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Sheila Keats, Editorial Assistant

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By R. F. Goldman

The Juilliard Review

■ Each age has intellectual and artistic battles that are in some ways peculiar to itself but that are, in other ways, permanent. It is worth noting that these are never won; however resolved, they give way to new aspects of old problems. But it is also worth remembering that the battle itself is the only real manifestation of cultural life and continuity. When struggle ceases, the Barbarians and Philistines will descend still further.

In many respects, nothing much has changed since Schumann's day, or Matthew Arnold's. The mediocre and the witless are always with us. A serious idea of art, and even a serious view of education, are pre-occupations of a buffeted minority. Seriousness is not the same as earnestness, of which there is plenty; the relation is the same as that of jargon to idea. An idea, to quote Ortega y Gasset's brilliant dictum, is putting a truth in checkmate; jargon is the counterfeit of idea, and the moral stigma affects equally those who accept and those who issue it.

Our own age, however, is in some ways radically different from any that has gone before, and presents us with a crisis in which seriousness itself, and the possibility of having or circulating ideas, require active defense. "The minority now is made conscious, not merely of an uncongenial, but of a hostile environment." This is F. R. Leavis' summation, in his penetrating essay "Mass Civilization and Minority Culture." The machine, and particularly the machines of mass communication, have made a difference so great that only a few can find strength to face the implications for things in which they believe.

Belief must be strong: belief in seriousness, belief that the greatest achievements of the human imagination are represented by the Mozart Symphony in itself and not by a High-Fidelity technique for reproducing it. The Mozart Symphony exists, continues, and represents what is best in human experience; it is this that is serious, this that symbolizes our values. It is this idea and this thing that matter and that would continue to matter even if all electronics were to disappear from man's knowledge.

Not that the machine does not have positive uses, or that it does not, though not invariably, convey benefits. It is not to be supposed that the 20th century, with the machine, is less fortunate than the 10th, without it. But Matthew Arnold read well the present and the future; and "Culture and Anarchy" bears re-reading. One cannot be confident that the future will take care of itself, and that the machine will serve us. "Teaching the democracy to put its trust in achievements of this kind is merely training them to be Philistines to take the place of the Philistines whom they are superseding; and they too . . . will be encouraged to sit down at the banquet of the future without a wedding garment, and nothing excellent can then come from them."

We cannot be indifferent; we have some responsibility for the future if there are any values that are still meaningful to us. And we cannot disguise from ourselves the implication that an age of machines, of rapid change, of quantitative values, an age of levelling, an age of inattention, makes the maintenance of these values both more difficult and more necessary. "To keep open our lines of communication with the future" was Arnold's faith in the early days of industrialism and cultural anarchy; how much more needful this faith is today seems evident.

The case of music is not divorced from the condition of other arts, nor from the state of language, nor from attitudes toward learning. In the abundance of distraction, the belief in quantity, the levelling for mass consumption of the great and the trivial, the task of acquiring discrimination, of maintaining a sense of that which expresses the finest consciousness of man, has become much more difficult. The machines — radio, film, and phonograph — seem to make art accessible and easy; they affect music in a special way, and reduce it, in a sense, to a species of useful noise. It would be false to say that music does not have a place in society today: it exists, if for nothing else, to feed these machines, and to prevent silence. For these machines the great and the trivial serve equally as fuel; but who would say that Beethoven does not deserve somewhat better than to be heard as an accompaniment to conversation, or as a salesman for vermouth?

The machines, in short, tend to make of art a vacuous entertainment, worse, a time-filling commodity aimed at the passive diversion of great numbers of people. And the machine, again to quote Leavis, "tends to make active recreation, especially active use of the mind, more difficult." There is no atmosphere in which a serious view of music as an art could find it harder to exist. It is true that we have "more music"; but we have no reason to believe that this is good for any except the salesmen. One is shocked, in this connection, to read recently the complacent pronouncement of the president of one of our leading universities hailing the fact that today there is *more education*, in terms of enrollment and number of degrees, than there has ever been before. One cannot argue with the mind that believes that addition or multiplication equals "progress"; there is no ground on which inquiry and sheer acquisitiveness can meet. Education can, like music, become a trade; we see evidence that both are, and that occasionally they can even be usefully so. But they are both more than trades; both involve the noble idea that "Excellence dwells among high and steep rocks, and can only be reached by those who sweat blood to reach her."

High art is excellence; it is not "the deliberate exploitation of the cheap response," nor is it to be perceived without effort. Our age is not alone in its preference for the second rate, in its easy encouragement of the talentless. It is alone in its second-handedness, in its increasing inattentiveness, and in its deep scorn for the "high-brow", a term of contempt for anything that has even the appearance of excellence in art, in language, or in manners. Its second-handedness demands that art be not made, in Cyril Connolly's phrase, "by the alone for the alone," but by "competent craftsmen" for the common man, with commentators, annotators, and explainers in attendance to make sure that neither the intellect nor the spirit is taxed. Its inattentiveness is natural; in an age of inescapable noise, of unprecedented assaults on all of his senses, man finds concentration difficult; the meanings of experience are, at the extreme, no longer felt directly, but must be explained if they are felt at all.

This is not the atmosphere for music, an art which exists at its highest in the minds, ears, eyes and hands of those who are devoted to it. It requires both concentration and a favorable climate. That the art remains is due to devotion and conviction, but these are not enough. Conviction requires defense and counter-attack. Never have the uses of art been so debased as they are now; never has its status as a legitimate pursuit of man been so threatened. The support given music

today is in part a false one that can be withdrawn in a second, and it is a support almost totally lacking in discrimination. In this last sense, it is more damaging than no support at all, for it reduces art to a question of purchase price and establishes this status in the minds of most people as the normal one. Music's support today is designed in many cases to impress the donors of money with a sense of having fulfilled their cultural obligations. Prince Esterhazy at least listened to Haydn's music, and from what we are told, appeared to enjoy it. He did not, it may also be noted, feel obliged to share his enjoyment with those who could not hear, or to convince the entire population of Hungary that listening outside the windows would make them "cultured."

For that is what the "audience" has perhaps become: a crowd of listeners outside the windows, somewhat removed from the scene, and listening for some reason that is entirely secondary, if, indeed, it is any reason at all. This image, and the cultural problems it poses, are not without reflection in the articles of Mr. Barzun and Mr. Morel in these pages. A state of music, or of art and life in general, is vigorous and meaningful when it depends on participation, and when there are countless devoted amateurs (in Mr. Barzun's sense) whose pursuit of an esthetic, a spiritual or an intellectual satisfaction implies effort and patience. We may question that this amateur (leaving aside the indisputable and heartening fact of Mr. Barzun's own existence) is still much with us, but our need of him is indeed desperate.

THE JUILLIARD REVIEW comes into existence at a time no uneasier, perhaps, than many others. Some of our battles, such as that for "modern music," appear to have been won; and a crusading periodical is thus perhaps no longer necessary on that score. But other battles remain: there is need today for a periodical devoted not to the activities of the music trade (although these are of no small interest to us); not to the sometimes specialized concerns of "research"; not to the adventures of personalities or the jargons of critical fashion; but to a serious view of music in our day, as we find it, and in terms of the idea that music is a high art, neither trade, nor entertainment nor commodity. Here fundamental attitudes toward the aims of education necessarily become involved, and for this reason it is perhaps not inappropriate that an institution such as JUILLIARD make this further attempt to contribute what it can. All that we hope for the JUILLIARD REVIEW is that it may represent us well and be of some interest to our colleagues.

A Festival of British Music

By Bernard Stambler

Juilliard's Festival of British Music is a notable instance of extending the repertoire: notable in that its aims were practical and not (to make a bald and unfair distinction) musicological. Nothing on these five evenings was presented as an historical curiosity; rather there was much familiar music, serving as a firm point of vantage for the works that were new to most of the audience. Thus the *Enigma Variations* provided perspective for the works of Rubbra and Jacobson, as Byrd and Purcell helped us locate the sounds of Taverner and Blow.

More than any of the other arts music is firmly rooted in a time and place. The great monuments of architecture weather with their environment and seem to be ready for anything that comes along; Westminster Abbey or the Duomo always retains controlling power over its immediate setting. The organized moment of insight seized by a great painting or sculpture similarly comes to us self-contained; do we need to know, for the sake of the painting before us, how these people dressed or ate or conceived of visual perspective?—here, before our eyes, is the needed information. Coming into emotional contact with the literary works of ancient Greece or Elizabethan England may sometimes be a complex task, but with study and sympathy we can not only understand why Aeschylus or Christopher Marlowe wrote as he did but can respond approximately as did the audience of his time.

For music, however, two qualities in particular put this matter of establishing contact on the most difficult and complicated basis of all. The first is the more striking but probably the less significant: the quality of the sound. Here various degrees of transcription may enter to soften the difference for our ears: from Mozart's piano to

Bernard Stambler received his education at Cornell University, graduating with a Ph.D. in Comparative Literature. After teaching English at Indiana University, he served during the war as chief of the Historical Branch of the War Assets Administration and on the faculty of George Washington University. He has also worked in musicology under Otto Kinkeldey at Cornell, and is the author of several libretti, including Robert Ward's "Jonathon and the

Gingery Snare," a children's piece commissioned by the New York Philharmonic Symphony. He has recently completed the libretto for Robert Ward's new opera "Pantaloone," based on Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped," and is currently adapting Conrad Aiken's "Punch, the Immortal Liar" for stage use. Mr. Stambler is a member of the English faculty of Juilliard School of Music.

ours is a small step, from Bach's harpsichord to our piano somewhat larger, but what to do with Elizabethan lute or viols (or Balinese gamelan) has no such easy solution. Either we rewrite the work for contemporary instruments (which does not necessarily produce an adequate piece of music) or we use the original instruments and so subject the audiences in our concert halls to sounds that may be not only strange to them but inadequate by modern standards of timbre and technical proficiency. The other difficulty faced by unfamiliar music I shall discuss later in connection with the masques; here let me only name it as our problem in understanding how the extra-musical impulses (the text, the occasion, the feeling) behind a given composition produced or deserved the music that resulted (we must remember that a concept of music with *no* extra-musical stimulus is even more recent than the term "absolute music"). In other words, is the music we have come to listen to now worth the efforts of performing and hearing?■

The musical audience must therefore be ready for a double job of translation: a more or less strange kind of sound and of creative impulse must be translated into familiar ways of hearing sounds and of responding to music. Yet these difficulties are not insuperable: as it is the job of the musicologist or historian, without prejudice, to discover and set down in detail the differences between then and now, so it is the performer's job to bring some of these works to the concert hall or stage.

What I have been saying about the problems in transferring music from one culture to another is well borne out by the earliest piece on

■ The history of musical taste abounds in salutary lessons on these points. Here are some samples from Charles Burney, revealing a representative set of eighteenth-century tastes:

"[Of Elizabethan keyboard pieces] it may be said with truth that the loss to refined ears would not be very great if they should forever remain unplayed and undeciphered. For being generally built on some old and vulgar psalmodic tunes, unmeaning in themselves, the crowded harmony and multiplied notes with which they are loaded have not rendered them more pleasing . . .

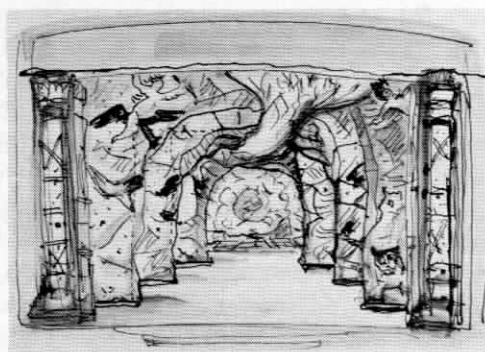
The very terms of Canon and Fugue imply restraint and labour. Handel was perhaps the only great Fughist exempt from pedantry . . . Sebastian Bach, on the contrary, like Michael

Angelo in painting, disdained facility so much, that his genius never stooped to the easy and graceful. I have never seen a Fugue by this learned and powerful author upon a motive that is natural and chantant; or even an easy and obvious passage that is not loaded with crude and difficult accompaniments . . .

It is sometimes fortunate for hyperbolic panegyrists of the Music of ancient times, when the particular pieces they celebrate cannot be found. If the productions and performance of Orpheus, Linus, Amphion, Terpanther, or Timotheus could now be realized and compared with those of Handel, Corelli, Leo, Pergolesi and many other musicians now living, would they be able to keep their ground and fulfill our ideas of their excellence based on poetical exaggeration?"



Scenic design sketches by Frederick Kiesler for Juilliard Opera Theatre production of the masque "Brittania Triumphans" by William Lawes.





