nineteenth century. The sign in a German café, "Politics and Wagner may not be discussed here" linked two stormy subjects sure to provoke broken china and broken heads. In flight from political changes unfavorable to him, Wagner took refuge in Switzerland, where he composed the *Ring*. In the throes of love for his neighbor and patroness, Mathilde Wesendonck, he produced *Tristan und Isolde*. Picture him at the Asyl, his villa in Zurich, beret on head, craggy, irascible, yet with a driving power and charm that grappled his friends to

him with hooks of steel. He sits in his study, playing the first draft of *Tristan* on the piano to Mathilde, and at the same time to Cosima, wife of his best friend Hans von Bülow whom she was shortly to leave to become Wagner's. That scene is vibrant with its participants' love and hate, passion and jealousy, as well as with the thunders of the music of *Tristan*. It was the kind of situation Wagner delighted in. Picture him struggling against financial odds, misunderstanding of his music, political chicanery, criticism of his morals, the jealousy of his unfortunate first wife Minna, who understood him not at all. He was a Gulliver in the toils of the Lilliputs. Wagner was a selfish, vain man of Gargantuan appetites, of whom it was said that he believed in renunciation for everybody but himself. His life was undoubtedly lived to an unusual degree around himself as the hero, to whom all else was sacrificed, for he was a play-actor who demanded the center of the stage. From such a man you must not expect delicacy or subtlety. He painted overwhelming oil canvases, but never a small portrait or delicate water-color.

Background, background. Political, historical, educational, sentimental, national—all are needed to round out the picture. Nation-

ality is an interesting angle from which to approach your composer, for undoubtedly it plays a part as one ingredient, at least, in seasoning his writings. How potent its flavor is a moot question. The fact is that national idiom is elusive and indefinable, that it partakes of the spirit rather than the flesh. Music is known as the universal language, but it is a language of many dialects, the difference between one and another being a matter not of musical etymology but of feeling. French music is as unlike German as the French habit of life is unlike the German, yet to put one's finger on a spot and proclaim triumphantly, "Herein lies the difference" is impossible. The French have such a horror of boredom that they have brought upon themselves the accusation of superficiality. To them as a nation are attributed facile cleverness, quick wit, sense of humor and volatility of temperament. Fauré is selected by Eric Blom as being perhaps the ideal French musical ambassador, "his taste being greatly in excess of his mentality, his thought extremely tenuous but saved by his discretion from showing its triviality." This is a little hard on the French, whose receptivity to the promise of entertainment has made them the experimental station for many works which deserved

recognition but which could not win a hearing from more conservative countries.

The Germans are such sticklers for law and order and adherence to rules that they ought logically to display a reluctance to listen to anything which goes against the rules, and a tendency to sacrifice inspiration to procedure. Such is not the case, however. A certain extravagance in effects, and a leaning to mysticism are admittedly characteristic of German music. It is necessary to study the best men of both nations. National differences cannot be compounded without study of each individual composer, and hardly then. It is best to make no attempt to generalize about nationality, but listen closely and determine for yourself, if you can, whether French or German music is recognizable to you as such, and if so, on what points you base your recognition.

The stock Russian of drama and fiction is superstitious, dreamy and introspective, subject to fits of inconclusive philosophizing and self-pity which alternate with wild bursts of unrestrained gaiety. Check this picture against any Russian novel or play, and then listen to music picked at random from the catalogue of Russian composers. Tchaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Moussorgsky and Borodin

have many individual differences, the Soviet composers Shostakovitch, Mossolov, Khatchatourian and Shèbalin write from quite another political and social angle, in up-to-date idiom. Does the Russian soul remain the same throughout, recognizable in all Russian music past and present because it is complex, agitated and unfathomable? It is for you to say.

The exploration of the national idiom is one approach so debatable that it opens tantalizing vistas. A study of the period of musical development adorned by the composer is another. There is little difficulty in placing the men mentioned, many of whom in fact initiated the style of writing which gave the name to a whole school. Bach, Haydn, Handel and Mozart are of the classical tradition, Weber, Schumann, Schubert, Chopin and Liszt of the romantic, Beethoven a titanic half and half in both. Debussy created the impressionis school in music to match his friend Monet's in painting. Wagner fathered the music drama. Although groups overlap, and composers do not write consistently in the style you are led to expect, you can be guided—not too rigidly—by your knowledge of where to place them, their contemporaries and their followers in the whole grand pageant. Here

is where dates are required to give you the orientation with other men of the period which is needed to increase your understanding of the composer under consideration. Although many people have a revulsion against trying to remember the elusive figures which bound historical periods, you will find that holding on to a few dates will result in a more intelligent realization of your composer-friend's place in history.

Suppose you try getting acquainted with one of the great composers according to these suggestions. Take Franz Liszt, the Hungarian virtuoso-composer of the fascinating dual personality. On the one hand you see pictures of the benign Abbé Liszt, in black cassock and skullcap, seeming to murmur his Catholic benediction from the printed page. On the other, you hear tales of his passionate nature, of the fury with which he flung himself at the piano, of his extra-curricular love affairs and illegitimate children, of his ardor in championing the "music of the future." Perhaps you hear a piece of his ultra-romantic music thundered by a pianist, or colorfully proclaimed by an orchestra. Perhaps you have swooned with emotion at the sentimental passages of the *Liebestraum*. Where, you ask, is

the Abbé in this music? His life offers some explanation of these contradictions.

Like Beethoven's, it divides itself into three periods. Born at Raiding, Hungary, on October 22, 1811, Franz was such a puny baby that his father had actually reached the point of ordering a little coffin when the infant rallied and decided to live. Thanks to the musical education provided by his father, and the interest of the Esterhazy family, to one of whom his father was steward, he played his first concert at the age of nine. Prince Nicholas Esterhazy was so impressed that he raised a subscription fund which enabled the boy to go to Vienna for further study with two great teachers, Salieri and Czerny. Here Beethoven heard him play, and imprinted on his young brow a laudatory kiss which has become historic, though there is no record of the boy's having worshipfully refused to wash the spot thereafter. As a child prodigy, he took Paris by storm in 1823, and for the next twelve years he made that city his headquarters, sallying forth on concert tours which were uniformly successful. These were the years when Paris idolized Chopin and Paganini, and when Berlioz was introducing the orchestral innovations that set the musical

world agog. All were great technicians of the romantic school, and Liszt fell readily under their spell, declaring that he would like nothing better than to be known as the Paganini of the piano. He fell under a different kind of a spell when he met Mme. D'Agoult, the novelist who wrote under the pseudonym of Daniel Stern. It was love at first sight, though not first love for either of them. Liszt had already suffered one breakdown because of an unrequited passion for a sixteen-year-old country girl, and Mme. D'Agoult was married, although separated from her husband. However, the two eloped to Geneva, where they enjoyed eleven years of romantic companionship and produced three children before the cooling of their passion caused them to separate. During this period, Liszt the virtuoso flourished exceedingly, his tours taking him all over the world. Of him it might have been said, as it has been of Vladimir Horowitz in our own day, that when he played the piano, the wires smoked. He introduced a great many of his own piano compositions, although he was canny enough not to force that point, but to place on his programs the works of contemporaries he admired. He was generous and tolerant to an unusual degree in extending both encourage-

ment and substantial help. Causes as divergent as the relief of famine sufferers in Budapest and the completion of a Beethoven statue in Bonn found in him a generous donor of funds and personal service.

When, in 1847, three years after his parting with Mme. D'Agoult, he impulsively took as mistress the Princess Caroline Sayn-Wittgenstein, he entered upon a new phase of his career as well as his love-life. He ceased to roam about the earth playing the piano, and after spending some time at the Princess' Polish castle, settled in Weimar as conductor and musical director to the Grand Duke Alexander. Eleven years of prolific composition followed, during which he wrote most of his best-known works, including twelve of his symphonic poems, the form he initiated; the *Faust* and *Dante* symphonies; fifteen of his twenty *Hungarian Rhapsodies,* and a sheaf of smaller works. The encouragement he bestowed during these years upon his friend Richard Wagner, who later married Cosima, his daughter by Mme. D'Agoult, reacted favorably upon his own talent as a composer, for the writings of his early years are insignificant when compared with the fruition during this Weimar period of concentration. Although Liszt conducted public concerts

during this time, he did not attempt to compose and concertize simultaneously, but wrote many orchestral and operatic pieces which he could himself produce at Weimar.

