

NEWSLETTER

INSTITUTE FOR STUDIES IN AMERICAN MUSIC

Conservatory of Music, Brooklyn College of the City University of New York - H. Wiley Hitchcock, Director

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THE WRITINGS OF LOU HARRISON: A SALUTE AT SEVENTY by Carol J. Oja

Amidst the anger and angst of late 20th-century life stands a beatific presence, that of Lou Harrison, whose music transcends the turmoil of our time, radiating beauty and peace. A round, bearded man with a quick wit and jolly laugh, Harrison has come to resemble, both physically and spiritually, the image of Buddha that fills one wall of his home in Aptos, California. And indeed over the years he has grown into just such a gently inspiring force—not a proselytizer or leader of a “school” but a man of firm and enticing convictions.

IT **"MODERN
LIFE" IS HIGH-DECIBEL**
chaos, in smog.

These qualities emanate from his writing as well as his music. Less prolific an author than Virgil Thomson or John Cage, Harrison is nonetheless a gifted writer whose published work constitutes an important body of criticism as well as a compendium of his own musical thought. Harrison turns seventy this year, and we want to celebrate that landmark by exploring this lesser-known but richly rewarding part of his output.

Harrison's publications divide into two periods, showing remarkably different sides of his character. The first period reaches from approximately 1943 to 1947, when he was living in New York and contributing to *Modern Music*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, *Listen*, and *View*. His role was principally that of critic, reviewing performances of new compositions and spearheading support for modernists of an older generation. His second major period as writer culminated in the publication of *Lou Harrison's Music Primer* in 1971. In this little book of fifty pages, with a format that alternates sage proverbs with personal journal entries, he shares the secrets of his approach to musical composition.

Let's begin in the Forties. Like so many of his contemporaries and immediate forebears, Harrison cut his critical teeth in the pages of *Modern Music*, under the shaping influence of its editor Minna Lederman. From 1943 until the journal's demise in 1946 he regularly reviewed concerts, often as part of the "Forecast and Review" column, and also published feature pieces about Schoenberg's late works and the *Chôros* of Villa-Lobos, as well as an article titled "On Quotation" which stands as one of the high points in the journal's history. In these writings, we find little hint of Harrison's later preoccupation with Asia. Instead,

his ties are to English composers of the Renaissance and Baroque eras, to his teacher Arnold Schoenberg, and to Ives, Ruggles, and Varèse, whom he admires as models of American independence and experimentation.

Quite an eclectic array! But it is just such wide-ranging interests that best characterize Harrison. Also emerging from these pages are the clarity and imagination of Harrison's thought: he writes precisely but not ponderously about music, especially that of his contemporaries, simultaneously analyzing its inner structure and evoking its outward effect. The writing is limber and direct, with an occasional hint of the sassy impertinence of Virgil Thomson.

Here, for example, is an excerpt from *About Carl Ruggles*, a nineteen-page pamphlet from 1946 with an introduction by Henry Cowell, published in the "Outcast" Series" of a Yonkers bookshop. It illustrates Harrison's way with someone else's music:

So in Ruggles one hears a resonance and texture that surprise, in view of the notes of which they are composed. . . . The sonorities give off a brilliance, they perpetuate themselves, are free-floating, connect themselves with Purcell and Handel especially in their allegiance to material beauty of idiom. . . . They do not shout their philosophic intent from every semiquaver; they presume we know that music is artificial and man-made from the start; they do nothing but sound resonant and free, as all good chords properly should.

In *About Ruggles* we sense the strong connection to the preceding generation of modernists that was to pervade Harrison's writing throughout the Forties. He seems to envy people like Cowell and Riegger for having come of age in an era of experimentation. With accessibility and use of folk materials as the prevailing trends during Harrison's young adulthood, the adventuresome spirit of the 1920s had already become something of a myth. In a 1945 *Modern Music* review he asked, "What is going to happen when several more generations are raised on minimum modernity?" (XXII/4, 260) And he probed the issue even further in an article for *View* titled "Ruggles, Ives, Varèse":

Varèse at one time was perhaps the most famous orchestral iconoclast. He has never really relinquished the position, either, except that it little behooves anyone to hold the title

IT **TWELVE**
IT **ONE (OR "SERIAL"), TECH-**
*nique is a way of composing with but a single neume
(or melodic).*

LOU HARRISON (continued)

I S A M ORIGINALITY, PERSONALITY, OR style can neither be encouraged nor prevented. Forget the matter. 

in this stodgy day. His works are of a brilliance of sound never before heard in western music; indeed the peculiar altitude of tension and glistening splendor of his personal language are legendary to the mystified younger generation whose only contact with the sound of his music has come through recordings.

Disgruntlement with the Americanism of the day and admiration for earlier modernists also surface in this passage from a pioneering article about Ives, published in the record magazine *Listen* in 1946:

[Ives], Ruggles and Varèse, Riegger and others have clearly demonstrated to all the truth that our musical spirit is not stage scenery alone, but rather a spirit and a character that drive the composer to special choices among the wide principles of the art itself, a spirit that is as well shown in his abstract choices as in any choice among already formed musico-expressive symbols. Ives and these others have

at last put an end to Dvorak's high-handed and specious mischief about the 'American' style, a mischief that has had us muddling around in mediocrity for years.

A puckish wit, as mentioned earlier, pops up often in Harrison's prose. Writing in *Modern Music*, he called John Alden Carpenter's *Sea Drift* "regulation ocean music." He also tossed off the following description of Paul Bowles's *Two Mexican Dances*: "[They] sounded like musical patchwork quilts, gay and irresponsible, one of the many covers under which one goes to bed with the folk." And in "On Quotation," where he explores at some length the similarities between Ives and James Joyce, he concludes, "In a certain sense Ives and Joyce decompose, rather than compose their subjects."

Yet, despite these moments of levity, a certain sobriety suffuses Harrison's prose of the Forties. In it we sense an intense young man earnestly confronting the world around him. By 1971, however, when *Lou Harrison's Music Primer* appeared, the face that once was slightly long now beams bright. His writing retains the supple lines and lean textures of earlier days, but the man holding the pen has become more cheerfully self-assured.

Many of Harrison's themes in the *Primer* contain echoes of his past. In the Forties he had appraised contemporary composers against their counterparts in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century England; now, just intonation, a tuning method of that earlier era, is taken up enthusiastically. Schoenberg and his twelve-tone technique are still present, too—both overtly, as before, and more subtly in a wide-ranging preoccupation with systems. Harrison describes at some length the "Tune Kit" (or "positional permutation" of prime numbers) that lay behind his *Pacific Rondo* of 1963 and advocates the systematic manipulation of "melodicles" (or melodic mosaics) as a fundamental compositional technique. Harrison's ties to American experimentalists

remain strong as well. Henry Cowell turns up on the first page of the *Primer*, Harry Partch on the fifth; others follow soon thereafter. The Thomsonian irreverence of the earlier writings is present too, but it has evolved into Harrison's own brand of zany clarity. For example, in discussing rhythmic modes, he throws Hindu, Islamic, and European-medieval modes in with Thomas Morley, John Cage, and rock 'n' roll—and makes perfect sense.

For some people, aging can resemble a trip to the base of a funnel—viewpoints narrow and variety of experience diminishes. But Lou Harrison has reached seventy while growing ever broader and more eclectic. With both words and music, he continues to celebrate and embrace "a wonderful Whole Round World of Music."

Following is a selected list of writings by Lou Harrison, given in chronological order. Miscellaneous reviews in *Modern Music* (1943-46) are not listed, and Harrison's contributions to the *New York Herald Tribune* await unearthing by some eager scholar. Peter Garland has just issued, from his Soundings Press (P. O. Box 8319, Santa Fe, NM 87504), a *Lou Harrison Reader* (144 pp.; \$15), including unpublished letters and poems, a reprint of material from *Soundings: Ives, Ruggles, Varèse*, an interview, and scores.

"The Late Works [of Arnold Schoenberg]," *Modern Music* XXI (1944), 135-38.

"On the Chòros of Villa-Lobos," *Modern Music* XXII (1945), 85-86.

"Ruggles, Ives, Varèse," *View* (November 1945); reprinted in *Soundings: Ives, Ruggles, Varèse*, 1974.

About Carl Ruggles, with a note by Henry Cowell. Yonkers, NY: Oscar Baradinsky at the Alicat Bookshop, 1946. Also reprinted in *Soundings*, 1974.

"The Music of Charles Ives," *Listen* IX (November 1946), 7-9.

"On Quotation," *Modern Music* XXIII (1946), 166-69.

Lou Harrison's Music Primer: Various Items about Music to 1970. New York: C. F. Peters, 1971.

I S A M  **CHERISH,**
CONSERVE, CONSIDER,
CREATE. 