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these programs—Taverner's *Western Wynde Mass*. The scholarly labors connected with this piece were accomplished thirty years ago: Canon Fellowes' ten volumes of *Tudor Church Music* (plus the various biographies and commentaries that have grown up around these volumes) provide the performer all he need know to introduce him to this music. Yet how many in the audience had previously heard this piece, at once charming and magnificent? It is music which deserves better than to be heard as a curiosity revived for an occasion. However, its unfamiliarity is understandable. Taverner's *Mass* sets up many difficulties, greater for the performer than for the listener, since it is based on an aesthetic that will be strange to him even if he knows the masses of Palestrina or Lassus or Byrd. Like many of the medieval masses this is based not on plainsong but on a piece that is popular song rather than folksong; rather unusually, though, this song is used unchanged in every section of the *Mass*. Because the words and the tune of the song were metrically regular, as compared with the prose freedom of plainchant, the voice of the *Mass* carrying the tune never has the rhetorical sweep or the soaring line of a tenor based on plainchant. Concomitantly, Taverner avoids elaborate melismatic embroidery in the other voices: while he rarely sets note against note, each of these other voices is as independently tuneful as the Western Wynde song. One fumbles for the terms in which to describe the total effect: in the independence of its voices, the *Mass* resembles most the thirteenth-century motet of Leonin; but the harmonic sense is as strong and clear—even simply triadic—as that of a seventeenth-century anthem.

These formal considerations of the *Mass* come as afterthoughts; the effect is immediate and seems to be based on a remarkable affinity between the secular song and the religious composition. While the words of the Western Wynde song have nothing to do with the ideas of the mass, yet the feeling, the mood of the song—especially the echoes of courtly love—were transferable to a religious context. It has become conventional and nearly trite to speak of the "drama" of the mass. Yet in the Taverner *Mass* we see what the term can mean. This *Mass* uses the same materials not only from section to section, but over and over within each section—on the page the score has the look of redundancy piled on redundancy; then one begins to discriminate; here the texture is thinner, here thicker; here the melisma in the upper voices makes the movement light and fluid, while the same melisma in the lowest voice darkens and slows the movement; the

succession of ideas *credo . . . crucifixus . . . sepultus . . . resurrexit . . . gloria . . . osanna . . .*—this succession is at every point fitted to subtle changes in the musical pulse. By comparison with this, Byrd and Palestrina and Bach write masses conceived in terms of purely musical development. The Taverner *Mass* with clarity and splendor directly involves the hearer in the dramatic ritual of purgation by means of the ideas (not the traditional associations) of the religious text.

The Festival gave us a chance to hear other large works from relatively unfamiliar areas of composition, for instance the masques of Lawes and Blow. Our view especially of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century England is bound to be out of focus if we know these periods only through some of the shorter Byrd religious works, some Elizabethan madrigals and keyboard pieces, and, at the largest, the *Dido and Aeneas*. This like knowing Shakespeare and Milton through some of the songs and sonnets and, say, the *Romeo and Juliet* and the *Il Penseroso*: we would know these poets' dexterity and charm and have a demonstration of their greatness, but we would not sense the way in which each poet encompasses and presents the entire range of his day. Each for his own time, Taverner and Byrd and Purcell have similar positions in music. But the highest realms of literature contain Sir Philip Sidney as well as Shakespeare, Marvell as well as Milton. And music's high realms can contain John Blow as well as Purcell, masques as well as masses.

Beaumont and Fletcher, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, thus describe the functions of the masques: "they must commend their king, and speak in praise of the assembly; bless the bride and bridegroom in person of some god; they are tied to rules of flattery." In fact, in recent centuries no example of concerted adulation in the arts has surpassed the British masque: written for royalty; using dance, poetry, spectacle, and music to praise the natural and dedicated superiority of royalty; in the guise of mythology and allegory dealing explicitly with public life at court and implicitly with the private affairs of the king and his courtiers; acted by and for the courtiers—the king himself took the part of Britanocles in the *Britannia Triumphans*; a king's mistress Mary Davis was the Venus, and their nine-year old child, audaciously named Lady Mary Tudor, was the Cupid in the *Venus and Adonis*.

In form the masque is a magnificent hodgepodge derived from nearly every dramatic and musical invention of the Italian and French Renaissance superimposed upon a framework of medieval British pageantry and miracle play. By a great feat of will these varied components were made to cooperate in expressing a single idea; Ben

Jonson usually receives the credit for this feat, but he must be made to share it with Sir Philip Sidney, John Lyly, and all those other Elizabethans who successfully transformed the pastoral theme of Theocritus and his Italian imitators into an allegorical idea of the divine right of kings — even, almost, an idea of the divinity of kings.■

The two masques presented at the Festival, from different periods of its history, fulfill this essential idea in completely different ways and provide a good index of how a form of art may change its status from private to public.

William Lawes' *Britannia Triumphans* in style and attitudes is the fully formed British masque developed before the time of the Commonwealth, as *Venus and Adonis* in all but name is post-Restoration French-Italian opera. The emotions of the audience for the *Venus* are caught up by the musico-dramatic development of the piece, culminating in an allegorical death which has become more real, more touching than most deaths. What corresponds, in Lawes' piece, to this ritual-real death is the parade of the Grand Masquers, the elite among the courtiers. This masque depends for its power on a unique relation between reality and illusion: the stage figure representing a great king is a great king. Lawes' kind of masque is necessarily a masque à clef; we make the proper allowances for this and may enjoy the brilliant and spectacular and the simply charming (as the Cat Chorus which so prettily anticipates Ravel's)—even something of the stylized intensity remains. But the heart of the matter is dead; our emotions do not surge at the sight of a king who is all kings in their wisdom and providence; we do not pause for diversion in the grotesqueries of the antimasque to be brought to a thundering climax by the parade of the people for whom one king transcendently functions — the noblest and highest people in the land.

Blow's *Venus and Adonis* is, on the other hand, one of the marvels of all musical achievement in the directness and completeness with which the composer has translated the structure and needs of his text

■ William Empson's discussion, in *Some Versions of Pastoral*, of the *Beggars' Opera* as an interweaving of the (mock-) heroic with the (mock-) pastoral is to the point here: Gay conceived his work as a continuation of the form of the seventeenth-century masque. Even the popular tunes that Pepusch, an avowed anti-

quarian, fitted to Gay's verses are mostly the songs of the previous century, with an especially close resemblance to the music of Lawes that we heard in *Britannia Triumphans*. William Lawes, symbolically enough, died fighting for his king at the siege of Chester in 1645.

into musical terms: when one defines the logical, verbal requirements of each section of the masque, he has also described the pace, quality and form of the music written for it. After a prologue, which functions as a playful allegorical framework for the piece, the stage presents the two lovers; their opening words are only their names, breathed each by the other. Each can say no more, each needs to say no more to express the fulness of his love. The music is equally simple, yet it would not be easy to find musical expression richer and more plangent.

The remainder of this first act consists textually of two pieces of rhetoric: first a generalized argument between Venus and Adonis on the subject, announced by the latter, "Adonis will not hunt today"; then, after a jogtrot interlude to announce the coming of the hunters, a duet and a hunters' chorus on the subject "Adonis, thou shalt lead us." In these two rhetorical sections the details of the text and the seriousness of Blow's setting may give a clue to his power as a composer: the first, which might have been a lovers' mock-quarrel, becomes instead a generalized moral debate on the conflict between love and the highest calls of duty; the second, which had the chance of being a weary thing, with all the gestures of a veristic Italian chorus, instead has the deep eloquence of a people calling upon its king, even its god, for guidance.■

The second act brings back the frivolous machinery: Cupid and a crowd of little Cupids take lessons in spelling and cynicism from Venus. The allegory continues with a chorus of Graces extolling the charms of the Goddess of love; the Graces' dances end the second act, with the last dance a set of divisions on a magnificently chromatic ground. The third and final act is a sustained love death, the duet of the mortally wounded Adonis and the grieving Venus, with Venus' last passionate outcry even renouncing her divinity:

*He shall adorn the heav'ns, here I will weep
Till I am fall'n into as cold a sleep.*

The final chorus mourns for the dead god: allegory, masque, opera—all here in a perfect synthesis.

This work of John Blow removes the need for any speculation or wonder that Purcell is as great as he is: the wonder turns rather to a kind of disappointment. Purcell's gifts are greater, but he seems never to have had the clarity of function for his music that enabled Blow,

■ The unknown librettist had to reverse the import of Shakespeare's poem: Shakespeare's

Adonis was a callow young huntsman fleeing the unwanted advances of over-amorous Venus.

out of one of the most artificial conventions that ever dominated an art, to produce his deeply moving music.

There would be no need to compare Blow with Purcell except that the younger man seems everywhere in critics' estimates to outshine his teacher; it is one of the great accomplishments of this Festival that the audience is able to get beyond the amateur musicologizing which is satisfied with one man per period: the attitude which feels that if we have Byrd why bother with Taverner, Tye, and Tallis? Blow's music should not be displaced by Purcell's; the two men share little beyond the accident of contemporaneity. Blow, if you will, looks backward while Purcell looks forward; in the arts, however, the palm does not necessarily go to the *dernier cri*. Not only in the *Venus* but equally in his setting of Cowley's "Awake, awake, my Lyre," Blow's prosody is based on a keen responsiveness to the text, to the rhythmic needs of each word or phrase but even more to their emotional qualities; this cooperates with a melodic gift as unmeasuredly free and lyrical as the best of the Elizabethans. By comparison, Purcell, with his more highly developed homophony and his tendency towards four-square melodies, however magnificent his sounds may be, sometimes rides as roughshod over the detailed needs of his text as, say, Handel. ■

It is impossible (or at least pointless) to try to make any meaningful general statements about the music of the past fifty or sixty years; only in England, of the major Western countries, has there been enough unanimity, even a sense of mission, to make such generalizations feasible. Purcell and Handel are the key figures in a drama of modern British music: Handel as the villain of the piece, and Purcell as the tragic young hero struggling to be reborn.

■ I am conscious of exaggeration. There is no more need to run down Purcell than there is to run down Blow. Yet this latter is done so uniformly that a little heat may be generated on the other side. See, for example, what Ernest Walker, on the whole the most sober of the historians of British music, has to say on Blow vs. Purcell, his judgments obviously based on a fixed set of musical tastes in respect to freedom and balance:

"In Blow's elaborate *Venus* and *Adonis* masque . . . on the one hand, we have charming and really distinctive music . . . and on the other we have a certain amount of crudity. The

harmony is not always convincing; there are occasional moments when the scheme of tonality seems to fall to pieces; and the tunes, pleasant though they are usually, are inclined to meander along anyhow, without showing any particular trace of the sort of organized balance that Purcell exhibits as a rule, even in his freest declamation."

Of Blow's "Awake, awake, my lyre" Walker has this to say:

Like much of Blow's work, it does not reveal a very strong personality; its mildly elegiac flavor is hardly a match for Cowley's fervent verse.

British critics as a chorus proclaim the renaissance which, in the 1890's, reclaimed Britain from the oratorio doldrums in which her music had been stagnating since Handel's day, a stagnation almost entirely unaffected by Continental currents (excepting of course Mendelssohn). True, Elgar represents a major creative rebirth after Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley and William Sterndale Bennett. On the other hand, the six or eight composers who are usually named, with Elgar, as the co-makers of this renaissance have already faded away: by and large, at least outside England, the music of Ouseley and Sterndale Bennett is in no more parlous way than that of Stainer, Mackenzie, Parry, and Stanford. And so this renaissance, which was to have reclaimed British music from Regency and Victorian vapidness, simmers down to the work of one good composer—and he a composer who was out of the current of British music to the extent of being mostly self-taught and of being unknown as a serious composer until he was considerably past his thirtieth year.

Elgar then, among his contemporaries and successors, was the least susceptible to the occupational ailment of the British composer: the sense of heritage and of mission. The sense of heritage, as we have seen, skips at least a couple of centuries to go back to Byrd, the madrigalists, and above all Purcell; the mission is to fulfill a destiny of British music and redeem it in the ears of the world. Wilfrid Mellers, a keen critic of British music, gives a succinct description of this mission (he is discussing Holst, but the application is general): "he saw the deepest source of the musical language in the verbal one."

In practical terms this has meant that the British composer (after the renaissance nearly as much as before) has had a nearly exclusive concentration on all degrees of the verbal and the programmatic in music—from songs and operas to choral symphonies (or at least symphonies always with a label of "Sea" or "Pastoral" or "London"), tone poems, and folk songs everywhere. That this may be a noble and productive aesthetic creed the works of Vaughan Williams, Walton, and Britten amply prove. But for some of their colleagues this same aesthetic has meant long and costly false starts or (by an understandable rebellion) a set of musical opportunities to be avoided at all costs because they are too easy. In either case the composer has been forced by his environment to think and work in terms that should never have arisen to bother him at all.