His religious phase occurred when he was about fifty. He decided to make his peace with the church by marrying Princess Wittgenstein, but permission was refused him because of the opposition of her estranged husband. The refusal did not cause Liszt to turn against the church in bitterness—perhaps it came as a relief! His Princess had grown stout, jealous and exacting. He settled in Rome for a period of prayer and meditation, and in 1865 took religious orders and the title of Abbé with them. The ritual of the church, the organ music and stained glass windows and rich processional so enthralled him, that oratorios and organ music claimed most of his creative energy for a few years, but apparently they did not satisfy him completely, for we find him returning to the fleshpots of Weimar and the artist's life in 1869. He did not forego the cassock and skullcap, which he found a picturesque addition to his wardrobe, but they proved no armor against worldly temptation. Middle-aged though he was, he embarked on a new series of romantic episodes which continued to the end of his life.

His last years were devoted to teaching. Many of the disciples who sought him in Weimar appeared with distinction on the concert stage to attest his eminence as a pedagogue. He died of pneumonia, contracted while he was on a jubilee tour in celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday. Like his idol Paganini, Liszt had so much of the showman in his nature, that the sincerity of his religious conversion, the motives of his indisputable generosity, even his hypnotic pianism have been called in question. Envious colleagues quote with relish his remark in an unguarded moment that he wrote three fingerings on his music, the one he gave his pupils, the one he showed his colleagues (fiendishly difficult) and the one he actually played in public, the last of course being the easiest. Whatever his fingerings, his playing became a legend, his compositions maintain their popularity in the face of all criticism, and his supremacy as a teacher has never been questioned. Think of him as the showman par excellence, and you have the key to the seemingly glamorous life, of which he said when asked to write it, "It was hard enough to have lived it."

Not all of the composers can be summarized in a few words, but in most of their lives you

will find some dominating element which explains them in relation to their music. Beethoven's deafness, which caused him to be outwardly gruff and rude and solitary, was an influence of immense importance upon the inner life out of which he created, and which gave his music its peculiar poignancy. Social by nature, fond of life and gaiety, exquisitely sensitive, he lived not as he wished, but as his tragic infirmity compelled. The love of Robert Schumann for Clara, a devotion as rare as that of Elizabeth and Robert Browning, is a bright thread running through his somber life to its tragic conclusion in an insane asylum. The wealth, culture and versatility of Mendelssohn, his role of friend-of-all-the-world could have led to his creating no other kind of music than he did. Franz Schubert, poor, ugly, and outwardly anything but a success, was able to surround himself with a circle of musical friends who believed in him, and who encouraged him when he sang and played his compositions for them. Brahms, too, had his friends, especially Robert and Clara Schumann, to whom he was devoted. Even from them he withdrew for long periods, for he was a philosopher, and philosophers meditate in solitude. He wrote his music, said W. J. Henderson, "with

uncompromising fidelity to idealism and utter disregard for all external devices for the sake of effect."

As you come to know a composer, you will form your own judgment as to the strength of the silver cord that binds him to his brain children.

XV

Some American Composers

THERE is no good reason for segregating American composers, yet for years it was the custom to restrict American works to all-American programs, conceding to the native composer only occasionally the privilege of being heard in the company of his peers of other nationalities. In devoting a separate chapter to him and his works, I have no intention of following this practice. I simply desire to give all the space and consideration possible to the music of our own country.

Formerly there were two deterrents to your enjoyment of American music. In the first place, very little of it was familiar. Much agitation was required to secure the comparatively few performances given. Even a successful performance of an American work was not followed at once by a second and a third. Sometimes months and years elapsed before, by dint of special pleading, the composer secured a

repetition. Prize-winning pieces were generally played once, then shelved. Those who wished to rehear a work remained unsatisfied. By the time a second performance had been arranged, they had forgotten the first. The first impression had to be made all over again, and there was no second or third except for the few devotees who made it their business to follow up such performances. Furthermore, American music was not generally taught to the young in the schools and conservatories. In consequence, they knew the melodies of Stephen Foster, George Gershwin, Victor Herbert, Jerome Kern, Richard Rodgers, Harold Rome, Cole Porter and other popular writers, but Americans studying music had no basis of serious American music familiar since childhood. They learned to know their Bach, Haydn and Mozart, but few of them were even distantly acquainted with MacDowell, Harris and Copland.

There were many more opportunities to hear American music after the mid-century. Commissions, scholarships and prizes carried with them not only one but several performances, with broadcasts or television presentations and recordings thrown in for good measure. Festivals of American music increased in number and were broadcast to reach an ever-

increasing audience. Courses in American music were offered, works by American composers were programmed in schools and colleges and conservatories. At forums and concerts, composers were invited to explain their own compositions. No longer was American music a stepchild. According to Raymond Green, director of the American Music Center in New York and himself an active composer, there were at least twice as many composers of indigenous music in 1960 as in 1950. And although no unquestioned American Beethoven appeared as a landmark from which to reckon progress, students and music lovers have realized that the music of their own country is worth knowing.

At the risk of stirring up a hornet's nest by omitting important people, —to whom I apologize in advance, —it seems only fair to give you a short historical outline of what to expect when you attend concerts, festivals and broadcasts of American music.

If you don't know your MacDowell any other way, you probably know him through his piano piece *To a Wild Rose,* which was on every family's piano in the nineties. The fact is that this was one of the most insignificant of his works, retrieved by Mrs. MacDowell from the scrap basket to which he

had consigned it in disgust. It belongs to the series of *Woodland Sketches*, of which *To a Water Lily* is almost equally hackneyed, and which MacDowell did not care for nearly as much as did his lyric-loving public. MacDowell was himself an accomplished pianist. of the spirit of his country. To them, he is a German-trained writer who wrought in the German romantic tradition. But they do not deny his gift for writing close-knit, well-conceived pieces, with plenty of melody, sonorous conventional harmony, and adequate force to prevent his best works from appearing sappy and commonplace. His sensitivity to beauty imparts to them a faint fragrance of dried lavender.

MacDowell died in 1908, bereft of reason during his final years. Charles Martin Loeffler (1861-1935), was as strongly impressionist as MacDowell was romantic. He sought to express in the most intangible of arts equally intangible impressions, and admiring Debussy as he did, he adopted an idiom closely akin to that of the great Frenchman. The *Pagan Poem* and *Memories of my Childhood* are probably the most personal, as they are the most popular.

Ernest Bloch, transplanted from Switzerland as Loeffler was from Alsace, has become

American by absorption. His music is intensely emotional, a helpful quality since the language of the emotions is most easily understood. True, its idiom is advanced, quarter-tones being used in the first theme of the first movement of the string quartet. Bloch wrote works of considerable length; his symphony *America* takes a good two hours. Yet he is seldom tedious, even when lengthy. The definiteness of his musical ideas, the solidity of structure, the coherence and unity which enable you to follow his thought, and his warmth maintain interest at a high level. *Schelomo,* a rhapsody for cello with orchestra, is beloved for its rich sonorities and the fervor of its utterance, and for the united front presented by solo instrument and orchestra. He wrote a great deal of chamber music, including a string quartet and piano quintet, a sonata for viola and piano, and a *Concerto Grosso* for piano and chamber orchestra. When he became a composer, he expressed a desire to interpret the Jewish spirit in music, and some of his themes are so close to traditional Hebrew melodies that it seems hardly possible that they were originated by Bloch. In his later years, he denied the call to write racial music, and expressed impatience at being expected to do so, but he

could not exclude from his music the qualities which were a part of his own personality and heritage.

Henry Hadley, a New Englander born and bred, is quite a contrast to Bloch. He wrote prolifically and in many forms. A group of New England composers, trained, like Hadley, in Europe, included Horatio Parker, Edgar Stillman-Kelley, George Chadwick, Frederick Converse, and Daniel Gregory Mason.