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I.S.A.M. MATTERS

Off and On the Press. Recently off the press is the twenty-third I.S.A.M. monograph, William Lichtenwanger's massive catalogue raisonné *The Music of Henry Cowell*, documenting in almost 1,000 entries the life work of that extraordinarily prolific composer. . . . On the press at this writing is Edward A. Berlin's *Reflections and Research on Ragtime*, containing two essays developed out of the author's stint as Senior Research Fellow in 1982-83. The first essay aims to stimulate research in still-dark corners of ragtime history; the second is a ramble through New York City clubs, saloons, dance halls, and other hotspots where ragtime flourished early in the century, with many colorful quotations from contemporary accounts and memoirs.

On Deck. Senior Research Fellows for 1987-88 have been named. In the first semester, **Thomas J. Riis** will pursue research in black musical theater and direct a seminar on the topic. In the second semester, **Don C. Gillespie** will work at various research projects (among them his exhumation of the facts about Thomas F. Ward, who taught Delius in Florida) and will direct a seminar on the group he named the "American Five"—John Becker, Henry Cowell, Charles Ives, Wallingford Riegger, and Carl Ruggles.

Other Fellows. Former I.S.A.M. Research Assistant **Carol J. Oja** has been awarded a Mellon post-doctoral fellowship at Harvard University for 1987-88 and will be on leave of absence from her faculty post at Brooklyn College. . . . **Leslie Lassetter**, Junior Research Fellow 1986-87, has recently been awarded a Mu Phi Epsilon doctoral grant, for work toward her CUNY Ph.D. . . . And **Mark Tucker**, regular "Behind the Beat" columnist for this newsletter, will enjoy a fellowship next fall under the ACLS fellowship program for recent recipients of the Ph.D.

And Still Other (Former) Fellows. As I.S.A.M. concludes its sixteenth year, the roster of former Senior Research Fellows now includes about two dozen names. In the next few issues of this newsletter we'll report on what they've been up to, beginning with the earliest among the group. **Gilbert Chase** (fellow in 1972-73) celebrated his eightieth birthday last September—which makes all the more impressive his achievement in completely reworking *America's Music* (1955; rev. 1966) for a third edition, to appear next fall from the University of Illinois Press. . . . The Foreword of the new edition of *America's Music* has been written by **Richard Crawford** (fellow in 1973-74). He is at work right now reading proof of *American Sacred Music Imprints, 1698-1810: A Bibliography*, that monumental work begun decades ago by Allen P. Britton and Irving Lowens but completed alone by Crawford; it is due to be published, either this year or next, by the American Antiquarian Society. He is also polishing for publication *The American Musical Landscape*, based on the six lectures he gave as Bloch Professor at the University of California, Berkeley, in 1985. . . . **Robert Kimball** (fellow in 1974-75) has been much in the news this spring, in connection with the discovery in a Secaucus, New Jersey, warehouse of some eighty cartons of songs (hundreds unpublished), scores, parts, and other musical-comedy materials by most of the giants of the genre. The music was discovered nearly five years ago, but legal complications and the job of making an inventory of it held up until recently any general announcement about it.

(And its ultimate destination is still uncertain.) Kimball has also recently edited his second book of "complete lyrics"—this one, with Dorothy Hart, *The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart* (Alfred A. Knopf). . . . **Irving Lowens** (fellow in 1975-76) died in 1983, but not before revising, expanding, and updating in a thoroughgoing Lowensian way his *New Grove* entry on Louis Moreau Gottschalk, for inclusion in "AmeriGrove," published only last November.



"There is a man in there playing the piano with his hands!"

IVESIANA

Peer-Southern Organization has come out with a handsome critical edition by John Kirkpatrick of Ives's *Trio* for violin, cello, and piano, replacing the flawed one of 1955. Kirkpatrick's twenty-three-page typewritten list of errors in the earlier edition has been known, among Ivesians, for years: in fact, Paul Zukofsky, Robert Sylvester, and Gilbert Kalish made use of it for their 1970 recording (Columbia M-30230). Now, finally, Kirkpatrick's meticulous comparison of the sources for the trio is embodied in print. (\$30 for score, parts, and critical commentary, each laid in separately; distributed by Theodore Presser Company, Presser Place, Bryn Mawr, PA 19010)

As they did for Shostakovich in 1984-85, the city of Duisberg, the University of Cologne, and the West German Radio are collaborating in an international music festival, over no fewer than nine months (!) beginning in September: "**Charles Ives und die amerikanische Musiktradition bis zur Gegenwart.**" The festival will include symphonic and chamber concerts, opera performances, lectures, and a musicological symposium (in February 1988, in Cologne). A book—*Amerikanische Musik seit Charles Ives*—is also planned, under the editorship of Hermann Danuser, Dietrich Kämper, and Paul Terse, with chapters commissioned from many European and American scholars.

BEHIND THE BEAT with Mark Tucker

The Cradle Rocks

How can the musical essence of a place as sensual, vibrant, and multi-layered as New Orleans be captured on the printed page? For an answer, take a look at *Up from the Cradle of Jazz: New Orleans Music Since World War II*, by Jason Berry, Jonathan Foote, and Tad Jones. Perhaps the authors could only write a book like this after many years of absorbing the sounds of the Crescent City, feasting daily on red beans and rice, dancing into dawn at Tipitina's, and partying heartily at Mardi Gras. But they also had to undertake sober research at Tulane University, coax interviews from musicians, record producers, and disc jockeys, and develop a keen understanding of New Orleans's social and political history, its cultural heritage, its neighborhoods, and—most important—its people.

Up from the Cradle of Jazz is one of those rare studies that manages to be both serious and fun, solid in substance yet easygoing in manner. Of course, it might take some effort to paint a drab portrait of characters as colorful as Professor Longhair, Poppa Stoppa, Dr. John, Dr. Daddy-O, Ernie K-Doe, Clarence "Frogman" Henry, Big Chief Jolley and the Wild Tchoupitoulas. But it is the masterful way these personalities are depicted—not their mere presence—that gives the book its ring of authority.

The two aims of *Up from the Cradle of Jazz*, Berry writes, are "to extend the historical terrain of rhythm-and-blues by charting parallel courses of modern jazz and the Mardi Gras Indians; and to portray . . . the rise of postwar music in New Orleans amid the transformation of a long-segregated society." In so doing, the authors proceed chronologically (more or less), examining major figures (Antoine "Fats" Domino, Mac Rebennack, Allen Toussaint), musical subcultures (progressive jazz players, blues pianists), and aspects of the business (clubs, radio, recording activity). The book is beautifully produced. Photographs show us street scenes, the joyful intensity of performers, and the exotic blend of flesh and fantasy that livens up the city's nightspots. And we hear lilting New Orleans rhythms whenever musicians speak or sing—as in this chant by a Mardi Gras Indian known as "Mice," who led the Creole Wild West Juniors in the 1930s:

*Oh, the diamond crown,
The diamond crown,
Two-day de-fay-hock,
Goo-make-who laun-day he,
Big Chief got a diamond crown.*

New Orleans may have been the cradle of jazz, but as this book vividly demonstrates it's also the cradle that just never stops rocking. Or, in the words of Ivory Joe Hunter ("Jumpin' at the Dew Drop," 1947), "They swing and they boogie and they groove some, too/If you don't enjoy, there's something wrong with you." (University of Georgia Press; \$35 [cloth] and \$15.95 [paper])

Speak, Memory

Lester Young used to tell stories with his saxophone. Lately, more and more musicians have been expressing themselves on paper. Recent jazz autobiographies include those by Count Basie, Clyde Bernhardt, Barney Bigard, Buck Clayton, Charlie

Barnet, and Red Callender. One of the best is Danny Barker's *A Life in Jazz*, edited by Alyn Shipton. Nearing 80 (he was born in 1909), Barker is a guitarist, banjoist, singer, raconteur, and an assiduous chronicler of New Orleans music. (Some will remember his authoritative versions of songs by James Bland and Will Marion Cook on the album *Don't Give the Name a Bad Place* [New World NW-265]). Portions of Barker's memoirs appeared more than thirty years ago in Hentoff and Shapiro's *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya* and the *Jazz Review*. *A Life in Jazz* incorporates and expands these, adding sections on Barker's travels with Cab Calloway, his recordings with the singer (and his wife) Louise "Blue Lu" Barker, his participation in the dixieland revival, and his work at the New Orleans Jazz Museum in the late 1960s. More than half of the book, however, deals with New Orleans in the 1910s and '20s and New York in the '30s. Barker's memories of his hometown are finely detailed and marvelously evocative, as when he describes the rough and rowdy dances held at "Animal Hall" in the eighth ward, or relates his experiences playing juke joints in the "fearsome" state of Mississippi. The good news is that another Barker-Shipton collaboration is yet to come—a study of New Orleans musicians born before Danny Barker began his remarkable career. (Oxford University Press; \$19.95)

A very different story is told by saxophonist Benny Waters in his teasingly titled memoirs, *The Key to a Jazzy Life*. Seven years older than Barker, Waters got his musical training in Philadelphia and Boston, played in various bands around New York from the 1920s through the '40s, then traveled to Europe in the '50s, where he has made his home ever since. While Barker excels at polished, well-shaped anecdotes, Waters takes a more informal approach as he offers advice, recalls musicians he knew, reflects on religion and race prejudice, and reveals aspects of his inner development. A few chapter sub-headings will give an idea of his personal touch: "Days of My Youth," "Getting Awake on Sexual Feeling," "I Am Getting Married (for the first time . . .)," "Lester Young and Other Musicians I Admire," "Staying for a Good While in California," "I Am Getting Married Again." Waters provides sketches of bandleaders Charlie Johnson, Fletcher Henderson, and Jimmie Lunceford, also frank accounts of touring. Reading *The Key to a Jazzy Life* is like spending a few pleasant hours in the company of a favorite uncle—a warm, garrulous fellow who, now in his mid-80s, is still out there making music and winking at the ladies. (Order from the author, 140 rue Pelleport, 75020-Paris, France; \$10, postage included.)