Look at a few examples provided by this Festival. Elgar worked mostly outside this obsessive tendency. For the *Enigma Variations* the program and the extra-musical mystery become essentially irrel-

evant; probably more than any other piece of British music these variations are conceived and worked out in terms that are purely musical, purely orchestral. But Rubbra, whose impulse has always been to work chiefly in the large orchestral forms, has been tagged throughout his career (he was born in 1901) with the label of "madrigalist" or even "medieval polyphonist" of the symphony. The first movement of his *Second Symphony* has been called "a gigantic instrumental motet" by the same critic who says that "with each symphony Rubbra absorbs more of homophonic thought into his basically polyphonic outlook." From looking at some samples of Rubbra's symphonies I should rather think that Rubbra's basic outlook is romantic (early nineteenth-century variety): his orchestral music presents two or three thematic structures simultaneously, true, but each of them tends to be strongly and regularly rhythmic rather than melodic and is likely to be repeated unchanged for as long a span as a nineteenth-century accompaniment figure;—rather than call this madrigalist or polyphonist writing I'd prefer to call it polyromantic. And I'd rather think that Rubbra is with each symphony casting off another bit of a duty to Renaissance England. Even his *Fifth Symphony* (1948), while it has many moments of lyric splendor, nevertheless shows some anti-orchestral (or at least anti-symphonic) traits in its structural ideas: the piece is made up of brief sections nearly every one of which comes to a dynamic dead end by slowing to approximately half its initial tempo, as though the composer were trying to give to every one of his musical ideas a resolution in brooding thoughtfulness. This is a structural technique, I should say, more at home in a certain kind of choral piece than in a symphony, which (whatever its character) still needs a prominent dynamism.

Jacobson's *Symphonic Suite for Strings*, on the other hand, while not a work of major aspiration, is cheerful and fit for the orchestra. Not until the last movement does it yield anything to extra-musicality. The form here is a lively *aba* (the second *a* greatly shortened), in which the *a* compels even an unwilling participator to conjure up outdoor festivities and maypoles, and the *b* is a set of variations (rather, metamorphoses implying a *ciaccona*) on the little song "The first one's name was A-bra-ham."

Britten's setting of Rimbaud's *Illumination* is, like the Elgar, a work in which the composer has no need, conscious or unconscious, to struggle against his medium. For the voice and for the orchestra this is so splendid a work that one need be little concerned with questions of

Britten's French prosody (inadequate as it is at times) or even with the larger and more important question of the (often) purely literary ideation behind the composer's French or Italian or medieval or American period.

Walton's *Façade* comes peculiarly to our ears at this time. And then one realizes that to listen to it in 1953, to understand it, above all to perform it, one needs a feat of practical musicology not too different from that needed for Taverner's *Western Wynde Mass*. Today we try to give it a kind of point it never had: we think of it as parody of polkas and Swiss yodels and fox trots. Even if we know that this is not true, that Walton was not satirizing these forms but was working within them with the extravagance and exuberance and extra bit of splash that his texts and his ideas about performance required—how can we make such a complicated distinction clear to those who were not there in the 1920's?

To call music a universal language is often inaccurate and misleading. However, when the job I earlier spoke of as one of translation has been done collaboratively by performer and audience, it little matters what the country or period of origin was for a given piece of music. In the past generation in this country we have seen the standard concert repertoire stretched by sizable increments from sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Italy, Germany, and England as well as from most countries of modern Europe and South America.

The scholar-performer has his part in this process, as has the compiler of the *Gesamturtextausgabe*. But the responsibility of both of these lies, as it should, in the past—toward the composer of this music and toward a faithful reconstruction of his intentions and wishes. The responsibility of the professional performer must lie essentially in his audience—not as a static, predictable mass of people but as a collection of individuals, each of them there to be moved by music, or even to be molded by a new set of experiences. It is up to this performer, not by arbitrary decision but by process of enlightened trial and error, to choose from those riches spread before him through the labors of scholarship; and then to offer, from the composers or the compositions that move him, music that may extend the horizons of all of us.

By Jacques Barzun

The Indispensable Amateur*

■ To make a point of calling the amateur indispensable should really raise the reader's smile. Who would not smile at the idea of a select group of businessmen foregathering to acknowledge in a big-hearted way The Indispensable Customer? Yet that is the position of most academies and professionals in art when they meet and talk about their place in the world today. They seem to take it for granted that they—teachers, performers, and composers—are fixed species without which the universe is inconceivable. They think of themselves as beginning and maintaining the cycle by which art comes into being. They do recognize that there must at some later point be a public—or as it is usually called today “a society”—which has the duty of keeping the arts alive; but this duty is taken to mean supporting the professionals, out of taxes if need be, and asking no questions. In short, the vocabulary and mental habits of our time foster the illusion that every cultural pursuit is carried on by experts for its own sake—whatever that may mean—or else for the sake of training future professionals.

But this self-sufficiency is not so inveterate that it does not occasionally suspect its own adequacy, and signalize it by calling for the dossier of the amateur and looking into it (as I have been asked to do) for the data on his apparently unavoidable existence.

Jacques Barzun, Professor of History at Columbia University, is an author, lecturer, critic and teacher of far-ranging interests and accomplishments. Many of his books, expressing the viewpoint of a cultural historian involved with all of the arts, deal directly with music. These include: *Darwin, Marx and Wagner* (1941), *Romanticism and the Modern Ego* (1943); *Berlioz and the Romantic Century*

(1950); *Pleasures of Music* (1951). Mr. Barzun's most recent book is a bi-lingual edition of 150 unpublished Letters of Berlioz, published by the Columbia University Press in December 1953.

*This essay contains the substance of a lecture delivered before the Society for Music in the Liberal Arts College in December 1949. Copyright by Jacques Barzun, 1954.

Once a term of distinction derived from the idea of love, "amateur" now denotes a mongrel type and connotes disdain. The amateur is not a philistine but he is incompetent, he scatters his energies, and he never sees things from the correct or professional point of view. Like all unclassified people in a world of organized functions, he is a nuisance. For in the last one hundred and fifty years the liberal arts have split and split again, like the original amoeba. The sciences dropped off first, then each separate art or science; and within each, every separate activity, marked by labels and degrees, to a point where mankind is now divided into the two cultural classes of haves and have nots. You are licensed or you are not. This demarcation is so strongly reenforced by our institutions, whether trade unions or educational establishments, that it is no wonder the amateur looks anachronistic, primitive in his wholeness, close to the amoeba.

Yet when we examine the "society" to which we assign the role and duty of supporting the professionals, we find that it shows no unanimous, spontaneous desire to maintain the arts and discharge its duty. Certain *persons* have this desire and voluntarily assume the duty; and on inquiring into their status or quality one finds that they are in their diverse ways amateurs. Rightly or wrongly, with or without capacity, they love this or that art, or all the arts, and pay for the privilege. They take lessons, they attend concerts, they read books, they buy discs—some of them strive to become good performers. More, they talk and publicize their tastes. It is clear that they form no homogeneous group of perpetual laymen, but present rather a variety of interests and accomplishments that grow and change with circumstances and the passage of time. As a type "the" amateur does not exist; and as a group he turns out to be "the" public for the several arts—the public we professionals invoke and flatter in the abstract, the indispensable public.

Similarly, "the" professional is a myth, or at best an unlikely hypothesis, presupposing as the term does a near-identity of training, powers and purposes among a host of people. It is not merely their specialization as teachers and performers, composers and critics, that divide them, but a hundred differences of temperament, ability, and artistic ideology. The professional label spells uniformity only in the great conspiracy against the public. When you go behind the scenes and listen to the heartfelt gossip of the guild, you discover that no one within it really knows his business except the speaker and his revered teacher, now safely gathered.

As a guildsman myself, I can see that this is exactly as it should be: any artistic conviction worth the name implies a stubborn singleness of vision which usually (not always) blots out the merit of others.

Add to this the normal dose of envy and jealousy, and you have for every profession no company of mutually respectful equals but a regular gradation of imperfect aspirants to the good. A parallel gradation necessarily obtains among amateurs, and it follows that by applying rigorously any test of pure talent one would find many an amateur high up among the professionals and many a professional down among the duffers.

A test of pure talent is of course quite imaginary, and the distinction between professional and amateur remains real, indeed obvious. Only, it rests on other grounds than those commonly assumed, especially by the professionals themselves. It does not, as we just saw, signify a difference in native gifts, nor in devotion to the particular art, nor in the understanding and judgment of art at large. What it signifies is almost a tautology: the amateur does not earn, or try to earn, his livelihood by exercising the art of his choice; as a consequence he is free from certain compulsions inseparable from being artisan as well as artist.

To put it the other way around, the professionals resemble and recognize one another by virtue of the stigmata that their trade has left upon them. They are like the dog in the fable, whose collar had made an indelible mark around his neck. The amateur is the shaggy wolf whom no dog had better trust too far. Knowing certain things, using certain words, dealing with routine difficulties in a certain way are the characteristics of the professional. Some of this knowledge and prowess is indeed necessary, but much of it is arbitrary and changes with time and place. A professional pianist of 1890 would probably sound "amateurish" today, just as a modern singer would sound amateurish—downright untrained—to an eighteenth-century jury of Italian professionals. There is a sense in which "professional standards" are but conventions for creating solidarity in place of the critical judgment that might destroy the guild. X may not grasp the essence of music but he's heard of tonic sol-fa—and what's more, he's taught it. The counterpart of this is the judgment that defines the amateur: "He doesn't even know . . ."; "he hasn't even heard of . . ." some elementary thing. In the eyes of the die-hard professional, no amount of genius will outweigh some glaring deficiency in the supposed rudiments, for the lack strips the man of his blazon and forces his antagonist to test their respective powers in action.

This reminder of the conventionality of professional standard does not mean that other things being equal the amateur is "as good as"

the career man. To begin with, in such matters other things are never equal; they are incommensurable. In the second place, the application, the ambition, the obsession of the great professional is bound to make him absolutely superior to the finest amateur in all that is subject to the will. And the time spent on self-perfecting breeds habits that sustain or replace the will when it flags. In this regard, James Agate said the definitive word: "A professional is a man who can do his job when he doesn't feel like it." When the professional does feel like it and deploys the full strength of his native talents and acquired perfections, he is quite simply the great artist of our dreams, the paragon by which all others, professional and amateur, are measured.

But by this very definition, the sublime professional in whom all is genuine gift and discipline, not tricks of the trade eking out faults of nature, is what the scientists call a limiting case, that is to say, an ideal example constructed from partial observations of life. In actuality the advantages of professionalism are acquired at a price, great or small, and it behooves the critic to assess this impartially, just as it behooves him to spur and chide the amateur. The critic must in fact play one off against the other in the interest of art.

This dialectical opposition of persons is of course the parallel to the tension within the work of art between form and contents. We may properly concede that the distinction lies in the mind rather than in the work, for we perceive contents and form as one thing. Yet it remains a fact that in both creation and performance there come moments when only one demand can be satisfied, that of structure or that of meaning. We accordingly have the right to contrast technique and musicianship, polish and verve, dexterity and intelligence, precision and passion, ritual and spirit; and if we are wise we want all of each that is compatible with its contrary.

The role of the amateur is to keep insisting on the primacy of style, spirit, musicianship, meaning over any technical accomplishment. It is idle to say that he does this because he has the taste of sour grapes upon him. Perhaps he does envy the professional his technique, but he has also good reason to deplore it when offered as a substitute for thought. And it cannot be denied that the congenital disease of professionals is creeping anesthesia. They cease to hear, see, and think. It is for example the professionals who keep in print a large quantity of third- and fourth-rate music because it favors their instrument or is useful in teaching. It is the professionals who misguide the public by vain displays of virtuosity, competitions of speed or trivial accuracy, appeals by specious means to irrelevant emotions.

When I say that the professionals do this, I do not mean to imply that

they are not tempted and abetted by the public. The corruption moves along an endless chain in which both public and performer prefer mechanics to art as being more showy, easier to command, less of a strain on the judgment—and hence sure-fire as regards applause and box-office returns. The by-product is to make still more difficult and uncertain the success of true art.

On this score the testimony of history is overwhelming. The best critics of every generation have groaned at the dearth of genuine artists amid a plenty of professionals. They have railed and stormed at the vulgarity of accepted tricks or traditions that denatured the meaning or quality of masterpieces. This purging of professional error can only be carried on with the aid of amateur taste and amateur performance: the critic is seldom himself a singer or actor, and he derives his notions of the possible from what he observes outside the professional arenas: "Miss Z. has no voice but how she can sing! If only our professionals, etc. . . ."

Again, the history of creation is but a succession of battles between amateurs of genius—inspired heretics—and orthodox professionals. Every art has escaped sterile imitation and Alexandrianism only because men of genius broke up the old routines. We should remember more often than we do how many great artists were never "properly" trained and so remained, in the eyes of the rest, rank amateurs: Schumann, Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Delius, Moussorgsky are a few that occur from recent history. Their genius, we say, overcame their lack of instruction, just as in opposite instances, it had to overcome an excess of same. No one but a mediocrity has ever been heard to approve his own education and the reason is plain. It seems part of the nature of things that all advance, all success in the unattempted, should be the work of the "irregulars". This is true even in the simpler world of machinery. We must take it as indicative that Edison and Ford both had a strong aversion to experts. As Ford put it in a brilliant phrase, the amateurs seem "less familiar with the impossible," and so conquer it more often.