John Alden Carpenter of Chicago utilized his British and American training to produce two jazz ballets, *Skyscrapers* and *Krazy Kat;* a meditative group of Oriental art songs from the Chinese and from the Indian *Gitanjali,* and to top it all, such orchestral works as *Sea-drift,* after Walt Whitman's poem, and the earlier and better-known suite *In a Perambulator.* The last-named, which translates the thoughts of an infant in its pram while its nurse flirts with the policeman and other daily phenomena occur, is a bit of pleasant musical whimsy.

John Powell of Richmond hovered on the outskirts of the group, his German-trained muse speaking with the drawl of the South, especially in the *Rhapsodie Nègre,* the overture *In Old Virginia,* and *Natchez on the Hill.* Powell's studies of American folk song

and the sympathetic understanding with which he makes use of them have won his works many performances. He traced many of the mountaineer and Negro folk songs to a modal ancestry, and arranged them with their logical accompaniments in the ancient Lydian, Dorian, Phrygian, and other modes.

In the writings of Howard Hanson, the tender young sprout known as American music pushed through the European soil which, while nourishing, threatened for a while to smother it. Hanson won the Prix de Rome in 1921, when, at twenty-five, he had for five years been successively Professor of Theory and Dean of the Conservatory of Fine Arts at the College of the Pacific in California. Immediately after the three years of foreign study to which the Prix entitled him, he returned to this country, and has since worked untiringly as conductor, composer, educator, writer and lecturer. His activities as conductor have influenced him to write primarily for the orchestra, although a large choral work, the *Lament for Beowulf*, the opera *Merrymount* produced at the Metropolitan, chamber music and other works, prove that he is not a single-track composer. The symphonic poem *Pan and the Priest* deals with the struggle between a man's spiritual and

physical self. His first symphony, the *Nordic,* also widely played, contains thematic allusions to the Swedes who settled Nebraska and from whom he is descended. His second symphony is called the *Romantic.* Two later symphonies, and the symphonic poems *Lux Aeterna* and *North and West* are the writings of a well-balanced, mature person.

Roger Sessions, a contemporary of Hanson's, is an intellectual musician whose works command great respect. He writes with solid seriousness and power. Among his works are *The Black Maskers* for small orchestra, four symphonies, a piano concerto, a violin concerto, and chamber music. Sessions' profundity of thought has led to complexity of expression, and his idiom is not easy to grasp. But his music carries the strongly intellectual appeal which is one of the predominant factors in the music of the twentieth century.

Sessions' contemporary and colleague in the Copland-Sessions concerts of 1928–31, Aaron Copland, has gone through various phases in his musical development, and has emerged with an individual style admirably suited to his times. His is music of the age of efficiency, taut, nervous, so highly compressed as to be explosive at times, without a waste note. When he appears on the stage to acknowledge applause

after a performance, long-limbed, slow-moving, bespectacled, as relaxed to all appearances as his music is tense, you marvel at the contradiction between the man and his writing. His concerto for piano and orchestra, an early work, made the critics take notice when Copland first played it in 1925. In the very body of the concerto were long, brilliant jazz passages, at that time a heretical innovation in a piece of serious music. Copland experimented for some time with syncopation, evolving rhythmic patterns of extreme ingenuity; then, when his youthful enthusiasm had somewhat cooled, he put jazz in its place as one of many resources with which to enhance the expressiveness of what he had to say. In *El Salon Mexico* for orchestra, he applied to the Mexican rhumba and other dances his studies in syncopation and more exotic rhythms. *Vitebsk,* a study for violin, cello and piano on a Jewish melody, is a racial wail which displays another aspect of his art. *The Second Hurricane,* which he wrote in 1937 is a delightful little opera for high school performance, which stresses the American vernacular both in the libretto by Edwin Denby and in Copland's music. A high-geared, staccato orchestral accompaniment supports songs written in the modern

idiom yet sufficiently simple for children to sing. Three symphonies, chamber music, songs, ballets, and contributions to the theater and films are among his large output. An original thinker, with an urge to create and a type of nervous energy which impart to his music a vibrant vitality, Copland became one of the most challenging composers on the American scene, a leader in every sense.

Copland's scores for the films *The City* and *Of Mice and Men* are notably fine. Other composers too have found in the sound track a medium that is congenial to their talents. In his musical score for *A Fight for Life,* Louis Gruenberg produced a rarely expressive accompaniment to a story of powerful educational and dramatic significance. Virgil Thomson has added to the laurels won elsewhere high praise for his scores for *The River, The Plough that Broke the Plains,* and *The Louisiana Story.* These, like Copland's, were arranged as orchestral suites and became well-known as concert pieces. They were also recorded. European-Americans of established reputation—Honegger, Milhaud, Korngold, Eisler—entered the film field. You can absorb good music subconsciously along with the movies, another of the many indirect devices by which music seeks to attract you.

A man whose music you undoubtedly have heard or will hear, is Roy Harris. The energy which pervades his writing pervades his personality also, and he is here, there, and everywhere in the world of music. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra played *When Johnny Comes Marching Home,* a series of variations on that well-known patriotic tune, which caused the music critic of the New York *Herald Tribune* to comment approvingly that it might have been called *When Harris Comes Marching Home. Farewell to Pioneers,* also for the orchestra, is dedicated to the struggle of his forebears on their trek to the West. The fact that the senior Harrises settled in Oklahoma, and that their son Roy was born in the wide open spaces and educated in California accounts for a breezy open quality, a Western twang in his writing evident even when he used as thematic material medieval church chants. These are present in several of the dozen or more choral works to his credit. One of the earliest of these, a *Song for Occupations,* for an eight-part mixed chorus without accompaniment, is an effective piece of class-conscious writing, notable not alone because Harris did not otherwise emphasize subjects of social significance, but also because it is such a strong piece, with

easily followed song melodies and a kind of frenzied sincerity. His chamber music pieces present more difficulties, though many of them were written early in his career. Harris used dissonance with a lavish hand, juxtaposing it with the medieval in a mating which is not so incongruous as it sounds. Other distinguished composers of this group, whose work deserves more than the mention space permits are Walter Piston, Arthur Shepherd, Harold Morris, Frederick Jacobi, Marion Bauer, Quincy Porter, Wallingford Riegger, Edgar Varèse, Douglas Moore, and Henry Cowell. These men, in addition to those already mentioned, are the vertebrae which constitute the backbone of American music of the twentieth century. Theirs are the works most frequently broadcast and performed. Piston, Shepherd, Morris, Jacobi, Porter and Moore represent the more conservative lyricists. Varèse, Riegger and Cowell made interesting experiments in dissonance and novel sound effects, which pointed the way to the comparatively wild writing of many of the ensuing generation of composers.

A melodious and agreeable composer was Charles Wakefield Cadman, two of whose songs, *From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water,* and *At Dawning* caught the public ear to the

tune of millions of copies. He performed a valuable service in bringing the little-known songs of red Americans to the attention of their white brothers.

Charles Tomlinson Griffes, a young impressionist who died at a Keatsian age wrote, before his death in 1920 a number of pieces far in advance of his time. If you have ever recited with elocutionary flourishes Coleridge's poem:

> In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure dome decree,

you will follow Griffes' tone-poem, *Kubla Khan*, with more than perfunctory interest. At first, the dome shines dimly through a mist of filmy harmonies. Air and music clear as it bursts into full view, the doors are flung open to revelry, and a wildly accelerating whirl of dance music rises to a frenzied climax. Then suddenly all is quiet again. The music reverts to the misty mood of the beginning, the mood of one dreaming beside the sacred river which ran "through caverns measureless to man down to a sunless sea." *Kubla Khan* is the best-known of Griffes' works. The *Poem* for flute and orchestra, and the *Roman Sketches* for piano, especially the *White Peacock*, with its strange chromatic

sequences, partake, as does *Kubla Khan,* of the virtue that is Debussy's. Because of the imaginative quality woven into its strand, the tenuous thread of fantasy in these works holds fast where many a sturdier one might have snapped.