New Kuhn, Vintage Eldridge

Two New World releases present familiar artists in unfamiliar settings. On *Mostly Ballads* (NW 351), pianist Steve Kuhn interprets for a change not his own compositions but such venerable jazz anthems as *Body and Soul* and *How High the Moon*, together with such non-jazz standards as *Danny Boy* and *Tennessee Waltz*. Six of the twelve selections are duets with bassist Harvie Swartz; the rest are solos. On the ballads Kuhn gets a gorgeous tone from the Hamburg Steinway. But the up-tempo performances move me more. In *Yesterday's Gardenias*,

(continued on page 10)

BETTY FREEMAN AND PATRONAGE OF AMERICAN COMPOSERS

The extraordinary Betty Freeman—chief new-music enthusiast, energizer, and supporter on the West Coast—was honored on 22 December 1986 with the American Music Center's annual Letter of Distinction. The composer Earle Brown, president of AMC, read the citation: ". . . to Betty Freeman for her personal commitment and visionary support of American composers." Mrs. Freeman's response—simple, direct, honest, heartfelt, and illuminating—reflects perfectly her spirit and her personality. She has kindly allowed us to print it.

Thanks, Earle. I'd like to thank the American Music Center most sincerely, and would like to take the opportunity to say a few words about myself and my involvement in American contemporary music.

At a Christmas party last year a most astonishing thing happened. I had my palm read by a palmist, whom I'd never met. She said to me, "You are first of all a philanthropist, and second, you stand behind artists." This astonished me, as it happened to be true. So I guess that being a patron is my destiny, if the palmist read it. I have the shining example of my father, Robert I. Wishnick, to whom philanthropy was his joy as well as his duty. I must admit that for several years I covered up my patronage, feeling that it was pretentious to say I was a patron. But recently I realized that patronage is an honorable role in life for me; also, I'm proud of the dual role of standing behind artists. . . .

About my involvement as a patron: I'm sometimes asked what my criterion is about whom to assist. Thinking that over, I realize I have no criterion. It's a feeling that comes from inside—that I've heard something wonderful and must share it with the world.

Over the past twenty-five years I've noticed three changes in the nature of my patronage. In the 1960s, composers needed help just to survive. In the 1970s, performances of their music were needed in more accessible venues than churches, lofts, and parking lots. In the 1980s, American composers are surviving less precariously (I'm not saying well, but less precariously), and they receive more commissions and performances, both in



RAUL VEGA

Europe and America. Now I feel that what is needed is to attract a wider and younger audience, and that's done through recordings and radio play—recordings that you can find in any record shop and not have to send away for by mail-order, and radio play at hours other than midnight or 6:00 A.M.

So music goes on, music is eternal, and I'm content to be part of the process.

AN IMPORTANT FIRST

These days, thanks to the baby-simplicity of building bibliographies on computers with word-processing software, we are seeing bibliography after dubiously useful bibliography brought into print; it's a pleasure to find one that really fills a need and is potentially of great use to a lot of people. Aided by Guy Marco as adviser, Garland Publishing, Inc., has initiated what promises to be an important series with *Folk Music in America: A Reference Guide* (xx, 424 pp.; \$40) by Terry E. Miller, who teaches ethnomusicology at Kent State University and is associate director of the Center for the Study of World Musics there.

Miller's guide is an annotated bibliography of writings on American folk music, complementing and reminding one, in style and organization, of the more broadly conceived, invaluable, and unique book by David Horn, *The Literature of American Music in Books and Folk Music Collections* (1977).

(A supplement to the latter, by the way, is promised soon from Scarecrow Press.) Citing both books and periodical literature, Miller divides his dauntingly rich field into the following categories (parenthetical numbers being the number of entries in each division): General Resources (130), Music of the American Indians and Eskimos (228), Anglo-American Folksongs and Ballads (446), Later Developments in Anglo-American Folk Music (190), Traditional Instruments and Instrumental Music (151), American Psalmody and Hymnody (107), The Singing School and Shape-Note Tradition (179), Afro-American Music (305); and Music of Various Ethnic Traditions [Asian-American, Cajun, Hispanic, etc.] (191). To these are added author and subject indexes. Each division of the work is introduced helpfully with a short essay, and a longer discussion of scope and criteria for inclusion introduces the book. The next in Garland's series, one on British folk music, is said to be in the works.

—H.W.H.

NEWS AND INFORMATION

The New Grove Dictionary of American Music has evoked many reviews, most of them highly favorable (although Gary Giddins savaged AmeriGrove, in the *Village Voice*, for what he claimed was its poor jazz coverage; and William Youngren, in *The Atlantic*, bemoaned the inclusion of *any* entries on American Indian music, let alone some forty of them). Notwithstanding such nay-sayers, AmeriGrove has already won three major awards: from *Choice* as an "outstanding academic book of 1986"; from *Library Journal* as a "best reference book of 1986"; and from *Booklist/RBB* as an "outstanding reference source of 1986." No one has yet found any ghost entries (like "Esrum-Hellerup, Dag Henrik" in early printings of *The New Grove*) to qualify AmeriGrove for the National Fiction Award.

Department of Utter Surprise. Benton, Kentucky, and its annual Big Singing from William Walker's 1835 shape-note tunebook *The Southern Harmony* were the focus of a fat account in the 19 January 1987 issue of—can you believe it?!—*The New Yorker*. Yup, Wallace White, a *New Yorker* staff writer, wrote the piece, a friendly, sympathetic one that even includes two facsimiles from Singin' Billy's book. Though not a member of the fasola folk himself, White does have musical credentials, as the composer of the Off-Broadway musical *Out to Lunch*. They say the times they are a-changin' at *The New Yorker*: this sign of the times was a welcome one.

The Hutchinson Family Singers continue to bloom, with some twenty bookings in 1987 (compared to sixteen in 1986). Their attractive cassette sampler—"LIBERTY IS OUR MOTTO!"—now comes with notes (the lack of which we deplored in the last issue of this newsletter); if you need a copy, write the HFS, 2119 Pillsbury Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55404-2359.

Scoop, Super Scoop, and Super-Duper Scoop. Expect off the presses by early 1988, if we're lucky, three very special books. In no particular order (since they'll all be welcome): the long-awaited Volume II (from Oxford University Press) of Gunther Schuller's *A History of Jazz*, carrying the account he began in *Early Jazz: Its Roots and Musical Development* (1968) into the 1940s and the bebop era; Philip Glass's autobiographical *Music by Philip Glass* (Harper & Row), edited and with supplementary material by Robert T. Jones; and *Virgil Thomson: Selected Letters* (Summit Books), about one thousand of them, compiled and edited by Tim Page and Vanessa Weeks Page. . . . We know about Schuller's Volume II from a personal communication. It will probably be titled *The Swing Era*, will be upwards of 1,000 pages long, will include about 450 music examples, and is expected off the press in early 1988. The period covered is 1930–1950. Writes Schuller: "I introduce bebop and modern jazz (and its 'cast of characters') and leave their development for Vol. III—if I live so long (as they say in Brooklyn). The book de-mythifies certain overblown myths (persons, facts) and resuscitates some unfortunately terribly ignored or underappreciated figures."

Pianist **Artis Wodehouse**, of Palo Alto, California, has made something of a specialty transcribing, performing, and lecturing on George Gershwin's piano improvisations caught on radio airchecks and private recordings. Expect any day, from Warner Bros. Publications, a set of ten of her Gershwin transcriptions.