The price the amateur pays for his singular power is of course very palpable: he wastes time, rediscovers what is known, and makes colossal blunders. But to dwell on any of these faults after they occur argues a weak, not a healthy, critical judgment. They are what we should expect and should dismiss from our minds without outcry, reserving our strength to praise the successful new achievement. If

this suggestion seems unfair after the advocacy of strict dealing with professionals, we must remind ourselves of their respective moral positions. The professional has pretensions; he has made a contract, registered a vow, to serve a particular art, and we hold him to it when he commits a breach of faith or palms off a counterfeit product. The amateur as such has no pretensions—whatever may be his personal egotism or self delusion. In fact and theory he is deemed superfluous and marginal, and he usually acts apologetic. Yet it is from him that historically we receive our best gifts. It follows that to be treated justly his hits should be counted and his misses forgotten. Unlike the professional's faults, the amateur's are harmless because they are atypical and no one will take them as models or precedents.

But there is a further reason why leniency is called for, and that is the neglected truth that all professionals are themselves amateurs in some part of their own domain, and therefore must sooner or later claim our indulgence. This reversal of roles is due to the same cause that produces the professional's chief virtue, and that is:

Concentration. The pianist, for example, has trained his hearing in a particular way; when it comes to playing with a string quartet he is probably insensitive to the refinements of their medium, cannot hear or gauge—much less direct—their efforts at perfection: he is an amateur in strings.

Doubtless a good pianist would soon conquer so elementary and physiological a handicap, provided he had the desire and the time. But an acquaintance with musicians or any other artists in the mass shows that the higher reaches of knowledge present the same unsuspected inequalities. Very few professional musicians respond with their whole mind and soul to the several kinds of music. Some actively dislike choral or orchestral works, others are devoted exclusively to the piano. Some will not listen to the organ, or to any music composed after 1700. The assumption that the term musician denotes a complete artist who can compose, play, hear, and lead any music is as obsolete as the notion that a doctor is a man who can treat a patient from head to toe. The professional of today is inevitably a specialist whom competition has made very searching in depth and detail, and very ignorant—if not scornful—of things outside his purview.

Nowhere is this more evident than in educational institutions, where the student is required to develop an interest in the liberal arts under the tuition of men who put their pride in ignoring all but one. This paradox of bad pedagogy seems invulnerable to reason, and in truth it is due not so much to intellectual rigor, or to the sense of one's limitations, as it is to laziness and misplaced fear. From this

mauvaise honte the amateur is largely free, and being free he can recognize and cherish the unity of culture. In the art of his predilection he moves easily among the various forms, styles, periods, persons. Usually he has an intuitive grasp of the identical relation of all the arts to human experience, and in his stumbling uninhibited way he helps to promote a common language of discussion and criticism. To that extent he works for true culture and for the ideal solidarity which the professions cannot help breaking up into exclusive camps. We should remember that the meaning of *esprit de corps* originally was (and in France still is) derogatory: it means clannishness at all costs, particularism; and it accordingly needs the corrective of otherness and cosmopolitan freedom.

To say all this is to say that in effect the relation of the amateur to the professional is that of the individual to society. The profession is a society. It conserves what the outsider creates, he being an outsider by the mere fact of his difference from the compact body. To be sure, he draws from them most of his knowledge and possibly even his desire to innovate. But what he brings is more than what he takes, and all in all his services to the community are irreplaceable. A world of professionals is an image to shudder at; it would not be a world peopled, and hence capable of novelty; it would be *staffed* and rolling in accredited grooves. We may complain and cavil at the anarchy which is the amateur's natural element, but in soberness we must agree that if the amateur did not exist it would be necessary to invent him.

Nicolai Berezowsky (1900 - 1953)

By Robert Ward

■ Nicolai Berezowsky, who died of a heart attack on August 27th, 1953, was a simple, open-hearted man. In thirty-two years of life in this country he absorbed much that is American, yet he never forgot his first twenty-one years of life in troubled Russia. His record as a student at the Juilliard School of Music, where he won a scholarship in 1924, was exemplary, and his career as a composer, conductor and violinist was marked by brilliant public success. He was widely admired by his colleagues. His generosity toward his fellow composers involved little in the way of lip-service but a great deal as conductor and violinist, in the tangible form of fine performance of their music. There is almost no organization devoted to the interests of contemporary music to which he did not give unselfishly from the total range of his abilities. The material comfort which surrounded his personal life was a simple gift of fate rather than anything striven for, or even mattering very greatly to him. To have thought of it as being symptomatic of the state of his inner feeling was not to have known him at all. There was ever about him that quality, typical of the most admirable characters of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky, of seeing very clearly the sickening muss and fuss in the world about him, and never, even in moments of the most animated gayety, being able to shut out the spectral brooding.

Time will probably prove him a more "advanced" composer than many of his contemporaries at whose feet have assembled highly articulate schools. For the clearest signs would seem to indicate that the future development of the art will involve the absorption of the entire gamut of its tradition into the language of our own time. In a completely personal way this ideal is already achieved in Berezowsky's music. For him, working toward such a goal was so natural that it

Trained at the Eastman School of Music, the Juilliard Graduate School, and the Berkshire Music Center, Robert Ward is the recipient of numerous awards and grants, including a Guggenheim Fellowship and several commissions for compositions. Originally planning to become a brain-surgeon, he has now turned his

medical interest to musical use, serving as conductor of the Doctors' Orchestral Society of New York, an amateur orchestra made up primarily of medical men. He is also music director of the Third Street Music School Settlement and is a member of the Literature and Materials faculty at Juilliard.



Nicolai Berezowsky

would never have occurred to him as a subject necessary to expound to another musician. Indeed, expounding at length about anything, — his verbal expression of a complex thought would begin with a clause or two and then trail off in "and so on, and so on" — (and if one knew him, one understood perfectly well) — was foreign to his nature. By contrast, his ability to speak in any musical medium was authoritative, and equal to conveying feelings of any degree of subtlety or blunt force he desired. Essentially his greatest gift was for a broad lyrical line, developed through his early experience as a boy soprano in Russia and his lifelong participation in every form of music involving the violin. The essence of any given movement is unerringly caught in the first few measures of melody. This is as true of the allegros, which tend to start graciously or in a folk manner and move to unexpected heights of power, as it is of the piquant scherzos and warm, impassioned adagios. His imagination in writing for the modern orchestra was one of the finest of our time and his command of its resources was absolute. Despite the fact that he used harmonic materials ranging from the simple diatonic to extremely dissonant tonal complexes, atonality is never so much as suggested. Though conventional contrapuntal textures are infrequent, there is a unique and lively polyphony almost constantly. The result is that the linear element and vertical sonority are inseparable. Because of the sheer attractiveness of his melodic line, one is not aware at first of the degree to which contemporary rhythmic techniques are employed, not as clichés but as the basic vitalizing ingredient. His music is therefore a rich experience in every aspect. He never taught extensively in his lifetime, yet the contemplation of what he achieved in his scores is a rare lesson in every facet of the art.

In a list of his works we find substantial contributions to every repertory except the song and solo piano literature. His finest work is to be found in the four symphonies, the concertos and the instrumental chamber music. The last work he completed was an opera, "Babar the Elephant," based on the superb Brunhoff stories for children. This somehow seems completely fitting in the light of his exuberant delight in young people and his profound affection for them. The music is at once bizarre and brilliantly capricious. It has been enthusiastically received by those who have heard it.

In his untimely death the musical world lost one of its most impassioned singers and one of its most lovable spirits. Few colleagues have possessed so many fine attributes, and almost none have ever borne them more modestly.

Some Obligations of the Young Professional

■ When I was about fifteen, and a piano student, I used to go quite often to concerts. I was, however, very sectarian in my choice of musical pleasure, and for a while I limited my listening to nothing but piano recitals. My predisposition was impartial before each concert, but my reactions were of two kinds when the recitals were over, because the pianists were of two kinds.

The bad ones gave me an intense desire to work harder and harder in order to reach a point at which technique and understanding would one day permit me to avenge "MUSIC" (with a capital M) of the outrageous treatment she had just endured. I could hardly wait until the next morning to jump on my stool and start fighting with the keyboard.

The good ones, on the contrary, had a very bad influence upon my morale; they were so good that, despairing of ever reaching their high level as performers, I thought at times of choosing another career, since music already had such magnificent servants.

This somewhat childish attitude of mine disappeared under the influence of my teachers, and I will always be grateful to all of them,

Born in 1903, Jean Morel received his musical training and much of his early conducting experience in France. A piano student of Isidor Philipp, he worked with Reynaldo Hahn as accompanist and student of lyric repertoire, and, at the age of twenty, became an instructor of lyric interpretation at Fontainebleau. He also studied composition, and early became a choral conductor, working with many outstanding composers including Stravinsky and Honegger. However, it is as an orchestral and opera conductor that he is best known. He has served as one of the conductors of the Opera Comique in Paris, and succeeded Pierre

Monteux as permanent conductor and president of the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris. In 1939 he came to America, and served as conductor of the Opera Rio de Janeiro and Opera Mexico as well as appearing with the New York City Symphony and the New York City Center Opera. He is at present the conductor of the Juilliard Orchestra.

This article is taken from an address delivered by Mr. Morel at the 49th annual Convocation Exercises of Juilliard School of Music, October 7, 1953.

from the famous Isidor Philipp and Gabriel Pierné to Noel Gallon and Motte Lacroix, for making me realize that "MUSIC" (still with a capital M!) needs servants of every kind, all equally useful if they are devoted to her.

There have been times when a young musician would go to a conservatory in very much the same way one goes to the bank; that is, concerned only with one's own interests. It is in reaction against such attitudes that modern educators are more and more concerned about collective efforts, collective accomplishments, and, therefore, collective life.

At our last faculty meeting in May, Dean Schubart brought up an apparently innocent question: "What must we do in order to make the newcomer feel at ease in our School?" From here on, I will address myself to the new students, and I will take the liberty of distorting Mr. Schubart's question to consider with you, "What has the *newcomer* to do in order to feel at ease in the School?"

This is of extreme importance for the "newcomer", because his sense of ease, and therefore of pleasure, will depend largely on his realization of what is constructive in his direct relations with the "Juilliard Community."

Within every class, competition between young virtuosi maintains a life that the influential authority of the teacher regulates quite easily. But it is through the action of different spheres of musical activity that the metamorphosis of the newcomer into a member of the community must take place; and this metamorphosis cannot be achieved without a tremendous amount of curiosity on the part of the newcomer.

In order to feel at ease, it is necessary that he realize that, just as there are no barriers between the lives outside of and within the school, neither are there any between the life of one class and the life of another, or between the activity of one department and the activity of another.

If the newcomer ever gets the idea that, behind fifty closed doors, fifty kinds of specialists are preparing for the beautiful day (but will it be a beautiful day?) when they will have to assume independently the responsibility of contributing to the development of music as a constructive force, if he ever feels like a traveler on a train, meeting other people for a short trip without having any desire to know any of them better, a part of our educational purpose is defeated. Therefore, I suggest the need for a mutual curiosity on the part of the pianists about the orchestra and the singers, the singers and violinists about the woodwind players, the woodwinds about the pianists. Without being too technical, I can suggest at this point some aspects of the

beneficent influence of such a mutual interest. One student would develop a greater care for diversified sonority, another would learn how to breathe without distorting the lyricism, another to breathe in order to restore it (I am thinking of instrumentalists), and everyone would find reasons to develop his rhythmical sense. (I use the word "rhythm" in the sense of "expressive pulsation", and, not merely the steady control of a given speed.) I also wish to suggest the importance of actively participating in the *making* of music and of developing the ability to *read* music fluently.

To show how deeply convinced I am of the necessity of participating as intently and intensively as possible in the actual making of music, live music, in order to arrive at the most intimate knowledge of the text, I should like to quote, not a musician, but an actor. Louis Jouvet said:

For the comedian, the play is a kind of sporting test. The personage whom he represents, the conversations in which he takes part on the stage, the actions which he accomplishes there, represent his way of getting acquainted with the author, his only way to know him . . .

and elsewhere:

The ones one should not believe, the ones one should not consult, are the commentators!

This should not be mistaken for an invitation to distrust the analyst, but only as a warning to keep away from all the literature which has been written by people who did not feel as we do, who did not work as we do, who were not "musicians" in the noblest meaning of the word. It is with pleasure that I see a musician like Benjamin Britten going even further than Jouvet. I quote:

One of the most serious dangers to the future of music seems to me to lie in the crop of interpreters, commentators, explainers and synthesizers, who make such comfortable livings telling the public that music is really very simple and easy to understand, and available to anyone who absorbs this or that easy approach. Any honest musical craftsman can tell you it is not.

We are more efficient than men of letters in approaching the heart of a musical piece. We have the ability to read and the ability to perform. Not even the most faithful recording can replace actual playing in our search for the composer's intentions. Our reading ability remains our most precious means of beginning to achieve a sincere and profound understanding of the composer, as a man as well as an artist.

The word "reading," however, seems to have a strange and powerful effect on many musicians, perhaps because it has not been explained

and defined. For example, some student-composers have very often asked me, "When will you read my score?" or said, "I do not expect a performance, just a reading." We know and you know, from experience, that only a facile reading ability, equally well distributed among all performers, would enable such a "reading" to make musical sense. Can we say that such is always the case? Honestly, no.

