

heard, music that interests one because of its problems and the manner of their solution, but is sometimes arid and almost repellent in performance. Even the best of modern German composers lapse at times into this aridity encouraged therein by the glamour of profundity with which criticism surrounds it.

No doubt the retort will be that much recent music from the non-German countries has been too hedonistic to satisfy an austere judgment. But austerity has its dangers as well as hedonism. If the element of enjoyment—in the best sense—is to be eliminated from art, one must be very very sure of what is being put in its place, and for the present I confess that, with all the respect due to intellectual prowess, I remain sceptical.

The absence of American music (unless one regard Bloch's *Twenty-Second Psalm* as such) was sincerely and generally regretted. The question whether any work of the same high standard was available does not arise, and was in fact rarely asked. The more thoughtful of us in Europe are agog with curiosity, not for great or clever works to compare with European models, but for works that shall be characteristic, and we know our musical history too well to demand that a new art shall spring Minerva-like, full-grown and equipped, from the head of the Statue of Liberty. I do not say that such a thing is not possible. I merely say that in the light of our European experience we do not expect it, and that meanwhile a work which challenges comparison with even the best that is produced year by year in Europe will not arouse so much interest as another which, even in halting and imperfect accents give us the feeling that we are listening to a new voice in music.

*By Edwin Evans*

## SALZBURG

**I**N a day when we prate of cosmic consciousness and devise forms of governmental internationalism, it is strange that music, the one universal tongue, tends to dwell within the national four walls that engender it. Paris, for example, is teeming with modern operas, up-to-date concert programs and ballets, but they are to a

large degree French or the work of foreign composers resident in France. Vienna and Czecho-Slovakia are overflowing with a new art but to the exclusion of the foreigner. America is the exception to the rule, for with our imported artists we import the art, often to our own detriment. But even so large an inflow is not without its benefit, as it affords us an ample education; today there is not half the former rush abroad to study.

In fact, a more universal exchange of music and musical ideas would result in obvious advantages, for in an era of almost instantaneous verbal communication over vast distances, it is inexcusable that eleven years should pass before a work so important as *Le Sacre du Printemps* reaches America.

Militating against such inertia, the concerts of the International Society for Contemporary Music attain significance. While naturally not every work performed at Salzburg and Prague deserves international recognition, it is still worth the effort to draw whatever evidences exist of musical vitality and new individualities, outside the boundaries of their origin.

Of all the music performed this year at Salzburg, it would be futile to venture more than a hasty criticism. Rather than condemn works which were involved, labored or trivial, let us consider those of outstanding importance.

Certain of the song groups contained moments of unusual beauty. The fine set of *Lieder* by the Czech composer, Ladislav Vycpalek, admirably sung by Marya Freund, offered contrast in a wide emotional range, and evidence of sincerity, craftsmanship, and imagination, as did also the very delightful *Coplas* of Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, a set of eleven songs on Spanish texts, written at the amazing age of seventeen, and in the fullest maturity of expression. The dramatic song suite *Der Undurchbrechliche Kreis* of the Russian, Alexander Schenshin, was finely rendered by the baritone, Oskar Joelli. On the other hand, a well written, though somewhat conservative sonata for violoncello and piano, by John Ireland, was so unfortunately sentimentalized by the performance as to render it almost mediocre.

An earlier work of Zoltan Kodaly, a duo for violin and violoncello (1914), showed what could be done with two instruments,

as did the humorous sonata for clarinet and bassoon of Francis Poulenc, full of a refreshing grotesquery.

Three string groupings—a trio for violin, viola and violoncello by Paul Hindemith (1924), *Four Pieces for String Quartet* by Erwin Schulhoff and the Malipiero quartet, *Stornelli e Ballate* (1923), each in its way offered a vitality that will considerably enrich their national literatures.

The much vaunted *Socrate* of Erik Satie seemed, despite an unusually fine reading by Marya Freund, rather too trivial for the stark simplicity of the text, and savoured of self-conscious naïveté. But in lighter vein the French fared better with the charmingly fresh songs of Georges Auric, a group of seven settings to quatrains by Raymond Rodriguet under the somewhat cryptic title of *Alphabette pour Chant et Piano*.

A *Kleine Suite* for seven instruments by Egon Wellesz and a song cycle of Othmar Schoek, with orchestral accompaniment, showed some new sonorities in chamber ensembles, while to Igor Stravinsky, as usual, belong the laurels for brilliantly ending the festival with his *Octuor* for wind instruments.

As a whole, however, there were not many works of outstanding interest. Many of the compositions took on that drab, dejected hue so noticeable in the post-war music of Europe. But, as in all art, the few grains are worth the chaff. At no period were only masterpieces produced, and those great works that have come down to us have long since been culled from a host of mediocrities. If the music of today is suffering the growing pains of evolution, we may confidently hope for greater art tomorrow.

*By Richard Hammond*

## NEW MUSIC IN VIENNA

THE process of bringing modern music before the public in Vienna is painfully slow. Owing to the prevailing conservative musical taste, new works are presented almost entirely outside the range of conventional concerts. Within the last twelve months, however, several advanced programs have been offered the Viennese, which, while not meeting with great popular suc-