On the Move. The John Edwards Memorial Foundation *Quarterly* has a new home—at the recently established Center for Popular Music at Middle Tennessee State University, Murfreesboro, TN 37132. Publication resumed last October, and readers can look forward to double issues this spring and next fall. Center director Paul F. Wells will be editor of the *Quarterly*, and plans are being made to change the title and expand the coverage of early country music to include *all* forms of American vernacular music—blues, ethnic, gospel, and rock 'n' roll—and their dissemination. Individual subscriptions are \$15 per year (payable to the university) (The JEMF monograph and reprint series may also be obtained from the center; the recordings are being distributed by Arhoolie Records, 10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, CA 94530.) . . . The International Bluegrass Music Association, whose activities were described in our last issue, is now located in Owensboro, Kentucky. To join, write IBMA, 326 Elizabeth Street, Owensboro, KY 42301.



"Incongruous as canned salmon by a trout brook."

Good Vibes. Microtonalism and tuning systems alternative to "12-equal" are on the rise, no question about it. A sure sign is the appearance of a new journal dedicated to them. Volume I, Number 1, of *Pitch: for the International Microtonalist* appeared in autumn 1986. It's a publication of the American Festival of Microtonal Music (a program of the Cultural Council Foundation), and its managing editor is Johnny Reinhard. Reinhard, obviously a realist, promises four issues, no more (but hopes there will *be* more). Issue I includes various articles, among them a review of the premiere by the American Composers Orchestra of Lou Harrison's Piano Concerto (tuned in "Kirnberger II," a 12-unequal temperament); Issue II will be a research guide, with bibliography, discography, and cassetteography; Issue III will be a cassette recording of rare microtonal works; Issue IV will be an international "Who's Who of Microtonality." (Issues I-IV for \$20, payable to CCF/PITCH, c/o Johnny Reinhard, 211 West 108th Street, New York, NY 10025).

BOOK NOOK

The third volume of *The Complete Works of William Billings*, a four-part publication of the American Musicological Society and the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, is a beauty. In 451 pages of handsomely printed text and music we have a lengthy introduction by series editor Karl Kroeger, the complete contents of two tunebooks (*The Psalm-Singer's Amusement*, 1781, and *The Suffolk Harmony*, 1786) and several smaller "independent" prints, three appendixes including miscellaneous pieces by Billings that didn't make it into his own publications, and the usual scholarly apparatus of critical commentary, bibliography, and indexes. As before, Kroeger's scholarship is sound, and proofreading of the volume has been exemplary.

There are dangers, however, in presenting a prestigious "Complete Works" edition of almost any composer—particularly one who shared his musical training, activities, idiom, and forms with scores of talented contemporaries—and Kroeger has not entirely escaped these dangers. One is the temptation to make claims for the composer that are not necessarily founded on fact. Kroeger avers that Billings's later music possesses "an intensity of expression seldom matched in psalmody" (p. xiv) and that "More, perhaps, than any other American psalmodist, Billings explored the technical and expressive possibilities of the parish-church style" (p. xxxix). Until Kroeger has examined the works of, say, Walter Janes (or Benjamin Leslie, or Charles Robbins, or M. Kyes) with the same care that he has devoted to Billings's, he should perhaps steer clear of such statements. A second danger is the temptation to tie up loose ends and arrive at conclusions without adequate supporting evidence. We don't *know*, for example, that Billings arranged the tunes by other composers in his *Music in Miniature* (see pp. xiii–xiv) or that none of the manuscripts containing unpublished music by Billings was copied by the composer himself (p. xxxiv). A third danger is the temptation to proclaim musical styles (this volume, p. xxxviii ff.) and stylistic periods (Volume I, p. xli ff.) for the composer's work. Such categories can obscure more than they reveal; stylistic periods are of doubtful use in studying even such a prolific and complex figure as Beethoven, and they are certainly questionable with such a tradition- and idiom-bound figure as Billings.

Kroeger's meticulous research and perceptive analysis may prove indispensable to future Billings scholarship. But a brief and factual introduction, such as Hans Nathan's to Volume II, seems to this reviewer more appropriate for a complete-works edition, by simply providing necessary information and making no claims, supported or unsupported, for the music's relative worth. Surely this AMS-sponsored edition, the first complete works of any American composer, is itself an adequate claim.

—Nym Cooke

Engel Instructs, on Tape and in Type

As an aspiring musical theater composer, this reviewer was privileged to spend several years during the 1970s in Lehman Engel's BMI-sponsored workshops. I admit to surprise at finding his 1977 book *The Making of a Musical: Creating Songs for the Stage*, an excellent and straightforward distillation of the workshops, now reissued as a textbook accompanying twenty-

four audio cassettes of recordings from actual workshop sessions, all for the overwhelming price of \$350 under the title *The Lehman Engel Musical Theater Workshop*. (Do the unidentified composers and lyricists who perform their creations and are subjected to discussions and criticisms—now made public—share in the royalties?)

The course of study and his opinions about the business of writing for the contemporary stage were developed by Engel during the last few decades of his illustrious life, and they are as pointed and pertinent as ever. The necessary discipline and good sense he attempted to instill in his pupils were equally as important, but, without personalized input, learning them remains an elusive process. For struggling composers and lyricists, the book alone, which sells by itself for a reasonable \$11, might prove as worthwhile as the "how-to" audio version. Engel's discourses on the tapes can be read in his book; only the actual music and ensuing class discussions are new.

The truly serious writer should enroll in the BMI workshops, still being held under the leadership of some of Engel's knighted and successful disciples. They are *free*, and open by audition (write to Allan Becker, Broadcast Music, Inc., 320 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019). The tapes, though often fascinating, cannot substitute for the humbling experience of performing one's songs live before a critical, knowledgeable, and ambitious group of peers; for the dilettante or collector, however, these audio archives of the Engel workshops will prove of historical interest. (For 24-cassette set and book, write Audio-Forum, Suite A-47, 96 Broad Street, Guilford, CT 06437.)

—William Boswell

Horowitz Plays on Toscanini. Joseph Horowitz's *Understanding Toscanini* (Alfred A. Knopf; \$30) is a much more important book than you'd guess from its title. Lengthy, detailed, and meticulously documented, it compares, in exploration and illumination of major matters (and in grace of writing) to Arthur Loesser's similarly undertitled *Men, Women, and Pianos*. Loesser's subtitle, "A Social History," *really* tells what his book is. Likewise, Horowitz's subtitle—"How He [Toscanini] Became an American Culture-God and Helped Create a New Audience for Old Music"—comes closer than "Understanding Toscanini" to telling us what *his* book is concerned with. Boston's top music critic, Richard Dyer, comes even closer, in a review for the *Globe*: "*Understanding Toscanini* is not really a book about Toscanini. Instead, it's about what people thought he was and insisted he meant; [and] it's about the continuing baleful influence of those beliefs on our musical life."

Understanding Toscanini is also about the American-music background that led to the virtual inevitability of someone like Toscanini being promoted to the olympian position in the public eye that he reached. The pre-history goes back to the mid-nineteenth century and that extraordinary American mix of commerce with art, of hype and hoopla with artistry and edification, symbolized by P. T. Barnum's orchestration of Jenny Lind's 95-concert American tour in 1850–51. Horowitz carefully sets the stage on which Toscanini was to appear, and his view

(continued on page 12)

THE MENACE OF MECHANICAL MUSIC by John Philip Sousa

We're hearing a lot these days about the threat of audio technology to the economic well-being of composers, performers, and record manufacturers—most recently in connection with the advent of digital audio tapes, which will make home dubbing more attractive than ever. It's not a new specter—machines against music—but one that goes back to the earliest days of commercial recordings, when Sousa published a bitter denunciation of "machine-made" music. We reprint his diatribe, slightly abridged, to suggest that there's nothing new under the sun—and with it some of the amusing drawings that accompanied its original publication (in *Appleton's Magazine*, VIII/3 [September 1906], 278–84); they are the work of Frederick Strothmann (ca. 1875–1958), magazine and book illustrator and political cartoonist.

Sweeping across the country with the speed of a transient fashion in slang or Panama hats, political war cries or popular novels, comes now the mechanical device to sing for us a song or play for us a piano, in substitute for human skill, intelligence, and soul. . . . These ingenious instruments have invaded every community in the land. . . .