You will be puzzled when confronted with the works of Charles Ives, a composer far in advance of his time. Even the manuscript looks like a puzzle, for it has no bar-lines, no key or tempo indications, no conventional directions. Yet, there is manifest in the seeming confusion, an assertion of power, virility and originality, a deep philosophical purpose, a truly American note. Ives wrote melody of a new and different order in his piano sonata, *Concord,* his *Fourth Symphony,* and his songs. The small-town band of Danbury, Connecticut, which accustomed his ear to off-pitch brasses and squeaky fiddles gave him the notion that his tone pictures of small-town life would be the more realistic if he introduced similar effects into them. His many eccentricities and the unusual features of his writings brought him publicity which, unwelcome to him as it may have been, caused the world to take increasing notice of his music.

No discussion of American music would be complete without a word about George Gersh-

win. His writings were, like Abe Lincoln's government, "for the people, of the people, by the people." He was one of "you," whoever you are. The little Brooklyn song-plugger whose musical comedy hits landed him and his family in a luxurious penthouse in Manhattan never lost his feel for his public. He knew where to place his musical punches. Never did this knowledge stand him in better stead than when he composed *The Rhapsody in Blue* for piano and orchestra. That brilliant distillation of jazz and art music took by storm not only those who heard its first tumultuous performance by Gershwin himself with Paul Whiteman's orchestra, but the millions who have since succumbed to its spell. Its frank jazz irruption into staid conservative concert programs was a freak. Its acceptance by the pillars of musical society was a sign of a revolution which endured, for unlike many sensational novelties, the *Rhapsody* has steadily maintained its appeal, both here and abroad, ever since its introduction in 1924. Gershwin tried to duplicate its success in his piano concerto, which however never won the same recognition as the *Rhapsody*. His last big job before his untimely death in 1937 was *Porgy*, a Negro opera based on a novel by DuBose Heyward. *Porgy* is an

American folk opera, with folk songs created by the composer so veraciously as to appear to have been spontaneously composed by the Negroes who people it. The opera became a goodwill ambassador representing the United States in all the countries of the world, including the USSR, where it was hailed as an example of the People's art. It is unique, and its appeal at home and abroad bids fair to endure.

The composers who followed Gershwin enjoyed certain advantages denied to him. Most of them received their basic musical education in the United States; many then studied abroad. World War II which blasted them loose from their home base broadened their ideas and made them more than ever receptive to new methods of conveying those ideas in music. Improved transportation also broke down the barriers between nations; so, of course, did improved broadcasting and recording facilities. After the war, there was a growing tendency to make One World in music, if not in government. Such eminent foreign composers as Stravinsky, Hindemith, Bartòk, Milhaud and Schönberg became American citizens and added their increment to our music. There were many different styles of writing in a confused and insecure world.

Some composers took to extreme dissonance to express the lack of harmony in the life they saw around them. As time went on, more and more of them made use of the twelve-tone scale which Arnold Schönberg brought to America, and Ernst Krenek, Anton Webern and Alban Berg helped to develop. When Schönberg became an American citizen, so did his dodecophony. And although some of the sounds are shockingly harsh on first hearing, they appeal to many thoughtful listeners as a logical and suitable expression of the devastating postwar years. In listening, you will perhaps find in these sounds, if not a dream world into which you can escape, an expression of life which is as true in the twentieth century as was classic repose in the eighteenth and romantic warmth in the nineteenth.

Young people born at the end of the war and exposed since childhood to chromaticism, atonality, polytonality, and twelve-tonism accepted it quite readily, and apparently found in it a certain intellectual satisfaction which answered their musical requirements. Unhampered by the traditions of the past, they accepted with open minds the abstract mathematical pieces which constituted a large proportion of the musical literature they listened to.

At the same time, experimentation went further into the field of electronic music initiated in France, Italy, Russia and Germany. As defined by Dr. Hans Heinsheimer, "Electronics creates new sounds, now being explored by the composers who also utilize the elements of hazard which helped form modern art and jazz. It is a method of capturing electronically produced sound on magnetic tape." By means of a generator, a combination of filters and resonators, an amplifier, a loud speaker and a series of tape recorders, the composer entered a new world of sound. This marked a giant step in the direction of abstract use of acoustical materials, of emphasis on *kind* of sound over *kind* of meaning, on music which denied emotion. An institute for the study and development of electronic music was set up with foundation funds under the guidance of Roger Sessions and Milton Babbitt at Princeton University and of Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky at Columbia. At the World's Fair of 1958 in Brussels, Edgar Varèse's *Poème Electronique* on loud speakers was a tremendous attraction. Electronic music for the space age was the talk of the town.

Still, music could not be wholly dehumanized, however powerful the current that

would electrocute the personal element. We may listen with an open mind and with admiration to the *Poème Electronique* of Varèse, or the *Rhapsodic Variations for Tape Recorder and Orchestra* by Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky. But we continue to enjoy the writings of other Americans, which run the gamut from the lyricism of Samuel Barber, through Leonard Bernstein's haunting *Age of Anxiety,* to music for the Space Age.

XVI

Radio, Records and Television

POSSIBLY you do not live in or near a big city, where you can take concerts or leave them—and at this point we hope you want to take them. Even so, music is available in your own home, and with the minimum of effort, thanks to the radio, records and television. Assuming that you are one of the millions of owners or users of radio and television sets in this country, you have only to twist a dial to hear all that you wish. Practically every form of music is to be had for the twisting. If you are so fortunate as to possess a phonograph attachment to the radio, or better still a separate machine, you need never set foot outside the door to exercise your musical muscles, for apart from the thrill which communicates itself electrically from one to the other in a large concert hall filled with devotees, you may hear and enjoy the masterpieces of the world equally well at home. The networks mix

good and bad, and so the onus of tuning in at the right moment to a worthwhile program is yours. There are a few small stations with big ideals, which have specialized in the best music; one can hardly go wrong in staying tuned to them. Knowing how, when and what to listen to is important. Newspaper announcements of programs are informative and complete. The Sunday editions of the metropolitan newspapers carry full details of radio and television concerts for the week to come. Placed beside the radio cabinet, and consulted frequently, they supplement the schedules printed in the daily papers. Many weekly magazines, devoted wholly or in part to radio and television, announce programs well in advance. There is thoughtful critical comment on important musical events to point the way to intelligent selection.

The drawbacks to hearing music in the comforts of home are mostly petty ones. When you are prepared to give yourself wholly to the enjoyment of a program, family or friends may interrupt while you are listening—something they would never do at a live concert. Or the telephone rings, or the Fuller brush man calls. Or the spell is broken by a blurb advertising the commodity which spon-

sors the program. Despite mechanical devices to eliminate it, static still threatens from thunderstorms, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators, elevators, telephones, and other modern conveniences. Tubes burn out at inopportune moments.

Yet, when we consider the nature of radio mechanics, the wonder is not that it falls short of perfection, but that we have it at all, that a mechanism has been developed by which the continuous rustle of unheard music in the air can be made audible to all who tune in. Radio has been briefly defined as "the conversion of sound, or visual images in television, into electrical impulses which in turn are impressed upon the Hertzian waves for radiation through space, so that this energy can be intercepted at distant points and reconverted into similar electrical impulses for reproduction of the original sound."

In the early days of radio, music was transmitted by what is known as amplitude modulation. The strength of the wave carrying the sound is varied (modulated). A diaphragm inside of the microphone, so sensitive that it responds to the slightest pulsation or vibration, picks up the sound waves and holds them intact while they are being transformed into a modulated stream of electrical energy.

This is sent out in every direction through space, to be picked up by receiving machines and reconverted into sound.

Frequency modulation, familiarly known as F.M., is a refinement of method. Varying or modulating the *frequency,* rather than the strength or amplitude of the carrier wave, improves the sound. The more rapid the frequency range, the wider the area of transmission. F.M. reduces most of the annoying extraneous sounds, including static; it lessens harmonic distortion, adds to sonority, increases the range of volume, brings out the overtones, the distinctive timbre of each instrument, clarifies, enlivens, broadens and balances them all.

