

matter of differentiation, of portraying that final dissipation of energy where things become separate and static, that Harris sometimes refuses us a complete picture. His eternal flux, like Wagner's, is intoxicating, and it may lead to emotional exhaustion if it is not sufficiently energized by the drama of basic contrasts. Yet, still conscious of the abundant vitality, the homespun beauty, the spacious reach of tenderness and pathos in this folk-song fantasia, I feel no uneasiness in yielding to the dynamic persuasion of Harris' "uninterrupted eloquence."

Two movements from Arthur Shepherd's *Horizons*, Piston's *Incredible Flutist* and Barber's *Overture to A School for Scandal* were on the same program. This was preceded at the convention by an "orchestral laboratory session," organized by Shepherd, consisting mainly of new works which might prove practical for high school orchestras, and produced for us by the Cleveland Philharmonic Orchestra under F. Karl Grossman. Among the ten composers represented, the general level of competence was high. Topping the list was a sturdy if conventional *Passacaglia and Fugue* by David Van Vactor, Melville Smith's *Tarheel Fantasy* was an effective exploitation of North Carolina folk-tunes, smooth, adroit writing marked Alvin Ettler's *Scherzo* and Edmund Haines' *Three Dances*; there was more folk melody in William Bergsma's amusing *Set of Dances*, Ulysses Kay showed imagination in his *Five Mosaics*, and Philip Greeley Clapp supplied some elaborate percussive buffoonery in his effective *Overture to a Comedy*. Other works heard were by Richard Morse, Robert W. Palmer and James Aliferis.

More American music presented at the convention included string quartets by Normand Lockwood and Charles Sanford Skilton, the *Garden Hymn Fantasia* of Arthur Shepherd, the *Two-Piano Suite* of Beryl Rubinstein, and three songs by this reviewer.

Herbert Elwell

## THE NEW STRAVINSKY

THE work that Stravinsky has written for the Golden Jubilee season of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra bears a like relation to *Symphonie des Psaumes* that *Le Sacre du Printemps* bears to the earlier ballets. It is a symphony in four movements, a return of the symphonic gods of Haydn and Mozart, veiled now, but still revealing those eternal forms and essential proportions.

Loyal to the classic beliefs, Stravinsky too has now given us a contemporary monument of ingenuity and imagination which must endure -

if we can allow ourselves such thoughts about any work of our own period. It represents the culmination of his symphonic effort up to the present, the bloom of his theoretic and philosophic discourse. The inexplicable tyranny of chaos, which has rested so heavily on much of the music that has been written and performed in the past fifty years, seems to be broken at last; there is a chance for a new order again. Those who knew and condemned this tyranny included many who were not able to help, only the more gifted being in a position to give positive proof of their resistance. The capacity audiences, which Stravinsky attracts in this otherwise musically cautious city, instinctively cheered the three successive performances of his *Symphony in C*.

The score itself is what the composer terms "White music." As Mr. Sol Babitz points out in his analysis of the work, one finds "none of the conventional doubling, no outward attempts at tonal balance." It would be false, however, to infer that Stravinsky's orchestra has lost its undulating pomp and rhetorical effect. It is not less emphatic; it has only been lifted to a higher accomplishment than it had enjoyed before. But it is perhaps in the delineation of his musical thought and in the inevitability of his transitions that Stravinsky has signally advanced. It is not merely that, by accident or design, he evades the usual development, or at least insists upon interpolating it without special justification. There is no longer the taint of stylistic fads. He proceeds, because nothing but the accident of time divides his one thought from the other.

Harmonically, he is as adroit as ever in concealing a certain poverty with the severity of economy; melodically, what was fresh and substantial in the *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto* has been crystallized. A personal simplicity and vitality is again apparent throughout, so that the composer's own line is now clearly marked. In short, the danger lying ahead has been noted, and the former simplicity has been stripped of its simulative trappings as well.

After the New York sojourn of the Chicago Symphony, Hans Lange took over for two weeks and gave penetrating performances of several American works. There is much to be said in favor of Eric DeLamar's *Fable of the Hapless Folk-Tune*. Made up of a truly remarkable collection of melodies that he has embroidered with infinite pains and simple taste, it is in many respects a restrained expression of graceful ease in musical writing of which American composition can be proud. The occasional outbursts of imagination that DeLamarter calls "orchestral impertinences"

add a deftly applied brilliance to the somewhat monotonous style of so many tunes of the same intimate character. But it is not enough: what the piece as a whole really needs is the insertion of a gay tune to heighten the effect of that very intimacy. My own *Symphonic Overture in G* was given its first hearing the following week.

Nicholas Miaskovsky's *Symphonie-Fantasie*, which is the most recent of the commissioned works to be introduced by Stock, failed to interest even attentive admirers of that composer. The piece is composed with a certain genuine warmth, but is certainly not inspired by a true enthusiasm or a penetrating craftsmanship. Very interesting are what may be called his contrapuntal convictions, delivered in a uniformly sound manner by a kind of orchestration that pleases even when the music is making a formal declaration of dreariness. It is just this quality that is so often strangely confused with profundity. Possibly it is profound; if so, I am sure Miaskovsky's new piece would have pleased Gabriel Fauré.

Remi Gassmann

## PARIS — BY GRACE OF GOERING

**M**USICAL Paris is raising its head again. According to the Geneva review, *Dissonances*, this is largely due to the German occupation authorities who are eager to furnish "distractions for the innumerable Nazi soldiers and functionaries," now settled on the banks of the Seine. Theatres and concert halls have therefore reopened and financial support has even been granted for new enterprises, by the Nazis, it is said.

News from occupied France is so scarce that I am quoting here some salient excerpts from the Genevese report. "German officers and soldiers crowd the night-spots, which are operating to capacity and appear to enjoy a pre-war liveliness. Theatres and concerts too have a faithful following with, of course, the Nazis predominating.

"At the Opéra, M. Rouché, general administrator, has resumed his functions, taking all the steps necessary to organize a regular season; the majority of the singers, members of the chorus, musicians and technical staff have also returned.

"Many symphonic groups have reopened their doors. The Concerts Padeloup are led by a mediocre violinist, Godefroid Gandolfi, formerly of the Orchestre du Poste Parisien. Once or twice he has turned over the baton to Philippe Gaubert, the old conductor of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, who came out of retirement for the occasion. A new