Another illusion, widely shared by too many weak readers, is that their ability will develop by reading in groups. I will say frankly that I cannot endorse the utopian project of assembling ninety players to torture and murder a musical piece, solely to give the poor readers an opportunity to improve. If they really wanted to, they could easily do this otherwise.

If we are to give satisfaction to the legitimate curiosity of the best equipped members of the orchestra by allotting some of our orchestral time to reading sessions devoted to new works, it can only be done if the new members, considering it an honor to belong to the orchestra, do their utmost (because their best is not enough) to fill the gap which separates them from their fellow performers better equipped, and thereby prove that they deserve this honor.

I have seen the best players too often restless and impatient, waiting for their friends who are handicapped by reading difficulties to join them for the next step. I have understood their impatience; I have sympathized with their sufferings. Should you keep in mind this appeal to your sense of respect for your fellow-artists, our work would be greatly facilitated.

As a conclusion to this already long discussion, I could tell you how, when I was a boy, I developed my reading ability. I must admit that I had been well trained to sight-sing before I even put my hands on a piano, for the excellent reason that my father did not have the money to buy a piano at the time I started to read music. But I remember very well that I always felt an inextinguishable desire to read any piece of music I laid my hands on.

There was no radio in those days. There was no such thing as the 58th Street Library or the Juilliard Library. But a neighbor who used to live on the seventh floor played the violin and, in a baritone voice, sang with no volume but with taste. He was a subscriber to a Rental Library. Every week my neighbor arrived with a new load of music, from short pieces to sonatas, from art songs to operas. I don't remember how many pounds of music passed in front of my eyes and under my fingers every week during those years of my youth.

Today, spoiled by the radio and recordings, the very young musician, threatened by laziness, spends most of his time of inquiry in listening instead of reading, and he is astonished when he is told that his reading ability is not what it could and should be.

To demonstrate that the so-called "progress" represented by recordings and the radio contains a seed of destruction, let me tell you that in the nineteen-twenties, in Paris, most publishing houses, Durand, Hugel, Max Eschig, Hamelle, and others, had rental libraries and were proud of their thousands of subscribers. Today these rental libraries have all disappeared, because there are no longer enough customers who read. Thanks to radio and recordings, the customers and the public have become, in the *worst* sense of the word, "amateurs". The upright piano has disappeared from the family's belongings in order to make room for the radio and the television set. The prospect is that very soon we will have millions of music lovers, perfectly illiterate, trying to fool themselves with some kind of "appreciation" instead of direct contact with music.

You can prevent this dangerous development from taking place here in America only by becoming a propagandist for direct, actual music-making in every community, and by working to develop competent sight-readers who can contribute to this music-making.

Just a few words now on your function in the orchestra in relation to the life of the School. Besides the preparation for professional duties — because it is from your ranks that, in the near future, conductors will choose their collaborators — there are some moral qualities which have to be developed if they do not exist already. Among them, as a by-product of the honor conferred upon every player, is a certain pride in being a member of the orchestra.

This group has the duty of developing an open-minded attitude and of maintaining a close and affectionate relationship with the creations of our day, inside of the School as well as outside. I should like also to witness the development of your respect and love for the past as well as the transformation of your devoted curiosity into love for the present.

I doubt if any sort of discipline from outside will ever develop this sense of devotion to our common task unless you accept it readily in your hearts. The true artist readily accepts the necessity for developing his own abilities in order to place them at the service of music. I hope that this is the kind of artist you wish to become.

The tragic death of William Kapell took place on October 29, 1953, as the plane carrying him and a score of others crashed near San Francisco. An alumnus of Juilliard, Mr. Kapell had looked forward to his return to the school as a member of the faculty, and had planned to arrive in New York at the beginning of November to assume his new duties.

The touching memorial by Claudia Cassidy, music critic of *The Chicago Tribune*, appeared in that newspaper on October 30, 1953, and is reprinted here with the kind permission of Miss Cassidy and *The Chicago Tribune*.

In Memory of William Kapell

By Claudia Cassidy

■ No one will deny the loss to music that was the sudden, violent, pitifully shocking death of William Kapell, just 31, killed in a plane crash on the homecoming lap of a long and exhausting Australian tour. To those who valued him as a pianist, the loss will be one of degree; to those who loved him as pianist and friend, it is irreparable.

When I say as pianist and friend, the words fall in that order by natural sequence. Willy was a pianist first, last and always. You had to understand that. There was in him the relentless, terrible and wonderful compulsion of genius. He had to play. He had to play better than anyone else in the world. This was not vanity. It was nothing so cheap, so ephemeral, so unworthy. It was an ever deepening sense of responsibility. It was humility in the face of music.

When I first heard him at Ravinia in 1943, he was 20, catapulted to fame by the Khachaturian Concerto he was playing. It was not much of a concerto, but no one else has played it like that, with beauty and sweep and fire. It served notice, that concerto, of what was to come. Perhaps it was only just that it came, in a flood of splendor, at that same Ravinia in the summer of 1947. He played the Third Rachmaninoff Concerto, which he was to have played this New Year's eve with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony orchestra in Orchestra Hall.

No one who heard it will forget that performance. With it Kapell moved into the company of Horowitz and Rachmaninoff himself, who

alone had conquered the citadel of that strange concerto, which is cheap unless it is magnificent. He forged the full splendor of the score from his amazing equipment of poetry and fire, of impishness and blazing technique. He conjured its curious fragrance by coaxing from the piano its loveliest songs.

From then on it was to me just a question of time when Kapell would be the foremost pianist. Season after season, that time came closer. He played crystalline Mozart, a Bach suite of unforgettable purity of tone. His Brahms rose from the deepest lyricism, yet knew the inimical and the brusque. It poured out in a torrent of fabulous performance last season in the most extraordinary performance I have known of the D Minor Concerto. I called that playing fabulous. The word stands.

These were performances the world knew. Some of the most beautiful only his friends shared. He was not ready to give them to the public. He would come to our house late at night, after relentless hours of the slavery that is practice, and he would listen to a few records. To Caruso, for that prodigal outpouring of glorious tone. To Schnabel, whom he adored. To the quality of Rachmaninoff the pianist, Horowitz the technical wizard. Serkin's Beethoven, the voluminous Rubenstein tone. But the piano always recaptured and held him, whatever the hour, and the neighbors never complained. Perhaps they knew their luck. For they heard Schubert, Schumann, Beethoven, the music of Spain, the Bach to come — they heard what is now unbelievably no more.

It is not easy to be such a pianist. It means slavery, sacrifice. It means in the concert hall to open your heart so wide you are incredibly vulnerable. He was, this smouldering, passionate young pianist, generous, lovable, deeply gentle of heart. I loved his playing above all other playing, and this can scarcely be a secret to anyone who has read this column. So not for myself, but to tell you what he was like, now that he is gone, here is a part of one of his last letters:

"Why do you think playing in Chicago always is some sort of test for me? Because I know there is one incredible woman whose heart can't be misled. So, neither is mine. And God alone realizes how creatures such as I need you to inspire them with an unwavering standard. Music isn't enough. Performers aren't enough. There must be someone who loves music as much as life. For you, and remember this always, those of us with something urgent to say, we give everything."

Kapell gave, and I am eternally grateful that I was here to listen.



Photo: Fred Fahl

William Kapell

By Stoddard Lincoln

Letter from Europe

■ There is a great difference between the performance of old music as a revival or as a tradition. Although both results may be equally far away from the style of performance when the work was written, the traditional performance has the advantage of a direct line to the original source which preserves the spirit of the work, so often lacking in the revival. In England the performance of music is fed by tradition. Whether music is made in the home, performed in the colleges and churches, or presented to the public via concert hall, radio or recordings, the living tradition is always present to give a vitality which is felt by audiences as well as by performers.

My first immediate experience with this liveliness of tradition was in the home of Mary Potts, the wife of a professor at Cambridge and a fine harpsichordist. She owns a magnificent Shude built in the eighteenth century, the sort of instrument that Handel played on. We spent many hours playing for each other, delighting in the instrument's beautiful tone, and exploring the possibilities of registration

Stoddard Lincoln, young American harpsichordist, is a graduate of Juilliard School of Music, where he studied with Fernando Valenti. He is at present an Assistant in Juilliard's Literature and Materials of Music Department, and is the organizer and director of The Baroque Singers. Mr. Lincoln is pre-

paring a monograph on the work of John Eccles and other composers of the English Restoration Theater. His most recent appearance as soloist was in the Thomas Arne Concerto in G Minor for Harpsichord, with the Juilliard Orchestra.

offered by the machine stop and the Venetian shutter. (This is a covering for the instrument somewhat like a Venetian blind which one can open or close at will, thus creating various gradations of volume.) While playing a Byrd Pavan and Galliard, I asked Mrs. Potts how fast she thought they should go. "Well," she said, as she picked up a couch and put in on the other side of the room, "the steps are quite complicated. The galliard is much slower than one would think as there is a good deal of jumping around to do on each beat." She proceeded to perform the two dances for me as I played them until the whole room was rocking with the rhythms she set up. I now know from empirical demonstration how fast these dances should be played.

This sort of experience with music in the home is frequent in England, and it is impossible to predict what one will hear. I spent an evening with Thurston Dart, for example, and, knowing him to be an excellent musicologist as well as one of the best harpsichordists I have heard to date (it is a shame we have not heard him in this country), I expected an evening devoted to keyboard music of some sort. Instead, to my surprise and delight, he and some friends thought it would be a pleasant change to play some music for the viols. A chest of viols was duly brought out and the evening was devoted to reading music by Henry VIII, Gibbons, Locke and Purcell. After several hours of playing they turned to me and apologized for having ignored me all evening!

Fine instruments are found everywhere. In home and museum they are kept in perfect playing condition as a matter of course. One can visit Fenton House in London and play on Handel's instrument, or one can visit a maker such as Thom Gough and play on modern instruments that are still having the final touches put on them. In Cambridge especially, one finds the combination of original music open to all in the libraries, musicologists to help with the scholarship required, instruments to play on, and performers and audiences eager to experience the results.

May Week in Cambridge provided illustration of this. I spent the better part of two weeks going from one college concert to another, hearing madrigals from punts on the Cam, vespers at King's College Chapel, and performances of Purcell's "Bonduca," "The Fairy Queen," and "The Libertine" in the college courtyards. Although the participants were amateurs, one was far more aware of the music itself than of the quality of performance. Original instruments were used without any appearance of falseness. The performances were very spirited and there were many genuinely beautiful moments.

It was during the performance of "The Fairy Queen" that I first

heard another English specialty: the counter-tenor. A young, good-looking chap I had seen shell-racing on the river the afternoon before took his place on the platform, and proceeded to produce a high, rich falsetto tone that I would have mistaken at first for Kathleen Ferrier. The tone was clear, without a waver, and blended wonderfully with the harpsichord and lute. I felt that for the first time in my life I was hearing Purcell's music as it should be done, but I wish I had been warned about what was coming, for the initial shock of hearing a man produce this sound was staggering. England's greatest counter-tenor, Alfred Deller, presents an even greater contradiction in sound and appearance. He is six feet tall, rather heavy, and his sweet tone is produced from a small mouth found under a neat black moustache. If, by any chance, a counter-tenor should appear on the American concert platform, I am afraid that the conventional American idea of super-virility would be quite offended; but the sound is beautiful, and very much appreciated by English audiences.

Cambridge is also the source of much material for the B.B.C. broadcasts and for the editions of the *Musica Britannica*, the English version of the German and Austrian *Denkmaler*. *Musica Britannica* will eventually publish a vast amount of early English music in handsome editions that have so far been not only scholarly but extremely practical from a performance standpoint.

The music for the Coronation was a pageant of functional composition ranging from John Redford to William Walton. One wondered how the music of composers so diverse as Byrd, Handel, Wesley, Stanford, Parry and Vaughan Williams would blend. The success of this mixture seems to me to lie in unity of purpose and in a continuous tradition of ceremonial. The popular Victorian composers, Stanford and Parry, knew how to write good music, and I must say that I came away with new respect for them.

Covent Garden attractions included Britten's "Gloriana," a first-rate production of Bellini's "Norma" with Maria Callas, and seasons by the Sadler's Wells Ballet and the Danish Ballet. I enjoyed the pageantry of the Britten, and was greatly impressed by the beautiful quality of sustained line and skillfully built climax in the "Norma." The Sadler's Wells Ballet is also capable of sustained line, and can make unified and coherent pieces of "Sylvia," "Cinderella," or "Swan Lake." The ability to sustain a classical line for a complete evening in opera or ballet is something we rarely see in America. Perhaps the idea of tradition may again be invoked as explanation.

The Danish Ballet is perhaps the purest survival of the early nineteenth century French tradition. If the leg movement and the *port de bras* seem very restricted to us, it is because while the older and heavier costumes have been modified, the choreography has retained its original form. Although this company was very popular in London, I wonder what the American reaction will be. London and New York differ widely at times in taste. The English think of our New York City Ballet as more athletic than anything else. They have not yet had the opportunity of seeing our modern dance as represented by Martha Graham, Pearl Lang or José Limon.