Stereo broadcasting, a further improvement, was added in 1950, when it was found that sending simultaneously over two channels, one FM and one AM, greatly enhanced the beauty of the transmitted sound. This method caught on so well that it came into general use and led to experiments in multiplexing—that is, sending simultaneously over more than one FM channel. Derived from the Greek word *stereo* meaning solid, stereophonic broadcasting aimed to solidify, to give three dimensions to music so that the listener would be surrounded by a total blend of

sound, indistinguishable from the original live performance. The stereophonic broadcasting of high fidelity recordings which logically ensued proved so effective that it became a welcome feature and was incorporated in the sound track of television. The manufacturer of records, the broadcasting industry and—most of all—you the listener have benefited enormously from these mechanical advances.

One moment in the infancy of broadcasting became musically significant due to the collaboration of radio's first cousin, the phonograph. In 1920, when there was no vigilant F.C.C. (Federal Communications Commission) to rule the air waves, a lot of amateurs were tinkering with sending and receiving sets. Dr. Frank Conrad of Pittsburgh became a little bored with a diet of conversational persiflage with other amateurs within range. Instead of talking, he put on some music records one day, and was immediately besieged with requests for more. Being a perceptive business man, he conceived an advertising idea for increasing the sales of radio sets and parts on the strength of his musical experiment. He suggested that a powerful radio station be built, from which regular programs of recorded music should be broadcast at specified times. Station KDKA in Pittsburgh

was established by the Westinghouse Electric Company in accord with his suggestion, and succeeded beyond everybody's hopes. Sales mounted rapidly. Obviously, music was on the air to stay. From this to the crowded schedules in which music occupied more than half of the total radio time, was a gradual development. The buzzing activity of the broadcasting studios is but one part of a vast scheme of relaying important events from all parts of the world. Concerts, operas, and performances of all kinds outside the studio are brought to you. Time on the air as a commodity sold to advertisers provides the funds for more and better music. The use of electrical transcriptions of recordings has raised many a mediocre program to the level of the best. The "disc jockey" who plays one record after another, plus a line of conversational patter between records, is a welcome feature of radio.

Assuming that you study with reasonable attention the announcements of forthcoming programs, you will undoubtedly mark with a big √ the high spots. The Music Appreciation Hour formerly conducted every week by Dr. Walter Damrosch set a pattern. In 1927, Dr. Damrosch transferred to the air the concerts for young people he had conducted for many

seasons in Carnegie Hall. Under his baton, the orchestra played symphonic works, preceded by his explanatory comments on their form and meaning. The instruments of the orchestra were described, and the players stepped singly to the microphone for practical demonstrations of their respective tonal contributions. He also discussed the composers. In fact, his talks, while geared to the school room, were not labeled "For children only," for they threw a substantial life-line to many adults who found themselves floundering in the slippery bog of uncomprehended sound. When Dr. Damrosch's sonorous voice was stilled, others carried on. Today, through their own young people's concerts, such conductors as Leonard Bernstein, Thomas Scherman, Hans Schwieger and Leopold Stokowski introduce the whole wonderful world of music to an evergrowing listening audience.

Perhaps you are one of those who go to the radio only for entertainment, who would rather listen to an amusing parody of Dr. Damrosch's instruction than to the learned Doctor himself. You still may be trapped into enjoying the best. After you have relaxed into your favorite armchair, with newspaper, cigarette, bedroom slippers and radio, for all the world like a magazine advertise-

ment for any of those articles, you tune in to a station which promises an hour of light entertainment. What happens? A famous pianist is announced as guest artist, and presently he is playing a Chopin prelude on the piano between two jazz pieces by the orchestra, and you are liking it. Or the master of ceremonies invites a guest singer whom he addresses familiarly by her first name to do her bit, and she turns out to be one of the finest sopranos the Metropolitan has ever thrown a roof over. The veriest lowbrow does not shut off the air-waves at this, even when he hears further that she is about to sing Brunnhilde's *Hoyo-to-ho* from Wagner's *Die Walküre,* or the *Liebestod* from *Tristan und Isolde.* He is perfectly willing to listen, perhaps especially so when he discovers to his astonishment that he enjoys the unexpected highbrow piece. If, while twiddling aimlessly, he catches a strain that pleases him, and settles into his armchair to hear the rest of the piece, he is rather pleased than otherwise to learn from the announcer at the end that a Beethoven quartet, or a Mozart overture, or a Brahms waltz has reached him incognito, and has brought him pleasure.

It is possible to use radio and phonograph

in a planned, systematic fashion which bars twiddling. Just as there are embryo litterateurs who doggedly read through the entire output of one author at a time, there are those who pursue composers with disc and dial in the same fashion. It is a not unrewarding project for it helps to differentiate the composers from one another, and to fix their characteristic musical speech in your mind, so that never will you confuse a Beethoven symphony with a Sibelius, or a Bach chorale with a Roy Harris. You may even reach the point where you can hold your own in a music quiz, especially if you supplement your radio listening with recordings. Playing these recordings repeatedly, analyzing carefully, you will acquire an astounding familiarity with the musical idiom of your chosen composers, and a corresponding enjoyment tempered to the individuality of each.

If you are bent on grand opera, you are privileged to enjoy that amusement free of charge. During the Metropolitan opera season, the whole country becomes a golden horseshoe on Saturday afternoons from two to five. Entire operas are broadcast directly from the stage of the Metropolitan, with explanatory comment during the intermissions

between the acts. Not only operas but world-famous singers become known on the air. Radio opera has certain advantages over the real thing. The opportunity to follow with the libretto in your own home, with lights turned high, denied in the darkened opera house, enables you to become familiar with the words while listening to the music. Reading the words in the original language while they are being sung, instead of hastily in translation just before a performance, fosters an intimate communion which does much to compensate for the loss of the stage illusion. Nor is that loss wholly to be deplored, for broadcast opera permits you to create your own illusion. Each of you, as he reads the impassioned lines of the love duet in the beginning of Act II of *Tristan und Isolde,* for instance, may picture lovers worthy of such words and music. Your imagination is not dashed by the sight of a middle-aged tenor struggling to sing while a buxom soprano rests her head affectionately on his Adam's apple. The rapid development of television has brought sight as well as sound to the broadcasting of operas. Special television productions with photogenic singers, who pronounce English distinctly and show themselves capable of both singing and acting, now

appear on the screen, making your intimacy with opera inevitably closer.

Some part of an opera may so enrapture you that you feel you must hear it again at once. The chances are that there is a recording of the part you like, or of the opera in its entirety. You can follow your radio treat with a phonograph session during which you repeat to your heart's content your chosen bit. Electrical transcriptions of parts or of entire operas too are constantly being sent out by local stations supplementing the Metropolitan's radio season.

You may prefer to start your research with symphonic music, in which case the pickings are rich indeed. Your reward for remaining glued to the microphone for a long winter's evening is the hearing of symphonic masterpieces as interpreted by distinguished conductors. The New York Philharmonic Symphony and Boston Symphony concerts are broadcast on national hook-ups during the season. Such stars as Bruno Walter, Dmitri Mitropoulos, Leonard Bernstein, Leopold Stokowski, and many guests are heard. The influx of European conductors after World War II was a shot in the arm for symphonic music in this country. Symphony orchestras from all over

the country have each their little hour on the air. As if that were not enough, European and South American festivals are also relayed. Within the period of only a few months, the Broadcasting Association of America brought festival offerings from thirty-nine different countries to American listeners. At the same time, the Voice of America was beaming American compositions, both jazz and serious, to as many countries abroad. You need only to grasp the hands outstretched across the sea and supported on air-waves to establish the warm current of friendship which flows between those whose musical sympathies are akin, however at variance their politics.

The number of chamber music broadcasts has leaped and bounded. The Congressional Library in Washington has specialized in programs of chamber music classics, made possible in large measure by those guardian angels of the string quartet, Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge and Mrs. Gertrude Clarke Whittall. The works of masters of the past and the best of the contributions of the present are heard frequently on the air. This is true not only of the string quartet, but of all possible chamber music combinations, from the duet up to the chamber orchestra. You will hear

such old favorites for the chamber orchestra as Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik,* Ernest Bloch's *Concerto Grosso,* and Bach's six *Brandenburg Concertos,* besides other delightful pieces, old and new. The small orchestra on the radio vies for popularity with the string quartet.