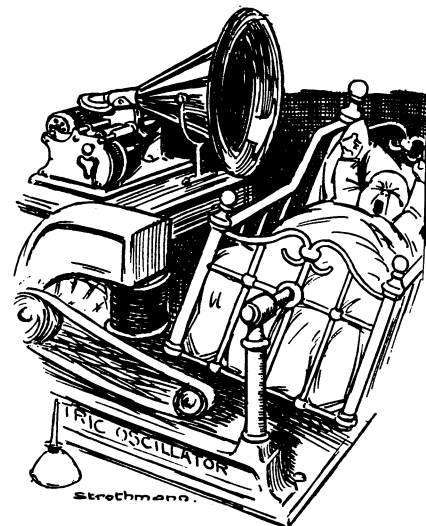
On a matter upon which I feel so deeply, and which I consider so far-reaching, I am quite willing to be reckoned an alarmist, admittedly swayed in part by personal interest, as well as by the impending harm to American musical art. I foresee a marked deterioration in American music and musical taste, an interruption in the musical development of the country, and a host of other injuries to music in its artistic manifestations, by virtue—or rather by vice—of the multiplication of the various music reproducing machines. When I add to this that I myself and every other popular composer are victims of a serious infringement on our clear moral rights in our own work, I but offer a second reason why the facts and conditions should be made clear to everyone, alike in the interest of musical art and of fair play.

It cannot be denied that the owners and inventors have shown wonderful aggressiveness and ingenuity in developing and exploiting these remarkable devices. Their mechanism has been steadily and marvelously improved, and they have come into very extensive use. And it must be admitted that where families lack time or inclination to acquire musical technic, and to hear public performances, the best of these machines supply a certain amount of satisfaction and pleasure.

But heretofore, the whole course of music, from its first day to this, has been along the line of making it the expression of soul states; in other words, of pouring into it soul. Wagner, representing the climax of this movement, declared again and again, "I will not write even one measure of music that is not thoroughly sincere."

From the days when the mathematical and mechanical were paramount in music, the struggle has been bitter and incessant for the sway of the emotional and the soulful. And now, in this the twentieth century, come these talking and playing machines, and offer again to reduce the expression of music to a mathematical system of megaphones, wheels, cogs, disks, cylinders, and all manner of revolving things, which are as like real art as the marble statue of Eve is like her beautiful, living, breathing daughters. . . .

It is the living, breathing example alone that is valuable to the student and can set into motion his creative and performing abilities. The ingenuity of a phonograph's mechanism may incite the inventive genius to its improvement, but I could not imagine that a performance by it would ever inspire embryotic



"Will the infant be put to sleep by machinery?"

Mendelssohns, Beethovens, Mozarts, and Wagners to the acquirement of technical skill, or to the grasp of human possibilities in the art. . . .

Step by step through the centuries, working in an atmosphere almost wholly monopolized by commercial pursuit, America has advanced art to such a degree that to-day she is the Mecca toward which journey the artists of all nations. Musical enterprises are given financial support here as nowhere else in the universe, while our appreciation of music is bounded only by our geographical limits.

This wide love for the art springs from the singing school, secular or sacred; from the village band, and from the study of those instruments that are nearest the people. There are more pianos, violins, guitars, mandolins, and banjos among the working classes of America than in all the rest of the world, and the presence of these instruments in the homes has given employment to enormous numbers of teachers who have patiently taught the children and inculcated a love for music throughout the various communities.

Right here is the menace in machine-made music! The first rift in the lute has appeared. The cheaper of these instruments of the home are no longer being purchased as formerly, and all because the automatic music devices are usurping their places.

And what is the result? The child becomes indifferent to practice, for when music can be heard in the homes without the labor of study and close application, and without the slow pro-

cess of acquiring a technic, it will be simply a question of time when the amateur disappears entirely, and with him a host of vocal and instrumental teachers, who will be without field or calling. . . . The exclamation of the little boy who rushed into his mother's room with the appeal: "O mamma, come into the drawing-room; there is a man in there playing the piano with his hands," is far less extravagant than many similar excursions into the domain of humorous and human prophecy. . . .

When a mother can turn on the phonograph with the same ease that she applies to the electric light, will she croon her baby to slumber with sweet lullabys, or will the infant be put to sleep by machinery?

Children are naturally imitative, and if, in their infancy, they hear only phonographs, will they not sing, if they sing at all, in imitation and finally become simply human phonographs—without soul or expression? Congregational singing will suffer also, which though crude at times, at least improves the respiration of many a weary sinner and softens the voices of those who live amid tumult and noise. . . .

The country dance orchestra of violin, guitar, and melodeon had to rest at times, and the resultant interruption afforded the opportunity for general sociability and rest among the entire company. Now a tireless mechanism can keep everlastingly at it, and much of what made the dance a wholesome recreation is eliminated.

The country band, with its energetic renditions, its loyal support by local merchants, its benefit concerts, band wagon, gay uniforms, state tournaments, and the attendant pride and gayety is apparently doomed to vanish in the general assault on personality in music.

There was a time when the pine woods of the north were sacred to summer simplicity, when around the camp fire at night the stories were told and the songs were sung with a charm all their

own. But even now the invasion of the north has begun, and the ingenious purveyor of canned music is urging the sportsman, on his way to the silent places with gun and rod, tent and canoe, to take with him some disks, cranks, and cogs to sing to him as he sits by the firelight, a thought as unhappy and incongruous as canned salmon by a trout brook.

In the prospective scheme of mechanical music, we shall see man and maiden in a light canoe under the summer moon upon an Adirondack lake with a gramophone caroling love songs from amidsthips. The Spanish cavalier must abandon his guitar and serenade his beloved with a phonograph under his arm.

Shall we not expect that when the nation once more sounds its call to arms and the gallant regiment marches forth, there will be no huge majestic drum major, no serried ranks of sonorous trombones, no glittering array of brass, no rolling of drums? In their stead will be a huge phonograph, mounted on a 100 H.P. automobile, grinding out "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Dixie," and "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

How the soldier's bosoms will swell at the thought that they are being led into the strife by a machine! . . .

And now a word on a detail of personal interest. . . . I venture to say that it will come as an entire surprise to almost every reader to learn that the composers of the music now produced so widely by the mechanical players of every sort draw no profit from it whatever. Composers are entirely unprotected by the copyright laws of the United States as at present written on the statute books and interpreted by the courts. The composer of the most popular waltz or march of the year must see it seized, reproduced at will on wax cylinder, brass disk, or strip of perforated paper, multiplied indefinitely, and sold at large profit all over the country, without a penny of remuneration to himself for the use of this original product of his brain. . . .

A new copyright bill was introduced in Congress at the last session, a joint committee met on June 6th, to hear arguments on the bill as presented, and the following paragraph was cause for lively discussion on the part of the various talking-machine interests and composers represented:

Paragraph (G) of Section I, which provides "that the copyright secured by this Act shall include the sole and exclusive right to make, sell, distribute, or let for hire any device, contrivance, or appliance especially adapted in any manner whatsoever to reproduce to the ear the whole or any material part of any work published and copyrighted after this Act shall have gone into effect, or by means of any such device or appliance publicly to reproduce to the ear the whole or any material part of such work."

I was among those present, and became particularly keen on the efforts of opposing interests to impress upon the committee by specious argument and fallacious interpretation that the composer of music had no rights under the Constitution that they were bound to respect; and that remedial legislation was wholly out of the question until the Constitution had first been amended.



"With a gramophone caroling love songs from amidsthips."

(continued on next page)

MENACE (continued)

One gentleman went the length of declaring that he would never have worked out his reproducing apparatus, had he not felt confident that the Constitution gave him the right to appropriate the brightest efforts of the American composer, and he voiced the belief that any act giving the composer ownership in his own property would be most unconstitutional.

Asked if he claimed the right to take one of my compositions and use it in connection with his mechanical device without compensation to myself, his unselfish reply was: "Under the Constitution and all the laws of the land, I say Yes, decidedly!"

Asked if he was not protected in his patents, his answer was promptly in the affirmative, but he seemed wholly unable to grasp the proposition that a composer should ask for similar protection on his creative work. . . .

Of course it must not be overlooked that in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals a case has just been decided adversely to the composer's rights in the profits accruing from the use of his compositions on the talking and playing machines, but this case awaits final adjudication, on appeal, in the United States Supreme Court. Judges Lacombe, Coxe, and Townsend rendered a decision as follows:

"We are of the opinion that a perforated paper roll, such as is manufactured by defendant, is not a copy of complainant's staff notation. . . . The perforations in the rolls are not a varied form of symbols substituted for the symbols used by the author. They are mere adjuncts of a valve mechanism in a machine. In fact, the machine, or musical playing device, is the thing which appropriates the author's property and publishes it by producing the musical sounds, thus conveying the author's composition to the public."

May I ask, does this machine appropriate the author's composition without human assistance? Is the machine a free agent? Does it go about to seek whom it may devour? And if, as quoted above, the machine "publishes it," is not the owner of the machine responsible for its acts?

Is a copyright simply represented by a sheet of music? Is there no more to it than the silent notation? The little black spots on the five lines and spaces, the measured bars, are merely the record of birth and existence of a musical thought. These marks are something beyond the mere shape, the color, the length of the pages. They are only one form of recording the coming into the world of a newly fashioned work, which, by the right of authorship, inherent and constitutional, belongs to him who conceived it. They are no more the living theme which they record than the description of a beautiful woman is the woman herself. . . .