On the Continent I became a real tourist. In Florence I went to what was announced as a concert of authentic Baroque music at the Pitti Palace. The program advertised a cembalo and looked most inviting. With high expectations I bought tickets and entered the austere courtyard to find it bathed in amber light. A few instrumentalists, who would have formed a nicely balanced ensemble, came on; but then, to my horror, more and more kept piling in until finally there was an enormous string orchestra complete with four or five double basses, and more 'celli than Berlioz would have known what to do with. The cembalo, alas, was a concert grand piano, clearly audible through the entire mess. The music billowed through the court in lush arrangements that would have made even such solid classicists as Respighi blush. This was accepted by the tourists, including many musicians, as the true style of playing early Italian music. (Who ever saw a Fra Angelico angel playing anything but a French horn or a pedal-harp?)

I was fortunate enough to arrive in Munich in time for the *Festspiele* given in the lovely little opera house there. The operas given included many Strauss works and such provocative bits as Pfitzner's "Palestrina" and Karl Orff's "Antigone." It is a pleasure to hear a work like Strauss' "Arabella." This is an Edwardian "Rosenkavalier" with all the zest of champagne dances, and fine lyric highspots which linger in the memory. Another such work is the same composer's "Die Liebe der Danae" which includes delicious ensembles between Jupiter, four of his former amours, and their present husbands. This opera is Strauss' most spectacular stage work, offering the attractions of mass choruses, machines for the gods, showers of gold, and the transformation scenes of Midas. Neither this work nor "Arabella" has been produced in America.

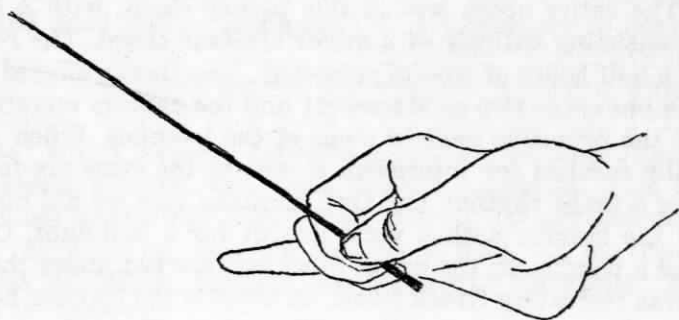
The unique work to hear in Munich is "Palestrina." It is full of "Meistersinger" and other German delicacies; also it is very long, the first act alone requiring almost two hours. In this act, Palestrina is inspired to write his great "Marcellus" Mass by a vision of his dead

young wife. The church fathers, later supplemented by three large blond German angels, dictate much of the music to him, but the final Agnus Dei is given to him in an authoritative version by a full regiment of the heavenly host complete with wings and a portable stained-glass window. The second act is a musical setting of the Council of Trent with the full college of Cardinals. Nothing but philosophizing remains for the last act, preparatory to the Pope's entrance on his throne. In this particular performance we nearly lost him on the way in; the four strapping youths carrying his chair forgot to check their overhead clearance. In spite of its ridiculous aspects, "Palestrina" is an impressive work and represents the German idealized attitude towards the artist. Historic facts remain in the dim past (Palestrina in reality married a wealthy widow) as long as there is opportunity for sentimentalizing.

"Antigone" is a different matter. The curtainless stage, representing the *skene* of a Greek theatre, was suddenly flooded with light. Antigone rushed out violently, singing an extremely high note. She was joined by sister Ismene equally violent an octave lower. After hearing enough of this to concede Orff an original opening, I was startled by a tremendous initial crash in the orchestra—which consisted of a brace of flutes, a pair of harps, several chests of 'celli and double-basses, and two pianos supplied with a rasher of players to hit, pluck, and scrape them. This was followed by long German sentences declaimed on the opening notes, until finally, much to our relief, Antigone moved down a fifth and her sister cleverly moved up a fourth. The entire opera was in this pseudo-chant, with a harmonic scheme consisting entirely of a minor six-four chord. The result was two and a half hours of woeful monotony. The chorus offered no relief (except a phrase or two of Massenet) and the dancers merely recalled a few of the primitive modern steps of the twenties. When Antigone was finally coralled for interment, it was to the same six-four chord throbbing a tango rhythm, and Orff, to make sure we did not miss it, supplied the heroine with a vocal line fit for a bull-fight. Orff must have read a treatise on the use of *mese* and worked under the illusion that he was recreating Greek music, an illusion the Italians held in the late sixteenth century but with a different result.

It was a joy to return to London and again submerge myself in the stacks of the British Museum. It was here that I realized the staggering amount of still untapped English music. My own research is in Restoration Theater music, especially that of John Eccles, but finding

it difficult to stay within arbitrary dates, I ranged the late 17th and all of the 18th century. Eccles' music contains a wonderful opera, "The Judgment of Paris," four charming masks from "Rinaldo and Armida," a magnificent ode to St. Cecelia, and innumerable short songs. Many other forgotten composers of this period wrote excellent songs, odes, and cantatas and could supply modern instrumentalists with much interesting solo and chamber music. There is a virtually untouched school of keyboard concerti and symphonies beginning with Handel, going on through Arne, Abel, and no less a person than Charles Wesley. This music was written for occasional use; the concerti were played between parts of an oratorio and the symphonies appeared as overtures to plays and operas. Each, however, eventually developed into an art form of its own. Mozart picked up elements of his keyboard style during the fifteen months he spent in London in his youth. Although many of these works are now performed by the B.B.C., they represent only a handful of what exists. I sincerely hope that within the next few years this earlier music of England will come into its own, and we will once again hear the graceful melodies and enjoy the carefully balanced proportions that are so characteristic of the British genius.



News of the School

As this first issue of THE JUILLIARD REVIEW goes to press we learn of the death of Allen Wardwell. Mr. Wardwell was by profession a lawyer and a most distinguished one. In the busy lives of musicians and in the accounts of music which reach the public there is little awareness that some men, not musicians, function as public spirited lay associates of musical organizations and are in the position of contributing mightily to the welfare of the art. Such a man was Allen Wardwell.

Mr. Wardwell served as a Director of Juilliard School for over twenty-five years and at the time of his death was Chairman of the Board of Directors. He was, since its inception, a Trustee of the Juilliard Musical Foundation and also served for a time as its President. But Allen Wardwell's energetic interest in the affairs of the School went beyond his duties as Director and Trustee. Perhaps because he himself was a cultivated amateur capable of competent performance at the keyboard and a lifelong listener of broad tastes to the symphonic and operatic literature: perhaps it was for these reasons that he understood so well the problems and aspirations of the professional musician.

It was fortunate for the School that a call to Allen Wardwell was all that was needed to receive the benefits of his disciplined mind. He had the ability to see the simple in the com-

plex, to understand the educational need divorced from the fiscal pressure and always to judge in terms of a deep faith which demanded and produced a warm and wise human response. For us he was a man of music. It is a pity that he could not have been known to more of the many students and teachers whose lives he enriched. I shall ever regard it a blessing that my position at the School permitted me to know this remarkable man.

WILLIAM SCHUMAN

New members of Juilliard School of Music faculty include RALPH HUNTER, acting director of the Juilliard Chorus, OSCAR SHUMSKY, violin instructor, and DR. C. HAROLD GRAY who is the director of the Division of Academic Studies.

The total enrollment in the school for 1953-1954 is 1282 students, of whom 659 are in the regular division. Included in this figure are 67 foreign students representing 24 foreign countries.

RICHARD RODGERS has donated a scholarship to the School, which the administration has designated as the Richard Rodgers Scholarship. This will provide in perpetuity a year's full tuition to the most deserving student of composition, for continued study at the School. This Scholarship was

announced at the June 1953 commencement exercises, and the first recipient is LOUIS CALABRO, a June 1953 graduate.

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During the summer of 1953, the school undertook the redecoration of the Concert Hall and the Recital Hall. The Concert Hall has been repainted, new lighting fixtures installed, the seats re-upholstered, and a new stage curtain installed. This is the first major decoration and improvement made in the Concert Hall in about twenty years.

The work in the Recital Hall has been much more extensive, involving major repairs as well as complete redecoration. New flooring, lighting, and seats

have been installed, the roof has been completely rebuilt, the ceiling has been treated with acoustic tile, and a new wall has been constructed at the rear of the hall in order to provide additional soundproofing. In addition, the stage and backstage facilities have been rebuilt, and the school has ordered a new organ from the Aeolian-Skinner Company which will be installed next summer. Except for the organ, the Hall is now finished and in regular use. This is the first work that has been done in the Recital Hall since its construction in 1910 (with the exception of painting) and the first attempt that has been made at major improvement. The architectural firm of Kahn and Jacobs who recently redecorated Carnegie Hall, was in charge of the renovation.

To the Alumni

A Message from William Schuman

We are publishing The Juilliard Review to serve two purposes: the first, to issue a "house organ" which will aid in developing a Juilliard community of graduates, students, faculty and staff; the second, to issue a magazine that will enlist the interest of cultivated musicians.

Our School will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in 1955. (The Institute of Musical Art was founded in 1905.) During this time over four thousand

students have graduated. In addition, there are many thousands of other students who studied at the School for shorter periods of time. Unlike most colleges which maintain carefully developed and professionally directed alumni associations, Juilliard (and the Institute of Musical Art, before it merged with Juilliard) relies, for the organization and direction of its alumni, on the voluntary part-time activities of busy people. That any Juilliard alumni organization has ex-

isted at all reflects great credit upon the efforts of a few indefatigable workers. All of us who are concerned with the future of the School are convinced that the time has now come to make a more concerted effort toward the development of a continuing Juilliard community. The Juilliard Review represents a move towards achieving this goal.

There are some who believe that a school such as ours cannot expect its graduates and former students to display the same kind of continuing loyalty and interest as is customarily found in graduates of liberal arts colleges. This view is based on the cynical belief that musicians are self-centered and so preoccupied with their own problems that the source of their learning is soon forgotten in the illusion that they were born with knowledge. I do not share this view and I am sure that the response to our efforts will prove me correct. There is no reason why our graduates and former students should not have the same opportunity of continuing association with their alma mater as do alumni of other institutions of higher learning. If as Juilliard alumni we do not have as a rallying point a huge football stadium or a campus of prairie-like dimensions, we nevertheless have more than their equivalent in the devotion that we all share to the ideals of the noble art we serve.

In the development of the Juilliard community, it is the responsibility of the School to see that its far-flung family is kept adequately informed. It is the responsibility of members of the family to support the School in any and all ways of which they are indi-

vidually capable. Each issue of the magazine will provide space in which to report on the many interesting things that take place in Juilliard, and will serve to keep readers informed of the activities of their colleagues.

In this connection, there is no doubt in my mind that many former students of the School will have articles of special interest to contribute. These articles will also serve as a means for faculty and alumni to share their experiences and their views with their colleagues.

As this first issue goes to press I am beginning my ninth year as President of the School. No one who lives music could ask for a greater opportunity than to work with Juilliard's distinguished faculty and gifted, determined students. Only faculty and students such as we continue to have could make possible the unique quality of our School. The reputation of the School is a direct result of the wisdom and foresight of those who guided it from its earliest days. It is my hope that this publication will serve as the beginning of a relationship between the present administration of the School and its alumni, however many the years that have separated us. It is my firm belief that the traditions of the Institute of Musical Art, the Juilliard Graduate School, and the Juilliard School, into which both have been merged, need the continuing interest and support of their former students. This interest and support is welcome encouragement for those of us who are charged with the rich, exciting, but by no means light, responsibilities of carrying on the heritage of a great institution.