It seems hardly necessary to do more than mention the vocal and instrumental artists who present with benefit of electricity everything from the simple folk song to the elaborate concerto, and who, too, may be heard for the twisting. When Paderewski in 1939 played his first radio recital in America at the age of seventy-eight, (though he had previously played broadcasts in England) he was catching up with scores of younger keyboard performers who had cast their art upon the air here. The violinists have had their say, from Heifetz, Kreisler, Szigeti and Elman to Stern, Milstein, Menuhin and Francescatti. Players of ancient instruments recapture the charm of a bygone day, playing the oldtime music written for harpsichord, recorder, lute and viola d'amore. Singers have come into their own on the air, and even the high soprano, formerly unpleasantly shrill in reproduction, today does herself justice both on the air-waves and the discs. Like the Rue

de la Paix, the street in Paris through which all the people you have ever known will pass if you wait long enough, the radio and phonograph will eventually parade before your ears every piece of solo or concerted music worth knowing.

The large radio companies have gone further, and have commissioned new works. The American composers, Aaron Copland, Louis Gruenberg, Howard Hanson, Roy Harris, Walter Piston, William Grant Still, and David Diamond, have launched on the air-waves symphonic works written to order. Chamber music competitions have been held, and the prize-winning works played. Operas designed especially to meet the exigencies of radio timing represent almost a new form. One of the best of them, *The Old Maid and the Thief,* by the talented young American Gian Carlo Menotti, had its radio première in 1939, and thanks to its humorous story and equally humorous treatment in music and words, created much enthusiasm. He followed it with *The Telephone* and *The Medium,* which also lent themselves admirably to broadcasting. The first opera to be commissioned especially for television was *Amahl and the Night Visitors* by the same composer. It was first presented in 1951, and was so

wholeheartedly accepted by viewers that it has become an annual television feature. It also has had many radio productions. Others commissioned by N.B.C. were Bernstein's *Trouble in Tahiti,* Menotti's *Maria Golovin,* Lukas Foss's *Griffelkin* and Stanley Hollingsworth's *La Grande Bréteche.* Television perpetuated these performances on tape and sound track. Now you can become not only friendly but intimate with these and other works of composers past and present as they are presented on television. The possibilities are unlimited. If you keep abreast of radio developments by tuning in on premières and watching for announcements of novelties, you will be surprised at the number of new works which are presented, and the interest they inspire in you once you have developed ever so fragmentary a listening background.

Concert and opera performances on television arrived later than on radio, but arrive they did. One of the earliest was a concert in which Arturo Toscanini conducted the N.B.C. Orchestra. The screen highlighted his mobile features and expressive gestures. The choirs of the orchestra were shown separately as well as all together. This was a sensational event. Others followed. The symphonic broadcasts conducted by the vibrant Leonard Bernstein

with the New York Philharmonic made symphonic music a beloved friend to many who had only a bowing acquaintance with its wonders. Eugene Ormandy, conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, wrote "I believe that the televising of orchestral concerts, the first of which was given in March 1948 by the Philadelphia Symphony over C.B.S., can open up even broader areas of musical appreciation in this country. I can remember when musicians and managers alike were gloomy about the phonograph, and later about broadcasting." (In 1933, the Association of American Composers and Publishers [ASCAP] published an indignant pamphlet on this subject, luridly entitled *The Murder of Music.*) "Both recording and radio have been of inestimable benefit to concert musicians. I can't see why television won't follow the same pattern." He was right. It did.

Herbert Graf, noted opera director, saw in the televising of concerts and operas a challenge to the ingenuity of camera man, performer, designer of scenery, composer, writer, director, and engineer. If all would work together, he envisaged a great future for this art, when it was still in its infancy. He was prescient. For although critics mumbled in their beards about the artistic shortcomings

of television, these performances afforded an opportunity to hear and see masterpieces you might otherwise meet not at all, or know by name only.

While on the subject of modern developments, let us not disregard the "hot music" which sizzles over the air and on the discs. By hot music is meant, not the garden variety of ragtime or jazz, with steady, rather monotonous syncopated beat and simple syncopated melody. Genuine hot music goes further, in offering improvisation, often inspired, on jazz material old and new. It is in fact close to an art-form, regarded by many serious students as an important aspect of true folk music. They point to its ingenious rhythmic and melodic patterns as a subject for an entrancing study. They defy the virtuosi of serious music to match the resourcefulness and brilliance of the hot trumpets and clarinets, or the inspired agility of the pianists who improvise with the other instrumentalists pieces which not only make sense, but create a complicated and expressive pattern.

What one observer called "another leg in the long journey from the New Orleans folk-music called jazz," was the new style of music known as bebop. This was the brain-child of a young Negro musician, Dizzy Gillespie. "The

Diz" is an unusually gifted trumpet player. Added to this, he created a method of improvisation piled upon improvisation in a "phenomenal combination of technique and style." He played incredible cascades of fast notes at a breakneck tempo, using many augmented chords. The phrases were curt and of varying lengths. When Dizzy sang the first few phrases to his band to get them started, it sounded something like bee-bobba-doe-bobbadoddle-dee-bebop. Hence the name. The organized cacophony of the Stan Kenton and Woody Herman bands was as hot as Dizzy's bebop.

But in 1950, cold war was declared on hot jazz. The result was an appreciable drop in temperature. The "cool" jazz which became the rage was characterized by restraint and reserve, almost repose, in direct contrast to the frenzy of bebop. It understated, and utilized a longer, softer line. Small groups were more effective than large for this kind of jazz, since they went in for counterpoint and classical form. Trained soloists improvised, also often in classical forms. Long hair and horn-rimmed spectacles ceased to be incongruous in a jazz band. This highbrow jazz left listeners admiring but detached. They could not get as excited by it as by its redhot sister, and

"cool" jazz remained one, but by no means the only, form of popular jazz.

Regarded as an art-form, jazz affords both emotional and intellectual interest, so you need not apologize if you like it, nor even if you like it better than other forms. Its heat may eventually send you for contrast to the cool springs of the classics, though the two are not as antipathetic as their jealous guardians would have you believe. Whether or not you enjoy both equally, hold up your head and stand up for your right to prefer your music hot. You will be in good company.

On the record player, equally with the radio, records of hot music are available along with all the classics. The mechanics of phonographs differ from those of radio, but the privileges attendant upon their use are substantially the same. An actual record of the vibrations of the musical sound is made on wax or some other impressionable material, a matrix is made from the records, and innumerable plates of durable material are then taken from the matrix. When the plates are placed on the phonograph, the process is reversed, the instrument playing back the records. Amplification is supplied by a sound chamber, while a needle traveling over the indentations in the records sets up the neces-

sary vibrations. The early Edison machines came with a horn as amplifier. The records were pink wax cylinders, which had to be wrapped in cotton wool between times, which melted in the heat, and were so delicate that the indentations were obliterated by finger-marks if they were not handled with the utmost care. Even then, their sound was anything but perfect, with sudden lapses in volume where somebody's finger had touched a spot. The recordings of today represent an astounding advance. They successfully combat the hum of machinery and the scratch of the needle on records, and create the illusion of a performance which is gratifyingly even.

During World War II, when materials were unsatisfactory and at a premium, and people's minds were elsewhere, the recording industry took a slump. Discs were few and of poor quality. Later they became plentiful and excellent, greatly improved in quality of sound and in playability. High frequency and high fidelity methods of production and reproduction made for greater beauty of sound. Dr. Goldmark, who fathered the long-playing record in 1948, continued his experiments. A decade or so later he startled record fans by developing a tape cartridge about the size of a graham cracker which had stereophonically

perfected sound. Morever, the record was guaranteed to play non-stop for a full hour. All this and easy storage, too! What with long-playing, indestructible, easily handled records, which covered a wide range of compositions from every land, record collecting became a pleasure. Great performers of the past whose early records had suffered from mechanical imperfections were re-recorded by new and improved methods.