I am puzzled to know why the powerful corporations controlling these playing and talking machines are so totally blind to the moral and ethical questions involved. Could anything be more blamable, as a matter of principle, than to take an artist's composition, reproduce it a thousandfold on their machines, and deny him all participation in the large financial returns, by hiding back of the diaphanous pretense that in the guise of a disk or roll, his composition is not his property?



"Does it go about to seek whom it may devour?"

Do they not realize that if the accredited composers, who have come into vogue by reason of merit and labor, are refused a just reward for their efforts, a condition is almost sure to arise where all incentive to further creative work is lacking, and compositions will no longer flow from their pens; or where they will be compelled to refrain from publishing their compositions at all, and control them in manuscript? What, then, of the playing and talking machines?

BEAT (continued)

an old Glenn Miller hit, the pianist's single-note lines sparkle with deft rhythms and fresh invention. And Kuhn turns Sonny Rollins's *Airegin* into a study in *moto perpetuo*, as his improvisation surges ahead, picks up speed, and whirls faster and faster, Sufi-like, to an ecstatic conclusion.

Roy Eldridge's *The Nifty Cat* (NW 349) is a reissue of the Master Jazz LP recorded by the veteran trumpeter in 1970. At the time, Eldridge held forth nightly at Jimmy Ryan's in New York, where his repertory reflected the club's dixieland policy. On this date, though, Eldridge called his own tunes, displaying talents as composer-arranger as well as improviser. Almost all the compositions are based on pop-song forms and the blues. The exception is *Cotton*, a haunting dirge-like piece that features Eldridge's muted horn and Budd Johnson's expressive soprano sax. Johnson, an underrated figure, takes imaginative solos throughout this relaxed and enjoyable "blowing" session. And if Eldridge shows more restraint than in former years, he still has the penetrating tone, incisive phrasing, and powerful rhythmic drive that made him, in his heyday, one of the most exciting trumpeters on the planet.

THE 'MENACE' . . . EIGHTY YEARS LATER *by Emily Good*

This fall, after many delays and amid much controversy, digital audio tape (DAT) will be introduced to American markets by the Japanese electronics industry. The tape equivalent of the compact disc, DATs will be a boon to audiophiles: though somewhat daintier than their analog counterparts, they provide up to three hours of uninterrupted playing time, they have no tape hiss or electromagnetic distortion of pitch or loud passages, and their sound quality does not deteriorate with repeated playing. An added advantage: playback equipment may soon be pocket-sized.

The Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA) is worried: DATs will also enable consumers to make nearly indestructible studio-quality copies of digitally prerecorded, copyrighted music. RIAA estimates that home taping already costs record companies \$1.5 billion in lost revenues each year, an amount likely to increase as "Rent-a-Record" outlets, already common in Japan, spring up elsewhere. And whereas sales of blank cassette tapes have soared to nearly 300 million annually, the numbers of new commercial prerecorded releases have declined dramatically.

To prevent unauthorized copying of digitally prerecorded discs and tapes, engineers at CBS Records have developed the "copy-code system," which enables record manufacturers to "encode" master recordings by inserting minute and inaudible "notches" at high frequency levels. When these notches are detected by scanners placed in digital recorders, taping is interrupted for twenty-five seconds. It was hoped that the Electronics Industry Association of Japan (EIAJ) could be persuaded to install these "spoiler" chips in digital recorders voluntarily; when it refused last December, Senators Albert Gore, Jr. (D-TN), and Pete Wilson (D-CA) introduced a bill that would require the installation of copy-code scanners in all units to be sold in this country for one year, while Congress considers a long-term course of action; the bill would also make it illegal to disable or circumvent the scanners.

EIAJ accepts no responsibility for the plight of the American recording industry. Pointing to statistics suggesting that home tapers purchase the largest number of records, it maintains that consumers are making copies only of discs that they already own, for private use in their cars and portable cassette players, and—with some justification—that the ability to tape actually serves to stimulate sales. EIAJ has also tried to demonstrate that copy-coding will not only deprive consumers of their "right to tape" but will compromise the quality of commercially recorded DATs and CDs. In an attempt to pacify the American recording industry, the Japanese are currently producing machines whose sampling rate (rate at which recording and playback machines read digitally encoded information) is different from the CD industry standard, rendering it impossible to obtain a digital tape recording of comparable quality from a CD. But to the recording industry, this is an empty gesture; as David Stebbings of CBS Records testified before Congress on 2 April, the Japanese have already publicly demonstrated digital recorders that are completely compatible with CD players, and it is only a matter of time before they will be widely available.

The question of how to protect copyright holders from the threat of inexpensive yet sophisticated reproduction technologies—

photocopiers, cassette recorders, VCRs, etc.—is not a new one, and Capitol Hill has been slow to recognize just how far behind technological advances our copyright laws have fallen. Legislation in 1971 permitted taping from broadcasts, records, and tapes for private use, and—much to the exasperation of publishers, software manufacturers, record companies, as well as the creators of "intellectual property"—the doctrine of "fair use," incorporated in the Copyright Act of 1976, failed to address the growing problem adequately. But even before the new copyright law went into effect, a re-examination of the issues became unavoidable when, in November 1976, the Universal and Walt Disney film studios filed suit against the Sony Corporation for copyright infringement, just as its new Betamax video recorder was about to hit the market.

In 1981, when the Ninth Circuit U.S. Court of Appeals reversed a lower court's decision and ruled in favor of the motion picture studios, the reaction was swift and spectacular. The next two days saw the introduction of bills in both the House and the Senate allowing home taping as an exception to the Copyright Act of 1976. As a compromise, Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA), proposed that a royalty be levied on videocassette recorders and blank tapes—home taping could continue, but copyright owners would receive just compensation.

Meanwhile, RIAA, angry over radio stations' recently instituted policy of broadcasting LPs without interruption, saw its own situation as analogous to MPAA's, and joined forces with it. Powerful allies were recruited in the Senate: majority leader Howard Baker, whose constituency included Nashville, and Senate minority leader Robert Byrd, whose disc *Mountain Fiddler* placed him among the artists represented by RIAA. With their help, by March 1982 Congress was persuaded to include audiotaping in a royalty amendment to the home-taping bill introduced by Senator Charles Mathias (R-MD), a staunch defender of copyright.

Because it was still unknown whether the Supreme Court would hear Sony's appeal of the Betamax case, both sides prepared to debate the issue in Congress. Early in 1982, RIAA president Stanley Gortikov, with the help of Leonard Feist, then president of the National Music Publishers Association, formed the Coalition to Save America's Music (SAM) to lobby on behalf of the music industry. The Japanese (EIAJ), surprised by the unexpected appearance of a new adversary, found themselves unprepared to take on both the motion picture industry *and* the music industry; that summer they organized the Home/Audio Recording Rights Coalition of consumers, retailers, and manufacturers of video recording products, to contend with the opposition's new show of strength.

In June 1982 the Supreme Court agreed to hear the Betamax case, and immediately the focus in Congress shifted away from videotaping to audiotaping in hearings notorious for the lobbyists' acrimonious exchanges. Though Congress seemed favorably disposed toward royalties on audio recorders and blank tapes, it felt no compulsion to act before the court handed down its decision. On 17 January 1984, in an extremely close vote (5 to 4), the Supreme Court ruled in favor of Sony. The majority

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BOOK NOOK (continued)

remains broadly contextual, both during the maestro's turn onstage and following his exit (in a last section of the book confronting the worrisome "long-term legacies" of the Toscanini phenomenon).

The "Toscanini cult" that is the real target of Horowitz's study developed during the course of the Italian conductor's three long residencies in the United States—at the Metropolitan Opera in 1908–15; with the New York Philharmonic in 1928–36; and finally, from 1937 to 1954, as overlord of the NBC Symphony orchestra, established specifically for Toscanini. This half-century coincided with the consolidation and rapid growth of permanent American symphony orchestras and, less generally, opera companies—and with them the recordings industry. It also saw the rise of the "music appreciation racket" (Virgil Thomson's term), a movement joined enthusiastically by the radio networks and record manufacturers, who sought to build a mass market for concert music—and succeeded. This led to one species of the "midcult"—high culture watered down and promoted for mass consumption—identified by Dwight Macdonald in a famous essay of 1960, "Masscult and Midcult." Toscanini, as "marketed" by David Sarnoff of RCA (which owned Victor Records and had created the NBC radio network), was a perfect potential midcult hero: undeniably a virtuoso on the most impressive of all musical instruments, the orchestra; a self-made man appealing to American idealism; an exemplar of youthful energy and stamina even in old age (he was seventy when he initiated the NBC Symphony); an enemy of Fascism and Nazism and a partisan of Jews in Palestine; and a goldmine for mythmakers.

