

I wrote on Yaqui themes, in which as in the native dance of the same name (one of the most admirable in the whole world) the movements of a stag-hunt are described.

Manuel M. Ponce has produced three new works: *Dance of the Ancient Mexicans; Chapultepec*, and *Music and Scene for The Suspicious Truth* by Juan Ruiz de Alarcón. The first two were given by the Symphony Orchestra of Mexico under the direction of Chávez.

There is, as always, another group—surely more numerous than the one I have been discussing—which is occupied in producing music, but its technic and ideology are not of this epoch. Its members ingenuously believe it possible, in our time, to write music as it was composed in the days of Beethoven or of Chopin. They go on writing classic symphonies, romantic waltzes, and operas *à la* Donizetti. I suppose that these things are happening in every country. In Mexico, where the revolution is in full cry, all the counter-revolutionary complexes are exhibited in the field of art. But this cannot continue to be so for long. The attitude taken by the State must soon assure victory to one side or the other.

Luis Sandi

FESTIVAL AT PITTSFIELD

IF this writer is correct in feeling that Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge's festivals of chamber music are admirable barometers of the musical weather, her festival at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on September 19, 20, and 21 indicates that the neo-classical trend of recent years has passed the tentative, experimental stage, and has come to something like maturity. All but one of the new works presented in the five concerts reflected this trend in one way or another, and both the best and worst novelties reflected it most strongly.

It was at its worst in Ottorino Respighi's *Concerto a Cinque*, a concerto grosso for five solo instruments and string orchestra, an incongruous mixture of polyphony and operatic sentimentality, of cheap lyricism and classical structure. It was at its best in Roy Harris' *Trio*, with its fine bold line, its clear forceful

statement, its dignity and maturity of thought and feeling. The Harris work was by far the most impressive new composition of the festival.

The opening concert brought out two new American works, a violin sonata by Henry Eichheim and a piano quintet by John Alden Carpenter. I prefer to withhold comment on the latter until it is played later this season in Chicago. The Eichheim work, with its main movement based upon Balinese melodies, seemed an effort by the composer to reconcile his customary Orientalism with Occidental traditions, an attempt that was not singularly impressive.

The second program contained the Harris *Trio* and some new arrangements, by Alfredo Casella, of Bach and Clementi. If the delightful little trio by Clementi is any criterion, Casella should be subsidized to resurrect all his chamber music. It has the light and trivial touch that is perfection when handled in small and unpretentious forms. The trouble comes when the same trivialities are ballooned out to fill a Beethovenian structure.

The third concert was given by the Laurent Wind Quintet. It began with an exercise in the higher Delibes entitled *Rhapsody*, the work of the Belgian composer, Joseph Jongen. Edward Burlingame Hill's *Sextet* for wind instruments and piano had the virtue of making the very poor Mozart quintet which followed sound like another *Jupiter*. The program ended with a rhapsodic and atmospheric *Fantasy Sonata* for clarinet and piano by Burnet Tuthill, which was very pleasant to listen to, and with a *Sonata* for three wind instruments and piano by Vittorio Rieti, the Italian satirist, who has seldom written more hilarious slapstick and burlesque.

Frank Bridge's *Violin Sonata*, on the fourth program, was the one new work in which the neo-classical idea was not apparent. It seems to indicate that the composer, in the year of grace 1933, caught up at last with the "modernism" of 1915. It came as something of a shock to realize that a piece of music full of remote and recherché dissonances, capricious rhythms, and a twisting intangible line like captured lightning should sound old-fashioned and out of date. Taken in and for itself it is a rather fascinating and even gorgeous work; set off against other com-

positions of 1933 it is a reminder of years past.

The final program contained the Respighi concerto, a vigorous, forthright and melodious *Triptyque* for string orchestra by Alexander Tansman, arrangements of old French music by Roy Harris and Mabel Wood Hill, and a *Septet* for viola, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, and harp, by the English composer, Cyril B. Rootham. This work fits the standard British formula for chamber music—a rather abstract first movement, a nostalgic modal folk song piped romantically by the oboe in the slow movement, and jig rhythms for a finale.

Alfred V. Frankenstein

NABOKOFF'S ORATORIO, JOB

A performance of contemporaneous music well worth recording was that given by Albert Stoessel, at the Worcester Festival, of Nicholas Nabokoff's Oratorio, *Job*—Nabokoff, the young Russian composer (now living in France), whose works are arousing increasing attention and whose *Coeur de Don Quichotte* was performed last season at one of the concerts of the League of Composers. Written in 1933 at the request of the perspicacious Madame de Polignac, *Job* has now been revised so that the version heard comprises soli, mixed chorus and large orchestra. It is, of course, based on biblical text which has been arranged and divided into three parts, a prolog and an epilog. The part of Job is sung by a baritone; there is a tenor part for the scribe and the three friends of Job are sung, respectively, by tenor, baritone and bass. The voice of God is sung by the chorus which appears also at two other times: once as the messengers who announce to Job his misfortunes and, a second time, at the end of the discourse of the three friends, when the chorus condemns Job.

For the program-notes, Nabokoff has written: "In its musical style, I have tried to base myself on the early monodias of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries (one presumes that he means Russian) and give at the same time this Oratorio a dramatic character which would place the figure of Job in the spotlight as a great classic and tragic figure." The present writer, how-