To the satisfaction of buying from this overflowing wealth of recordings you may add the satisfaction of making your own records on the tape machines. If you are the fortunate possessor of such a machine, you may reproduce for your own edification or education any musical performance that comes your way—live, broadcast, recorded or televised, symphonic or operatic, ensemble or solo. Tapes are inexpensive, easily stored, and can be played repeatedly. They can even be erased and re-used. They are a boon to record manufacturers, for they permit the elimination of errors and the dubbing in of corrections before the final disc is made.

The great advantage of the record player over the radio is the chance for repetition. You can play a piece over and over, setting your needle back to the beginning until you

have mastered the difficulties as you cannot possibly do at a single hearing. You can stop your record wherever you wish, and go over the passages which are not clear to you at first, or repeat the main and subsidiary themes until you have them thoroughly fixed, or debate on a structural division or a harmonic change with the music sounding directly in your ears as supporting evidence of your theory. The privilege of making your own program and giving yourself exactly the kind of a concert you like eliminates the element of the unexpected but at the same time frees you to take what you like, not what is given to you. You become the master of your musical fate, and if you do not select your evening's entertainment wisely, you have no one but yourself to blame.

The radio is often spoken of as the resource of the lazy man, and certainly dial twiddling is less of a bother than record changing. However, in so far as we give more appreciative attention to that for which we have to put forth some effort there is a great deal to be said for the record player. Having undergone the mental exertion of selecting a record, and the physical one of placing it on the machine, the chances are that you will listen to it with more intense concentration than to the waves

of sound which drift out of the radio without appreciable effort on your part. Besides, the odds are in favor of a superlative recorded performance as against a possibly mediocre radio or television broadcast. R. D. Darrell, compiler of the *Encyclopedia of the World's Best Recorded Music,* a volume for the shelf of the collector of records, has this to say: "A brave new world lies at the feet of the phonograph explorer. . . . A raucous acoustic toy while its material was confined to *Cohens on the Telephone* and *Up the Street* marches; a parlor music hall when turned to light overtures, salon pieces, and hackneyed opera arias, it (the phonograph) assumed significance when it grew bold enough to echo standard concert repertory." To which David Hall adds in his introduction to *The Record Book,* "We would hazard the guess that the phonograph record, rather than the radio, the school, or the concert hall, has become the chief force in shaping the musical taste of the effective and articulate listening public . . . It plays a powerful role in furthering the interchange of culture between nations and in generally cementing international understanding."

The radio and phonograph are not first aids. They are aids first, last, and all the time.

Only since they have been perfected has music been brought within the reach of anyone who cares to listen. No longer a luxury, it has become a part of everyday life, so much so as to be practically a necessity. Not to hear it is to starve, to hear it with appreciation is to be nourished on the most sustaining of foods for the spirit. It makes no difference whether you find your greatest enjoyment in analyzing the materials, now that you know what they are, or in a heightened sense of the emotional and spiritual values of the music itself, or in the friendlier eye with which you look upon composers and their works, or in some other way of your own. The important thing is to listen willingly and receptively, taking any or all of the approaches which have been here suggested, and that, having listened with appreciation, you find yourself, your home, and all within it infinitely the richer for the experience.

This statement was made before the miracle of television added sight to sound and permitted the visual projection of the performer's personality along with the music. Despite early mechanical difficulties in coordinating the sound track with the picture and in the proper blending of stereophonically produced music, truly arresting television performances

opened up whole new vistas of listening pleasure to viewers. The National Broadcasting Company blazed the opera trail with its remarkable television productions of both classical and modern opera, and with this created a whole new body of fans. Leonard Bernstein's illuminating talks, with a symphony orchestra standing by to play the works under discussion, have done the same for orchestral music on television. Today, through the medium of television the best in music can be enjoyed in nearly every American home. Foreign music festivals are brought to us live. The possibilities of television in every field of entertainment and education appear to be unlimited—and in none more so than the world of music.

Index

Amati 143
Anderson, Marian 89
Armstrong, Louis 58
Auric, Georges 130
Bach, Carl Philipp Emanuel 80
Bach, Johann Christian 57, 113
Bach, Johann Sebastian 47, 59, 60, 61, 62, 80, 83, 102, 104, 112, 113, 118, 142, 167, 234, 246, 247, 253, 263, 288, 291
Bakst, Leon 209
Banister, Henry 225
Barber, Samuel 275, 279
Bauer, Marion 275
Bechet, Sidney 58
Beethoven, Ludwig van 11, 13, 28, 31, 42, 57, 68, 73, 80, 102, 106, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 131, 165, 169, 170, 171, 175, 176, 181, 188, 189, 219, 226, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 247, 248, 253, 255, 257, 260, 287, 288
Beiderbecke, Bix 58
Bellini, Vincenzo 190, 191, 192
Benois, Alexandre 209
Berg, Alban 200
Bergsma, William 279
Berlioz, Hector 147, 161, 162, 255
Betti, Adolfo 235
Bettis, Valerie 221
Bizet, Georges, 165, 195, 196
Bloch, Ernest 267, 268, 269, 291
Blom, Eric 251
Borodin, Alexander 99, 162, 210, 211, 252
Bowles, Paul 100, 220, 279
Brahms, Johannes 57, 68, 97, 102, 127, 131, 167,

175, 176, 219, 233, 234, 240, 247, 260, 287
Brant, Henry 279
Britten, Benjamin 201
Bruckner, Anton 176
Bull, John 81
Bülow, Hans von 250
Byrd, William 81, 111

Cadman, Charles Wakefield 275
Callcott, Maria Hutchins 90
Carpenter, John Alden 220, 269
Carter, Elliott 100, 220, 279
Caruso, Enrico 88
Chadwick, George 269
Chaliapin, Feodor 88, 89
Chanler, Theodore 100
Cherubini, Luigi 102
Chopin, Frédéric 72, 125, 126, 127, 210, 212, 232, 233, 247, 248, 253, 255, 286
Cimarosa, Domenico 210
Clementi, Muzio 119
Conrad, Dr. Frank 283
Converse, Frederick 269
Coolidge, Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague 291
Copland, Aaron 37, 176, 220, 263, 271, 272, 273, 293
Couperin, François 76, 111, 118, 207
Cowell, Henry 275
Creston, Paul 279
Cristofori, Bartolommei 113
Czerny, Carl 255

Dafora, Asodata 221
D'Agoult, Countess 256, 257
Dalcroze, Jacques 34
Damrosch, Dr. Walter 285, 286
da Ponte, Lorenzo 187
Darrell, R. D. 300
Debussy, Claude Achille 57, 72, 99, 100, 127, 128, 129, 140, 145, 200, 210, 217, 247, 253, 276
de Coppet, Edward 235
De Falla, Manuel 210, 218
Delius 176
Delza, Sophia 221
De Mille, Agnes 221
Denby, Edward 272
Diaghileff, Sergei 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 214, 218, 221
Diamond, David 279, 293
D'Indy, Vincent 176
Disraeli, Benjamin 197
Donizetti, Gaetano 190, 191, 192

Dukas, Paul 159
Duncan, Isadora 170, 219
Dunham, Katherine 221
Duparc, Henri 100
Durey, Louis 130
Dvořák, Anton 46, 176

Ehlers, Alice 111
Eichendorff, Josef von 98
Einstein, Alfred 122
Eisler, Hanns 273
Ellis, Havelock 221
Elman, Mischa 292
Engel, Lehman 279
Esterhazy, Prince Nicholas 226, 255

Fauré, Gabriel 100, 210, 251
Fiorillo, Dante 279
Fokine, Michel 209, 213
Fonaroff, Nina 221
Foss, Lukas 279
Foster, Stephen 188, 263
Franck, César 100, 162, 176
Frazer, James G. 216
Fuleihan, Anis 279