In a pre-publication letter published in *Opus*, Horowitz put his book's final thesis in a nutshell: "Toscanini's cult played a mighty role in inculcating habits of culture-consumption—the fixation on celebrity performers and canonized repertoire, the rejection of new and/or native music—that have turned classical music, its practitioners, and its rituals into mere fetishes [in a] numbing escape from music's creative source." This is ultimately Horowitz's concern in *Understanding Toscanini*; he voices it eloquently, in a powerful account, a major contribution to cultural history—one perhaps better titled, however, *Understanding "Toscanini."*

What Fun! "... It's by a countryman of yours, Anton Philip Heinrich, called Gran Sinfonia Apoplectica or something like that. . . . Heinrich wrote a duet for piccolo and tuba in that composition.' Borax's eyes lit up[:]' 'A *Charakterstück*? I thought you said it was a symphony.' 'I did, but it was program music . . . called something like A Grizzly Talks to a Nightingale across the Grand Canyon. . . ." That's from a new novel about "Old Borax"—Antonin Dvořák—by Josef Skvorecky, titled *Dvorak in Love* (Knopf; \$18.95). Who's he in love with? Well, America, among other places and persons. The cast of characters in this "light-hearted dream" (Skvorecky's subtitle) includes Will Marion Cook, Theodore Thomas, James Huneker, Harry T. Burleigh, Sissieretta Jones, and of course Jeannette Thurber, who brought Dvořák here in the 1890s to head up her National Conservatory. Great summer reading!

—H. W. H.



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REGARDING RECORDINGS

Our prize for the most diverting recording of the season goes to *Our Musical Past: Volume 2* (Library of Congress CD OMP-103), with two silent film scores, Victor Herbert's for *The Fall of a Nation* and Jerome Kern's for *Gloria's Romance* (both 1916). Both are performed—and very stylishly—by the Music-Crafters Orchestra under Frederick Fennell. Herbert's music (which barely missed being the first completely original film score) has been reduced to a credible thirty-five-minute suite in fifteen numbers averaging two minutes each, Kern's a set of nine movements totaling twenty minutes. Good liner notes are provided by Wayne Shirley (for *Fall of a Nation*) and John McGlinn (for *Gloria's Romance*). If your image of Herbert's music is confined to waltzes, marches, and sentimental songs, try his "Battle Music" cue, for sheer chaos a rival to "Putnam's Camp" in Ives's *Three Places in New England*; and, as McGlinn notes, Kern's score is delectably full of "that very individual high-stepping quality, [those] gentle, subtle syncopations, [and] that indefinable turn of melody" that characterize Kern's music from his Princess Theatre period.

Nonesuch Records is doing well these days by leaders of so-called minimalist music. Hard on the heels of an album with the *Sextet* (1985) and *Six Marimbas* (1986) by Steve Reich (Nonesuch 79138) has come one with music by John Adams: three big pieces—*Christian Zeal and Activity* (1973), *Common Tones in Simple Time* (1980), and *The Chairman Dances* (1985)—and two shorter fanfares (Nonesuch 79144). Reich's music is performed definitively by Steve Reich and Musicians with members of Nexus and the Manhattan Marimba Quartet, that of Adams impeccably by the San Francisco Symphony under Edo de Waart. One is bowled over by the absolutely first-rate technical quality of these recordings . . . and beguiled by the music, too.

And Then There Were Three. Ten years ago we noted with enthusiasm the release of *Vermont Harmony 2*, a second album of eighteenth-century Vermont Yankee music performed by the Choral Union of the University of Vermont under James Chapman's direction. (The similar *Vermont Harmony 1* had appeared in 1973.) Now comes *Vermont Harmony 3* (Philo Records PH-1073) from the same forces, with lusty but polished performances of singing-school music by Elisha West, Ebenezer Child, and Eliakim Doolittle. As before, the recording is accompanied by superb notes by Chapman and his colleague (now retired) Betty Bandel, with help from Nym Cooke. And as before, all the music on the recording has been edited by Chapman and published in a tidy octavo volume titled as is the disc. (The recording is available for \$8.98 c/o Rounder Records, One Camp Street, Cambridge, MA 02140, the score for \$5 from Chapman Associates, 9 Farrington Pky, Burlington, VT 05401.)

Tidbits and Two Smart Sets. *Carol Wincenc* (Nonesuch 79114), *Carole Terry*, *Harpichord* (CRI SD-533), *Continuum* (Musical Heritage Society MHS-7370Y): what do these albums all have in common? Previously unrecorded music by Henry Cowell, that's what. Peerless flutist Carol Wincenc ends side one of her album of flute and piano music with Cowell's *Two Bits* (1941), which are just that, each lasting but two minutes. Carole Terry, playing a splendid double-manual instrument from the Seattle shop of David Calhoun, offers the substantial four-movement *Set of Four* that Cowell wrote in 1960 for the late Ralph

Kirkpatrick. Continuum, the New York-based chamber group directed by Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, presents a whole album of Cowelliana. The biggest piece on it is the dazzling quarter-hour-long *Set of Five* (1952) for violin, percussion, and piano (previously recorded by the dedicatees of the work, Maro and Anahid Ajemian); smallest is the thirty-second-long *What's This?* ("motoric force gone berserk," writes Sachs in his excellent jacket notes); and somewhere in between are half a dozen other pieces, of which the most interesting are the unpublished *Elegie* (composed in the early 1940s for the dancer Hanya Holm)—a sort of diatonicized *Banshee*, and like that famous howler played entirely on the piano strings—and *Sunset* and *Rest*, two songs of 1933 to texts by Carl Ruggles's daughter Catherine.

—H. W. H.

An Old Sound Renewed. A hoax? A remastering of band recordings from early in the century? These were among my initial thoughts as I listened to a demo tape that had been forwarded to me. It was soon apparent that the **Paragon Ragtime Orchestra** is authentic, that this is a group that comes remarkably close to recreating the sound (as we know it from recordings) of the 1910s. More information came with a phone call to the director, Rick Benjamin. Benjamin is the grandson of one of Arthur Pryor's band musicians. Through his grandfather's former colleagues he was led to a warehouse room full of decaying old music soon to be discarded. This turned out to be a neglected treasure—a cache of some 3,000 arrangements that had belonged to the Pryor band. Some were stock arrangements; others, written in pencil, were apparently designed specifically for Pryor. Strongly attracted to these arrangements, Benjamin formed a virtuoso orchestra of fourteen Juilliard students and graduates to play them, and it has since been captivating audiences throughout the Northeast. He may be contacted at 3415 West Hurley Pond Road, Wall Township, NJ 07719; phone 201/681-6544.

—Edward A. Berlin

Salute to GunMar. Gunther Schuller wears many hats—most recently that of record producer for his own company, GM Recordings. GM is a new-music label of a different sort. True to Schuller's credo, the label is eclectic, ranging from *Vintage [Eric] Dolphy*, a re-release of 1962-63 performances by the saxophonist and his quartet, to the *Sequoia String Quartet* with William Thomas McKinley's *Fantasia Concertante* and Michio Mamiya's String Quartet No. 1. The music on GM is utterly fresh and refreshing, and the surfaces transmit a rich sound. Two favorites so far are *New Ideas*, with beautiful French horn playing by Richard Todd, a recent Schuller discovery. Like his friend Wynton Marsalis, Todd is a cross-over artist: on Side One he performs Schuller's *Trois Hommages* (a teenage inspiration), along with two other concert works, while the flip side yields all jazz, with *Au Privave* by "Charles" Parker and *When the Sun Comes Out* by Harold Arlen as high points. (Multi-tracking buffs will find nirvana in this last tune, where Todd overdubs for an eight-part texture.) The other GM gem is an album including **Thomas Oboe Lee's** exciting Third String Quartet of 1982, as performed by the Kronos Quartet. (\$9.98 and \$10.98 per disc; available from GunMar Music Inc., 167 Dudley Road, Newton Centre, MA 02159).

—Carol J. Oja

WEIRD STUFF

Randall D. Larson publishes several "fanzines" dedicated mainly to science fiction and to horror and fantasy films, and *CinemaScore*, one of the few American periodicals devoted to film music. His book *Musique Fantastique: A Survey of Film Music in the Fantastic Cinema* is an ambitious attempt at a "historical and analytical survey of the music that has been written for fantastic films, with regard to both its functional and aesthetic value [and to its] elements of uniqueness, creativity and imagination that are not always found in other types of music or at least not as profoundly."

For Larson, the music for "fantastic cinema" seems to begin with the era of sound film. (He allots hardly more than three paragraphs to silent films.) His comprehensive if somewhat loosely organized chronological survey includes chapters on the well-known screen composers (Goldsmith, Herrmann, Rózsa, and J. Williams), the use of electronics and synthesizers, the use of pre-existing music instead of original scores, and significant developments abroad. A chapter on television discusses the music of some of the best-remembered science-fiction and fantasy programs. In addition, Larson provides an exhaustive filmography plus a discography which comprise more than a third of the book's 592 pages. Complete documentation of sources is furnished in end-of-chapter notes, and there is an index.