Juilliard School of Music

Public Concerts (Friday evening series) November-December 1953

NOVEMBER 6, 1953

The Juilliard Orchestra

Jean Morel, Conductor

- Overture to *Der Freischütz* (1820).....Carl Maria von Weber
 Symphony in D Major, Prague, K. 504 (1786).....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
 Concerto for 'Cello and Orchestra in B Minor, Op. 104 (1895).....Antonin Dvorak
 MOSHE AMITAY, soloist
 Symphony No. 3 (1949, revised 1952).....Robert Ward

NOVEMBER 13, 1953

Juilliard String Quartet

- String Quartet No. 2 (1931).....Bernard Wagenaar
 Piano Quintet in F Minor, Op. 34 (1864).....Johannes Brahms
 BEVERIDGE WEBSTER, piano
 String Quartet No. 4 (1928).....Bela Bartok

NOVEMBER 20, 1953

A Concert of Chamber Music

- Sonata for Piano and Violin in G Major K. 379 (1781).....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
 ROBERT KOFF, violin
 LONNY EPSTEIN, piano
 String Quartet in A Minor, Op. 51 No. 2 (1858-73).....Johannes Brahms
 SEYMOUR WAKSCHAL, violin
 MURRAY ADLER, violin
 ARNOLD MAGNES, viola
 GEORGE SICRE, 'cello
 Songs by Hindemith, Ives, Schuman, Kagen and Barber
 SARAH JANE FLEMING, soprano
 DAVID GARVEY, piano
 Piano Trio in A Minor (1915).....Maurice Ravel
 JOAN BROWN, piano
 TERESA VANNIN, violin
 EDWARD BISHA, 'cello

A Festival Of British Music

DECEMBER 2, 1953

The Juilliard Orchestra

Jean Morel, Conductor

- Symphony No. 5 in B-flat, Op. 63.....Edmund Rubbra
 Symphonic Suite for Strings.....Maurice Jacobson
 "Les Illuminations" for Soprano and Orchestra, Op. 18.....Benjamin Britten
 MARTHA FLOWERS, soprano
 Enigma Variations, Op. 36.....Edward Elgar

DECEMBER 4, 1953

- "Awake, Awake! My Lyre".....John Blow
 SARAH JANE FLEMING, soprano
 RICHARD CHAPLINE, baritone
 STODDARD LINCOLN, harpsichord
 Small Chorus and Chamber Orchestra
 FREDERICK PRAUSNITZ, conductor

Songs by Dowland, Purcell, Ireland, Vaughan-Williams and Warlock

MACK HARRELL, baritone

SUZANNE BLOCH, lute

SERGIUS KAGEN, piano

String Quartet No. 2 in F-sharp.....Michael Tippett

THE JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET

Ode: "The Spacious Firmament on High".....John Worgan

RUSSELL OBERLIN, tenor

RICHARD CHAPLINE, baritone

STODDARD LINCOLN, harpsichord

SMALL CHORUS AND CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

FREDERICK PRAUSNITZ, conductor

DECEMBER 7, 1953

Elizabethan dances and music by Gibbons, Morley, Holborne, Tomkins, and Deering.

Vocal, instrumental and dance ensembles under the direction of

SUZANNE BLOCH and ANTONY TUDOR.

"On Wenlock Edge".....Ralph Vaughan-Williams

WILLIAM BLANKENSHIP, tenor

JEANEANE DOWIS, piano

STRING ORCHESTRA

FREDERICK PRAUSNITZ, conductor

Nonet for String Quintet, Harp, Flute, Oboe and Clarinet.....Arnold Bax

"The Moor's Pavane".....Henry Purcell

JOSE LIMON and Dance Company

THE JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA

FREDERICK PRAUSNITZ, conductor

DECEMBER 8, 1953

Venus and Adonis, an Opera-Masque.....John Blow

THE JUILLIARD OPERA THEATRE

FREDERIC WALDMAN, conductor

Facade, an Entertainment with Poems by Edith Sitwell.....William Walton

FLORENCE PAGE KIMBALL and ADOLPH ANDERSON, speakers

FREDERICK PRAUSNITZ, conductor

DECEMBER 11, 1953

Three MotetsWilliam Byrd

THE JUILLIARD CHORUS

RALPH HUNTER, conductor

Harpsichord Concerto No. 5 in G Minor.....Thomas Arne

STODDARD LINCOLN, harpsichord

CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

FREDERIC WALDMAN, conductor

Western Wynde Mass.....John Taverner

THE JUILLIARD CHORUS

RALPH HUNTER, conductor

BRITANNIA TRIUMPHANS, a Masque.....William Lawes

Staged and directed by

FREDERIC COHEN, SUZANNE BLOCH, FREDERICK KIESLER, ANTONY TUDOR,

and FREDERIC WALDMAN.

Faculty Activities

RECENT PUBLICATIONS:

Books:

JAMES FRISKIN AND IRWIN FREUND-
LICH: *Music for the Piano*, Rinehart
and Co., January 1954, \$5.00

MADELEINE MARSHALL: *The Singer's
Manual of English Diction*, G.
Schirmer, Inc., \$3.75

*The Juilliard Report on Teaching the
Literature and Materials of Music*,
W. W. Norton and Co., December
1953, \$3.00

Music:

VINCENT PERSICHETTI:

Piano Sonatine No. 1, Elkan-Vogel
Co., Inc.

Piano Sonatine No. 2, Elkan-Vogel
Co., Inc.

Piano Sonatine No. 3, Elkan-Vogel
Co., Inc.

Sixth Piano Sonata, Elkan-Vogel Co.,
Inc.

Serenade for Violin, Cello, and Piano,
Southern Music Publishing Co.

Pageant for Band, Carl Fischer, Inc.
Psalm for Band, Pikaron Music Pub-
lishers.

WILLIAM SCHUMAN: *Symphony* No. 6,
G. Schirmer, Inc.

String Quartet No. 4, G. Schirmer, Inc.

ROBERT WARD: *Adagio and Allegro
for Orchestra*, Southern Music Pub-
lishing Co.

FREDERICK ZIMMERMAN: Transcrip-
tions for the double-bass, International
Music Co.

RECENT RECORDINGS:

Composers:

HENRY BRANT: *Symphony in B flat*,
American Recording Society Orches-
tra, Hans Swarowsky, cond., American
Recording Society

VINCENT PERSICHETTI: *Divertimento
for Band*, in American Concert Band
Masterpieces, Eastman Wind Ensem-
ble, Frederick Fennell, cond., Mercury
LP.

WILLIAM SCHUMAN: *Symphony for
Strings*, Pittsburgh Symphony, Wil-
liam Steinberg, cond., Capitol LP.

George Washington Bridge, in Amer-
ican Concert Band Masterpieces, East-
man Wind Ensemble, Frederick
Fennell, cond., Mercury LP.

WILLIAM SCHUMAN, String Quartet
No. 4, for Columbia LP Modern
American Music series. Juilliard String
Quartet.

Performers:

JOSEPH FUCHS: Complete violin and
piano sonatas of Ludwig van Bee-
thoven (with Artur Balsam, pianist),
Decca LP.

Tchaikovsky Favorites (with an or-
chestra conducted by Tutti Cam-
morata), Decca LP.

For early release: Cesar Franck *Vio-
lin Sonata* and Gabriel Faure *Violin
Sonata* (with Artur Balsam, piano),
Decca LP.

MACK HARRELL: *Recital and Encores*,
Remington LP.

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET:

The Four Schoenberg Quartets (with
Uta Graf, soprano); Alban Berg,
String Quartet, opus 3; and Anton

von Webern, *Five Movements for String Quartet*. Set of 3 Columbia LPs.

Aaron Copland, *Sextet for String Quartet, Clarinet, and Piano* (with David Oppenheim, clarinet, and Leonid Hambro, piano). For Columbia LP Modern American Music Series.

LOUIS PERSINGER: *A Lesson on the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto*, number 1 of the "Master Class Series," Stradivari LP.

BEVERIDGE WEBSTER: *The Piano from Mozart to Bartok*, a history of piano literature, (program notes and analyses by Douglas Moore.) Perspective LP. This record was released as a "Salute to the Steinway Centennial."

NEW WORKS AND COMMISSIONS:

WILLIAM BERGSMAN: *Carol on Twelfth Night*, written on commission for the Louisville, Ky., Symphony, to be performed during 1954 season.

HENRY BRANT has completed a Symphony for 70 percussion instruments, a four-movement piece requiring 16 performers.

FREDERIC HART is currently at work on a one-act opera based on a story by Katherine Mansfield.

LOUIS HORST has completed a score for orchestra for a film entitled *The Flower Arrangements of Colonial Williamsburg*.

PETER MENNIN is currently working on a chamber piece commissioned by the Library of Congress — Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation.

VINCENT PERSICETTI is currently working on two commissions, one, a Symphony for Strings for the Louisville Symphony, the other a chamber work for the Koussevitsky Foundation.

BERNARD WAGENAAR: *A Short Overture*, written on commission for the Louisville, Ky., Symphony, to be performed during Winter 1954 season.

Five Tableaux for cello and orchestra have recently been completed. These are written for and dedicated to Edmund Kurtz who will play the premiere.

ROBERT WARD is working on a short piece for orchestra commissioned by the Louisville, Ky., Symphony, to be performed during the Spring 1954 season. He is also engaged in writing an opera entitled "Pantaloone," based on Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped," libretto by BERNARD STAMBLER.

FIRST PERFORMANCES OF NEW WORKS:

HENRY BRANT: *Signs and Alarms*, a work for ten wind instruments and percussion conducted by Leopold Stokowski, February 1953, Museum of Modern Art, New York City.

Rural Antiphonies, for symphony orchestra divided into five small orchestras and requiring five conductors, December 6, 1953, Cooper Union, David Broekman, Stuart Sankey, Sam Baron, Rayburn Wright, Wesley Linskoog conductors. This concert was one of a series sponsored by Musicians Union Local 802 and Broadcast Music Incorporated which commissioned this composition.

RICHARD FRANKO GOLDMAN: *Sonata for Violin and Piano*, commissioned by the National Federation of Music Clubs, May, 1953, Museum of Modern Art, JOSEPH FUCHS, violin, JOSEPH BLOCH, piano.

FREDERIC HART: *Mrs. Wienckus*, a cantata for solo baritone, chorus and orchestra, a setting of an E. B. White editorial from *The New Yorker*, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas, November 9, 1953.

PETER MENNIN: *Symphony No. 6*, written on commission for the Louisville, Ky., Symphony, November 18 and 19, 1953.

RONALD MURAT: three songs, *Darling those are birds*, *The Old Woman*, and *Green*, sung by Lois Hartzell, Aug-

ust 27, 1953, Connecticut Valley Festival, Deep River, Conn.

VINCENT PERSICHETTI: *Pageant* for Band, commissioned by American Bandmasters Association, March 1953, Miami, Florida, University of Miami Band, conducted by the composer.

Sonata for Solo Cello, commissioned by the Samaroff Foundation, May, 1953, Museum of Modern Art, New York City, Elsa Hilger, cellist.

Fourth Symphony will be premiered in New York during Winter-Spring 1954 season by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting.

WILLIAM SCHUMAN: *The Mighty Casey*, a baseball opera in three scenes based on the poem "Casey at the Bat," by Ernest L. Thayer, libretto by Jeremy Gury, received its first performance May 4, 1953 by the Hartt College of Music Opera Guild, Hartford, Conn.

BERNARD WAGENAAR: *Divertimento* for Chamber Orchestra, Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting, January 25, 1954, New York City.

OTHER ACTIVITIES:

FREDERIC COHEN will serve as a judge for the new Bernard Ravitch Music Foundation annual contest for a one-act opera in English.

AGNES DE MILLE's Dance Theatre is making a cross-country tour including 109 cities, from October 1953 to March 1954. Miss de Mille is also engaged in planning the choreography for a new Broadway production, *The Girl in the Pink Tights*.

JOSEPH FUCHS appeared last summer at the Prades Festival at the invitation of Pablo Casals. He has been invited to participate in an International Competition for Composers to be held in Rome during April 1954. Mr. Fuchs is the only American violinist who has been asked to perform in this Festival.

SASCHA GORODNITZKI and BEVERIDGE WEBSTER were among the performers invited to participate in the Steinway Centennial Celebration at Carnegie Hall, October 19, 1953.

MARTHA GRAHAM lectured at Town Hall in the Morning Lecture Series on November 18, 1953, speaking on *What the Dance Means to Me*.

ANNE HULL now holds the office of National Chairman of Publications of the National Federation of Music Clubs.

MILTON KATIMS conducted the N.B.C. Symphony in the first American performance of Paul Ben-Haim's Suite from Israel on Tuesday, October 20, 1953, at a concert in Madison Square Garden commemorating the 3,000th anniversary of the founding of Jerusalem.

JOSE LIMON and his Company are making two tours, one in the Fall throughout the South and East, and a cross-country Spring tour.

The Company appeared on the Ford Foundation television program Omnibus on November 15, 1953, performing *The Moor's Pavane*, FREDERICK PRAUSNITZ, conductor.

PETER MENNIN served as a judge for the ninth annual George Gershwin Memorial Contest for composers under the age of 30.

RONALD MURAT again served as director of the Connecticut Valley Music Festival, held in Deep River, Conn., which included four concerts on July 9, July 23, August 13, and August 27, 1953. He has announced a competition for young artists who are residents of Connecticut. The winner will receive a paid engagement during the 1954 Festival. Among the judges are MARK SCHUBART and Mr. Murat.

VINCENT PERSICHETTI will be a Visiting Lecturer in Composition at Cath-

olic University, Washington, D. C., in February 1954, at Peabody College, Nashville, Tenn., in April, 1954.

LEONARD ROSE is serving as a judge for the Musical Talent in Our Schools series, sponsored by the New York Times and radio station WQXR.

WILLIAM SCHUMAN was awarded an honorary Doctor of Music degree by the Cincinnati College of Music at their commencement exercises June 4, 1953.

WILLIAM SCHUMAN and RICHARD FRANKO GOLDMAN spoke on L & M at the meeting of the National Association of Schools of Music in Chicago on November 28, 1953.

NORMAN SINGER lectured for the Dance Notation Bureau Series (New York City) on October 3, 1953, speaking on country and folk dances

of England and the United States.

ROSALYN TURECK is conducting a course at Columbia University entitled Form and Interpretation of the Music of J. S. Bach.