Gade, Niels Wilhelm 99
Ganz, Rudolph 286
Gershwin, George 37, 263, 277, 278
Gibbons, Orlando 81, 111
Gideon, Miriam 279
Gilbert, Henry 220
Gillespie, Dizzy 58, 295
Glinka, Michael 99, 176
Gluck, Alma 88
Gluck, Christoph Willibald 142, 164, 184, 185, 186, 247
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang 91, 95, 98, 195
Goossens, Eugene 290
Gould, Morton 279
Gounod, Charles François 181, 194, 206
Graf, Herbert 294
Graham, Martha 221
Grainger, Percy 21
Gretchaninov, Alexander 99
Grieg, Edward 99, 266
Griffes, Charles Tomlinson 275, 276
Gruenberg, Louis 201, 273, 293

Hadley, Henry 269
Hall, David 300
Handel, George Friedrich 81, 105, 127, 210, 247, 253
Hanson, Howard 270, 271, 293
Harris, Roy 176, 263, 273, 274, 288, 293
Haufrecht, Herbert 279
Haydn, Franz Joseph 42, 79, 80, 81, 94, 105, 112,

119, 121, 127, 167, 168, 169, 176, 226, 227, 228, 232, 236, 245, 247, 253, 263
Heifetz, Jascha 235, 292
Heine, Heinrich 96
Helmholtz, Hermann 25
Henderson, W. J. 260
Herbert, Victor 33, 263
Heyward, DuBose 278
Hindemith, Paul 130
Holm, Hanya 221
Honegger, Arthur 130, 273
Horowitz, Vladimir 256
Howe, Julia Ward 93
Hucbald 53, 54, 56
Humphrey, Doris 221

Ibert, Jacques 145
Ives, Charles 276
Ives, William 100

Jacobi, Frederick 275
Jefferson, Thomas 114
Johnson, Hunter 279

Kern, Jerome 263
Key, Francis Scott 93
Khatchatourian 176, 253
Kidd, Michael 221
Kingsley, Herbert 220
Kipnis, Alexander 88
Kirkpatrick, Ralph 111
Köchel, Dr. Ludwig 122
Kodály 176
Korngold, Erich 273
Koussevitzky, Serge 139, 152
Krehbiel, H. E. 164
Kreisler, Fritz 46, 292

La Guardia, Fiorello H. 286
Lamartine, Alphonse 162
Landowska, Wanda 111
Lassus, Orlandus 57, 102
Lehmann, Lotte 88
Leoncavallo, Ruggiero 201
Littlefield, Catherine 221
Liszt, Franz 126, 161, 162, 232, 247, 248, 253, 254, 256, 257, 258, 259
Lobkowitz, Prince 228
Loeffler, Charles Martin 267
Loring, Eugene 221
Lully, Jean Baptiste 76, 111, 118, 207

MacDowell, Edward 263, 265, 266, 267
Mahler 176, 286
Marlowe, Sylvia 112
Martinu, Bohuslav 176
Mascagni, Pietro 201
Mason, Daniel Gregory 269
Massine, Leonid 218
Maynor, Dorothy 88

McBride, Robert 220
Mendelssohn, Felix 11, 105, 167, 171, 172, 232, 247, 248, 260
Menotti, Gian Carlo 201, 279, 293
Menuhin, Yehudi 292
Milhaud, Darius 100, 130, 273
Mitropoulos, Dmitri 290
Monet, Claude 253
Monteverde, Claudio 183
Moore, Douglas 275
Mörike, Edward 98
Morris, Harold 275
Mossolov, Alexander 253
Moussorgsky, Modeste 99, 156, 201, 206, 252
Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus 13, 47, 57, 80, 94, 102, 112, 119, 121, 122, 123, 131, 164, 165, 168, 169, 186, 187, 189, 195, 226, 227, 228, 232, 234, 235, 243, 244, 247, 248, 253, 263, 287, 291

Newman, Ernest 220
Nijinsky, Vaslav 209, 217
Nossen, Steffi 221

Ormandy, Eugene 294

Paderewski, Ignace 46, 117, 292
Paganini, Nicolo 127, 255, 256, 259
Page, Ruth 221
Palestrina, Pierluigi 56, 57, 58, 59, 101, 247
Palmer, Robert 279
Parker, Horatio 269
Peri, Jacopo 183, 184
Petipa 208, 211
Picasso, Pablo 218
Pinza, Ezio 88
Piston, Walter 275, 293
Pons, Lily 97
Porter, Cole 263
Porter, Quincy 275
Poulenc, Francis 130
Powell, John 269
Primus, Pearl 221
Prokofieff, Serge 99, 130, 176, 201, 210
Proust, Marcel 48
Puccini, Giacomo 201
Purcell, Henry 46, 111
Pythagoras 6

Rachmaninoff, Serge 99, 131, 176
Rameau, Jean Philippe 111, 118
Randolph, David 286
Ravel, Maurice 100, 129, 156, 210
Razumofsky, Count 228
Read, Gardner 279

Riegger, Wallingford .275
Rimsky-Korsakoff, Nicolas 160, 210, 211, 262
Robbins, Jerome 221
Robinson, Earl 279
Rodgers, Richard 263
Rodzinski, Artur 290
Rolland, Romain 248
Rome, Harold 263
Rossini, Gioachino A. 165, 190, 191, 192, 195, 210, 247
Rubinstein, Anton 46, 99
Rubinstein, Ida 218

St. Denis, Ruth 221
Saint-Saëns, Camille 105, 162, 180, 181
Salieri, Antonio 255
Sand, George 249
Sax, Adolphe 145
Sayao, Bidu 87
Scarlatti, Domenico 76, 111, 118, 210
Schauffler, Robert Haven 248
Schiller, Friedrich 106, 171
Schoenberg, Arnold 57, 68, 130
Schubert, Franz Peter 13, 70, 94, 95, 96, 97, 123, 171, 172, 226, 228, 231, 232, 247, 253, 260
Schuman, William 279
Schumann, Clara 125, 260
Schumann, Elizabeth 88
Schumann, Robert 94, 96, 123, 124, 125, 171, 172, 210, 232, 242, 247, 248, 253, 260
Schumann-Heink, Ernestine 89
Schwartz, H. W. 23
Scriabin, Alexander 129
Sessions, Roger 271
Shawn, Ted 221
Shebàlin 253
Shepherd, Arthur 275
Shostakovitch, Dimitri 176, 201, 253
Sibelius, Jan 176, 288
Sinding, Christian 99
Slavenska, Mia 221
Smetana, Bedřich 162, 165, 176
Sousa, John Philip 321
Stern, Daniel 256
Stevens, Risé 88
Still, William Grant 275, 293
Stillman-Kelley, Edgar 269
Stokowski, Leopold 152, 290
Stradivarius 143
Strauss, Johann 165
Strauss, Richard 98, 162, 163, 164, 169, 199, 210

Stravinsky, Igor 36, 68, 99, 210, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217
Svendsen, Johan Severin 99
Swift, Kay 220
Szigeti, Joseph 292

Tailleferre, Germaine 130
Tartini, Giuseppe 72
Tauber, William 172
Tallis, Thomas 57, 102
Taylor, Deems 242, 243, 275
Tchaikowsky, Peter Ilich 91, 99, 166, 174, 210, 211, 212, 219, 223, 243, 244, 247, 253
Tcherepnin, Alexander 209
Templeton, Alec 286
Thomas, John Charles 88
Thompson, Randall 293
Thompson, Virgil 201, 220, 273
Tibbett, Lawrence 88
Toscanini, Arturo 152, 290, 294
Traubel, Helen 88, 287

Verdi, Giuseppe 102, 181, 192, 193, 201, 206, 247
Verlaine, Paul 100
Vittoria 102

Wagner, Cosima 250, 257
Wagner, Richard 32, 165, 170, 182, 190, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 205, 247, 248, 249, 250, 253, 257, 287
Waller, Fats 58
Walter, Bruno 290
Ward, Robert 279
Warlock, Peter 100
Weber, Karl von 123, 165, 189, 190, 195, 210, 253
Weidman, Charles 221
Wesendonck, Mathilda 249, 250
Whiteman, Paul 277
Whittall, Mrs. Gertrude Clarke 291
Wieck, Clara 124
Wigman, Mary 34, 221
Wittgenstein (Sayn-), Princess Caroline 257, 258
Wolf, Hugo 97, 98