Since Larson is neither musician nor musicologist, one finds in *Musique Fantastique* little musical analysis, and he furnishes

no music examples at all. Nevertheless, helpful musical insights can be found in the utterances of some composers as well as others quoted by Larson.

Knowledgeable students of film music will detect the factual errors unavoidable in a work of such vast scope, and some may question the validity of some of Larson's assertions. Others will doubtless take issue with many of the titles he has included in his catalogue of "fantastic cinema," along with those of the normative science-fiction, horror, monster, magic, fairy-tale, and sword-and-sorcerer pictures. Larson himself is constrained to admit that many of the films in his list "may be considered only marginally fantastic. . . ."

Larson's book has much to recommend it, however. To begin with, it can serve as an interesting, if somewhat limited, introduction to film music in general. Because of its impressive "completeness," it can be used by film-music students as a handy reference source of general information and specific film-composing credits. More significantly, *Musique Fantastique* contains a wealth of new or previously unpublished information, including numerous, if brief, discussions of lesser-known screen composers and informative extracts from Larson's interviews with composers, including a wide-ranging one with this reviewer. (But I hasten to assure readers that the inclusion of a photo of me [p. 228] has not swayed me at all!) (Scarecrow Press; \$39.50)

—Fred Steiner

A POSTSCRIPT TO NICOLAS SLONIMSKY'S "SEX AND THE MUSIC LIBRARIAN"

As a child in Paris I was assigned by my piano teacher the little sonatas of Beethoven and Mozart, published one movement at a time at fifty centimes per movement. Later in San Francisco I was interested to learn that sonatas were printed with all their movements together. Our library at home contained complete sets of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Dickens, Mark Twain, and Henry James, as well as the Lives of the Saints and the Apocrypha. So it seemed natural to acquire the complete sonatas of Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart. I seemed obsessed, in fact, with having the whole body of a man's work at hand. (Although I couldn't play most of the music for years, I liked to read it silently.) I was perhaps fourteen when my father, who had a magnificent bass voice, asked whether I had a copy of "The Perfect Day." I didn't, but I ordered by phone from Sherman & Clay in San Francisco "the complete works of Carrie Jacobs Bond."

In the late 1920s I got around to music critics, and I went methodically through volumes of reviews by—among others—Schumann, Hanslick, George Bernard Shaw, and finally James Huneker. When I asked at the library for the last three Huneker volumes, I was handed two of them but told to take the slip for the third one upstairs. "Upstairs" meant the Head Librarian's office, a long, narrow, walnut-paneled room with a great mahogany desk that curved along one wall. The room was empty, but presently a young woman appeared behind the handsome desk and held out her hand for my slip, which she then took, without comment, "backstage" into the work area behind the

wall. I waited in silence. When she returned, she set the slip down on the desk between us with a conclusive air, saying dismissively, "This book goes out only to people of known moral character." I was surprised. "How do you demonstrate your moral character to the satisfaction of the San Francisco Public Library?" I not unreasonably wanted to know. She looked flustered and retreated with my slip behind the back wall again. Presently she stuck her head around the corner at one end of the great desk and asked, "Is your name on the tax rolls?" Fortunately it was, and I got my book.

I hadn't the faintest idea that *Painted Veils* was a novel with a risqué reputation, instead of the collection of critical essays by Huneker that I was expecting. For that matter, nothing I read in it explained the book's reputation, any more than I could find anything to explain the great fuss over James Branch Cabell's *Jurgen* (which upstaged *Painted Veils* by getting itself banned in Boston.) But, even if these books were unduly suggestive for their day, what could that have to do with the tax rolls?

Eventually it was explained to me that such books were a temptation to excision or marginal sketches by eccentric readers; but if you were a property owner, and brought a book back damaged, its replacement value could be recovered. This all seemed to me very far-fetched. But some twenty years later I understood it better, as I watched an industrious man in a New York subway virtuously eliminating about a third of the text of a library copy of *Ulysses* with a heavy black marker.

—Sidney Cowell

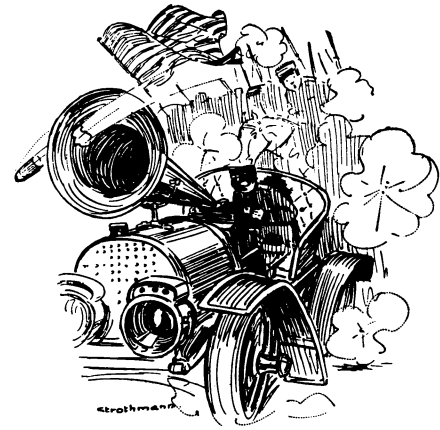
EIGHTY YEARS LATER (continued)

opinion held that Universal and Walt Disney had been unable to demonstrate the likelihood of harm from "time-shifting," or the recording of television broadcasts for viewing at a different time. But the dissenting minority was clearly distressed by the recent turn of events and looked to Congress for new guidance in matters of copyright.

The court decision was a crushing blow to MPAA and RIAA. MPAA now turned its attention to the video rental problem, while RIAA, distancing itself as much as possible from MPAA, continued to pursue the royalty issue alone. Since 1984, hearings have been held before both the House Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Courts, Civil Liberties and the Administration of Justice, chaired by Representative Robert W. Kastenmeier (D-WI), and the Senate Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Patents, Copyrights, and Trademarks, formed two weeks after the Betamax decision and headed by Senator Mathias. But three years later, still no action has been taken, perhaps in part because Congress is reluctant to alienate consumers by forcing them to pay royalties to a wealthy industry with a glamorous public image.

The Home Audio Recording Act (S. 1739), following passage by the Mathias subcommittee a year ago, is now before the full Senate Judiciary committee. In its present form, it calls for royalties to be paid on audio recording equipment but not blank tapes; proposed rates are 25% of the wholesale price of double-well cassette units, and 5% of the wholesale price of all other equipment; the manufacture or importation of machines with three or more wells for the express purpose of copying pre-recorded music would be forbidden.

Where would the money go? In the May 1986 issue of its newsletter, the Coalition to Save America's Music published RIAA's recommendations to Congress: 2% of the royalty pool, to be divided equally between the Songwriters Guild Foundation and the NEA, would be used to establish a fund "for the benefit of aspiring songwriters, musicians, composers, and vocalists"; of the remaining 98%, 45% would go to the recording companies, 30% to the performing artists, 23% to songwriters [= composers?] and music publishers, and 2% to the unions. 80% of these funds would be distributed proportionally according to record sales and airplay; the remaining 20% would be used as "Creative Incentive Grants" for those receiving the smallest shares of the new revenues. Though this would provide sub-



"Led into the strife by a machine."

stantial relief to the recording industry, a discordant note has been sounded by critics within SAM's ranks who feel a more equitable distribution of the royalty could be achieved.

At this writing, the royalty issue has been put on the back burner, while the latest skirmish between RIAA and EIAJ is just beginning as new congressional hearings open on DAT technology. In spite of the Reagan administration's endorsement of the copy-code system, it is unlikely that action will be taken on Capitol Hill before DATs reach American markets in the fall. Perhaps encouragement can be taken from the fate of DAT technology in its home market: digital recorders—with spoiler chips—went on sale in Japan in March, but consumers, having embraced the Philips CD technology enthusiastically, are hesitating to buy expensive new systems while prerecorded DATs are still missing from the shelves.

The withholding of prerecorded DATs may finally force EIAJ to come to terms with the industry that provides it with its livelihood. But in the meantime, EIAJ is the largest beneficiary of Congress's indecision, and the recording industry, frustrated and out of patience, is now planning new strategies to control access to its product. A front-page announcement in the 9 May issue of *Billboard* may provide a glimpse into the future: Personics Corporation, a Silicon Valley company funded in part by Thorn/EMI and Citicorp, is putting together a consortium of record companies that will license retail taping outlets to make custom-made cassettes on demand from a rotating collection of 15,000 songs; each selection will be individually priced. The first of these outlets will be launched in the fall, and Personics founder Charles Garvin asks, "Instead of looking at [taping] as a competitive product to be outlawed, why not instead look at it as a service to be provided?"

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A probing account of the Betamax case, *Fast Forward: Hollywood, the Japanese, and the Onslaught of the VCR*, by New Yorker staff writer James Lardner, is just off the press from Norton (\$18.95). (See also his two-part encapsulation in the 6 and 13 April issues of the *New Yorker*). For further information about the home taping issue, write to the Home/Audio Recording Rights Coalition, P. O. Box 33576, 1145 19th Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20033, and to the Coalition to Save America's Music, 888 Seventh Avenue, 9th Floor, New York, NY 10106.

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