ROBERT WARD presented a lecture and an evening of his own chamber works at Duke University, Durham, North Carolina, in May 1953. Performances were by students and members of the Duke faculty.

THE JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET presented a series of five concerts on November 15, 22, 29, December 6 and 13 at the New School for Social Research (New York City), comprising a cycle of the complete string quartets of Ludwig van Beethoven. They are again planning a cross-country tour during the winter season, 1953-1954.

Juilliard Alumni Association

At a meeting in November, 1953, the following were elected officers of the Juilliard Alumni Assoc. for '53-'54.

PRESIDENT: Karl Kraeuter

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT: Christine Phillipson Dethier

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT: Lilian Carpenter

SECRETARY: Belle Julie Soudant

TREASURER: Gerald Tracy

COUNCIL: Katherine Bacon, Florence Fogelson-Blumberg, Jeaneane Dowis, Joyce Flissler, David Garvey, Elizabeth F. Harris, Dallas Haslam,

Alton Jones, Elayne C. Kemp, Phyllis Kraeuter, Frances Mann, Bonnie Parcell-Meyerhoff, Gladys Mayo, Ronald Murat, Howard Murphy, Wesley Sontag, Robert Starer, Ruth van Doren-Swanton, Benjamin Wilkes.

The Alumni Scholarship Award for 1953-1954 was given to Mary Lou Wesley, pianist, nineteen years of age, of Plainfield, New Jersey. Miss Wesley is studying with Mme. Rosina Lhevinne. Miss Wesley's mother is Mrs. Andrew Wesley, nee Mary Hartman, 1922 (Juilliard Diploma).

The Alumni Panel of Judges was composed of Karl Kraeuter, President, Peter Wilhousky, past President, Katherine Bacon, and Gladys Mayo.

A Message to the Alumni

from Karl Kraeuter, President,
Alumni Association, Juilliard School of Music

In the recent elections of Alumni officers the largest ballot-response of any election to date has shown a strength and vitality in the organization which can only be a matter of gratification and self-congratulation to the Alumni Association of the Juilliard School. With the largest membership in its history, and an ever wider range of activities, the Alumni Association shows a new health and vigor. And this is as it should be. The Juilliard School needs a live and interested Alumni Association, and the Association too wants to feel that the School retains interest in its graduates far beyond commencement day, wherever they may be, and desires firm support and cooperation from its Alumni.

As a personal note too, there is the gratification and satisfaction received by this president in his re-election to office. With the renewed support and confidence shown by the electorate he will continue to use his best efforts on behalf of the Alumni Association in the conduct of its affairs, and devote himself as far as he is able to the furthering of its interests and its growth.

May the members of the association be here reminded that the by-laws of the organization limit the election of a president to no more than two successive terms in office. So that at our next election of the top officials a new president must be chosen.

Juilliard School of Music is now approaching its fiftieth anniversary.

Founded in 1905 (Institute of Musical Art), brought into the Juilliard Foundation (founded 1920) in 1926, the combined School has now been in existence long enough to develop a fine body of tradition, and an importance second to none in its field. The Alumni Association bears a large responsibility in the upholding and maintaining of these traditions and this importance in the field of musical education. Therefore, Alumni: know your School. Know the things it is doing. Give it your support. And use your influence in its affairs.

The Alumni Association wants to keep in close and constant touch with you, its members, and with all former students of the School. We want you all to keep in touch with us. We want you to know the things that are happening at the School, activities, changes, developments, continuities. We want you to let us know all the things you are doing. We want other alumni to know about you, whatever your field, high or low, far or wide, major or minor. And we want you to influence and support the school, through the Alumni Association, maintaining and upholding the traditions of the School; and affirming the ideals that dictate that a school like Juilliard exists primarily and directly for the benefit of its students, and thereby provides the best possible preparation for the careers of its Alumni.

November 1953

Alumni Notes

Awards, Prizes, and Commissions:

The following June 1953 graduates have been awarded Fulbright grants for study abroad:

DAVID COHEN, to study composition in France

THOMAS FITZPATRICK, to study voice in Italy

NORMAN GROSSMAN, to study composition in Italy

DIMITRI KOVSHINOFF, to study piano in Germany

RICHARD LESHIN, to study violin in France

BARRY MCDANIEL, to study voice in Germany

RALPH ROMAN, to study piano in Germany

LEE CASS, a recent Juilliard alumnus, is a 1953 Naumburg winner. He presented his Town Hall recital on November 11, 1953.

Alumni on Tour:

Among Juilliard alumni who are planning extensive concert tours this season are pianists JACQUES ABRAM, HERMAN CODES, CLAUDETTE SOREL, and SAMUEL SORIN, duo-pianists ARTHUR GOLD and ROBERT FIZDALE, ERNEST and MILES MAUNEY, and ALFRED and HERBERT TELTSCHIK, and violinist CARROLL GLENN.

Among the singers on tour are FRANCES BIBLE, mezzo-soprano, THERESA GREEN, soprano, MACK HARBELL, baritone, IRENE JORDAN, soprano, CAROLYN LONG, soprano, who is touring as soloist with the Gershwin Orchestra, RISE STEVENS, soprano, and LANNY ROSS, star of Immortal Musicals in Concert.

Alumni Who Hold Teaching Posts:

A number of Juilliard alumni have taken new teaching posts in schools and colleges throughout the country.

Among them are:

SALLY ALLEN, assistant professor of voice, Judson College, Marion, Ala., ROBERT BECKWITH, choral conductor, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., JOEL BERMAN, string instructor, Grifith Institute and Central School, Springville, N. Y., ROBERT BOUDREAU, director of instrumental music, Trinity School, New York City, ARNOLD BROWN, string instructor, University of Mississippi, University, Miss., HOWARD BRUCKER, piano instructor, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., RUTH D. BURNETT, part-time instructor of music, Essex County Vocational Schools, New Jersey, PHILIP CHERRY, cello instructor, Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colorado, HARRIS CROHN, piano instructor, University of Texas, Austin, Texas.

Also, EDGAR DAVIS, piano instructor, Southwestern Louisiana Institute, Lafayette, La.; SONIA ESSIN, voice instructor, Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio; GERALDINE FRENCH, instructor of vocal music and string instruments, Niles, Mich. public schools; ROGER HARTMAN, instructor of instrumental music and conductor of school bands, Fonda-Fultonville Central School District, N. Y.; CHARLOTTE HELLER, piano instructor, Bennett Conservatory, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.; CAROL HENRY, piano instructor, Florida Agricultural and Mechanical College, Tallahassee, Fla.; JACQUELYN HEYNE, voice instructor, Bennett Junior College, Millbrook, N. Y.; MARGARET HILLIS, director of the Community Chorus of the Third Street

Music School Settlement, New York City; ITALO IARICCI, woodwind instructor, University of Mississippi, University, Miss.; HOWARD KARP, piano instructor, Wilson School of Music, Yakima, Wash.; FRANCES REICHE KARP, instructor of piano and children's music-education, Wilson School of Music, Yakima, Wash.; STANLEY KIMES, voice instructor, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.; LA SALLE STRING QUARTET, Quartet-in-Residence, Cincinnati College of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio; RALPH G. LAYCOCK, instructor of theory, conducting, and arranging, conductor of band and instrumental workshop, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah; KEITH MACDONALD, piano and organ instructor, New School of Music, Chappaqua, N. Y.; JOHN MAGNUS, voice instructor, University of Texas, Austin, Texas.

Also, CHARLES MITCHELL, chairman of theory department, St. Louis Institute of Music, St. Louis, Mo.; LAURENCE OWEN, string instructor, Hagerstown, Md. public schools; JOGRAPHIA PEPPAS, voice instructor, Grier School, Tyrone, Pa.; BURTON SLATOFF, band and orchestra conductor, Closter, N. J. public schools; JOHANNES SMIT, piano and composition instructor, Western Kentucky State College, Bowling Green, Ky.; DR. MITCHELL B. SOUTHWALL, director of the department of music, Lane College, Jackson, Tenn.; BLAKE STERN, voice instructor, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.; BERNICE STOCHEK, violin instructor, Weston Music Center, Westport, Conn.; PAUL GENE STRASSLER, teacher and radio director, Griffith Institute and Central School, Springville, N. Y.; LOUIS TRZCINSKI, director of state-wide program for string teachers at University of Nebraska, Omaha, Neb.; AHTI TUURI, voice instructor, Howard College, Birmingham Ala.; EDYTH WAGNER, music teacher, Hagerstown, Md.

public schools; BERHARD WEISER, music instructor, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.; ROBERT WHITNEY, piano instructor, New School of Music, Chappaqua, N. Y.; ELINOR WILLIAMS, piano instructor, University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.; MERRILL A. WILSON, instructor of band instruments and assistant band director, Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa; GERALDINE DOUGLAS WINNETT, piano instructor, Miss Porter's School, Farmington, Conn.

Alumni Not Exactly in Music:

DONALD BARNHART who is a functional test planner for Boeing Aircraft Corp., Wichita, Kan.; JANET BLAIR who is featured in the lead in the Broadway production of F. Hugh Herbert's new play *A Girl Can Tell*; ROBERT R. BOGESS who is a government analyst for the United States Corps of Engineers, Washington, D.C.; HARRIET CARTER who is serving as assistant to the dean of students at the School of Education of New York University, New York City; ANNA LEE CEGLI, Miss Virginia of 1953, who is conducting a nightly disc-jockey program over station WNOR, Norfolk, Va.; SIGANA SORNBORGER EARL who is now editor of *Forecast*, a Home Economics magazine; EVE STARR who is writing a new column for the New York, N. Y. *Enquirer*, called *Inside TV*.

Miscellaneous Items of Musical Interest:

JOHN BARNETT, associate conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, has been named music director of the Hollywood Bowl.

MADLINE FOLEY, cellist, JOSEPH FUCHS, violinist, LILLIAN FUCHS, violist, and JOHN WUMMER, flautist appeared at the Prades Festival, 1953, at the invitation of Pablo Casals.

NATALIE HINDERAS, pianist, has recently signed a contract with the National Broadcasting Company and will

appear on all NBC owned and operated radio and television stations in New York, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, and San Francisco. She will also be featured on network shows.

Juilliard Alumni who participated in the Steinway Centennial at Carnegie Hall, October 19, 1953, include WILLIAM MASSELOS, EUGENE LIST, LEONID HAMBRO, and JACQUES ABRAM.

La Cenerentola, Rossini's two-act opera based on the story of Cinderella, the opening production of the fall season of the New York City Opera, featured FRANCES BIBLE in the title role. Also in the cast was RICHARD MANNING, another Juilliard alumnus.

Several Juilliard alumni have been featured in Broadway musical productions, including EDITH ADAMS who sings the role of Eileen in *Wonderful Town*; LEONTYNE PRICE who sang the role of Bess in Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* and is now singing the same role with the road production; ISABEL BIGLEY who is appearing in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical *Me and Juliet*; HELENA SCOTT (Helen Horkitz) who is also appearing in *Me and Juliet*, and JEAN CARLTON who is starring in the road production of *Kiss Me Kate*.

Juilliard alumni who are active in popular music include JANE PICKENS, singer, who was featured in a two-week engagement at the Paramount Theater, New York City, during September 1953; PEGGY POWERS, vocalist with Sammy Kaye's band, BUDDY MORROW, band leader, RONNIE BARTLEY, band-leader, and EDDIE SAUTER of the arranging team of Sauter and Finnegan.

Several alumni are conducting amateur orchestras and choruses. Among them are FRANK BRIEFF, conductor of the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, IGOR BUKETOFF, conductor of the Fort Wayne, Ind., Symphony, JOHN

MOTLEY, director of the Children's Chorus of the Brooklyn, N. Y. Museum, PAUL PANKOTAN, conductor of the Mixed Choral Group of the Birmingham, Mich. Community House, and PAUL VERMEL, conductor of the Hudson Valley Symphony, Tarrytown, N. Y.

LEON HYMAN is currently conducting two amateur choruses, the Halevy Choral Society, New York City, and the Newark, N. J. community chorus. He is also conductor of the Bronx, N. Y., Symphony Orchestra which gave a concert on December 18, 1953, featuring his wife, ADA PINCHUK, as piano soloist.

WILLIAM BRYAN presented a series of concerts during October 1953 in the Hillsborough County, Fla. schools, entitled Pied Piper concerts. He is a member of the faculty of the University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado, where he originated his series, presenting piano recitals for school children.

THE LASALLE STRING QUARTET is currently giving lecture-recitals for school children, in which they play, explain, and answer questions about chamber music.

MARX PALES, founder and conductor of the University of Arkansas Symphony Orchestra, is also directing a program of instrumental instruction for children, sponsored by the University. Children are given free instrumental instruction and are allowed free use of an instrument for the first six weeks, after which they are encouraged to purchase their own. In addition to their classes, the children can participate in two orchestras, a Junior Orchestra for beginners, and the University Youth Orchestra. The University has undertaken this program in order to promote interest in orchestral music, as well as to encourage informal at-home music making.

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