

affect every hearer, and the first and last number of such dash as to be electrifying. The dance is a stilted valse written in Schoenberg's inimitable manner.

His *Bagatelles* for string-quartet were also played at Donaueschingen, as well as his songs for chamber orchestra, which again demonstrated the delicate artistry of the composer.

To hear a new work by Albon Berg we were obliged to leave Vienna: scenes of his opera *Wozzek*, played at the Tonkuenstlerfest in Frankfurt made a deep impression.

The greatest sensation of the season was of course, the performance of Verdi's *Aida* under the leadership of Pietro Mascagni, played by an Italian company and Italian soloists, in an open air theatre which holds twenty-five thousand. It was a real theatre performance, and provoked the greatest enthusiasm.

But the coming season is expected to bring sensations for the living artists. A large music-festival in the city of Vienna was planned for the fall, and, in addition to several concerts of modern music, we are promised the premiere of Schoenberg's *Glueckliche Hand*.

By Egon Wellesz

A FORECAST FROM PARIS

THE musical world of Paris is on the eve of a new "season". There is something in the atmosphere that portends change and induces a feeling that the strains of yesteryear's music are passing, to give place to others perhaps more startling, perhaps less so.

During the months of 1923-1924 which were devoted to the cultivation of music, Paris witnessed more tonal eruptions than, it is safe to say, she ever did before. Stuff and more of it was crammed into an overfed public, against which a natural reaction appears to have set in, whose manifestations will be felt within a few weeks. Exactly how these new mysteries will be revealed to the eye or mind, I cannot predict; the veil still hangs before the new season. But what is clear is that Paris has wearied of the product of men who do not differentiate between the idea and the

work, that a lyrical need is strongly present among us, and that there is a readiness of the spirit to react against everything that now is called art.

I do not believe that we face anything very serious from Satie and his followers, for that "school" is finished so far as the exertion of any decided influence. There is division in the camp and the Master is denied by some who once were his staunchest disciples.

Schoenberg never has been a potent figure on the Paris musical stage, and there is no reason to even suspect that he will play a part in it this season, except for a few groups of admirers. The Stravinsky thermometer which formerly ran so high, has fallen to a low level. The once powerful creator is now regarded as a man who only makes *mécanisme de l'esprit*. For the moment, if not irreparably, his star has lost much of its power of attraction in the Parisian system. As to *The Six*, one can only wonder how long that term will last. It has already outlived the music of most members of that so-called group. How their popularity has diminished, how the luster has worn off their once unique *réclame!* Now they are as much out of the mode as once they were in it.

Who will discover, or re-discover the melodic line so much desired? The need of a return to lyricism is attested in certain works of Prokofieff, in the *Roi David* of Honegger, in the Semiticism of Stravinsky and Milhaud and some of the Americans and Italians. But whether or not the season will behold at least a partial fulfillment of this need it is impossible to foretell. How good or bad, how fleeting or enduring is the store of new music? Here in part are the promised works on which judgment will eventually be formed:

Sonata di Chiesa for violin and organ and *Corbeille de Fruits* for voice and flute, on two poems of Tagore, by André Caplet; *Sonata* for piano and violin, by Louis Aubert; *Quintet* for piano and strings by Vincent d'Indy; a symphonic work "in an entirely new form" by Paul Dukas; *Sonata* for piano and flute, and *Cinq Ballades Françaises* of Paul Fort (with orchestra), by Philippe Gaubert; a series of short pieces for flute and piano by Albert Roussel; *Deux Mélodies* for voice and orchestra by Leon Moreau; chamber music by Guy Ropartz; *Intermezzo* for two flutes by Leo Sachs; *Nuit*, poem for orchestra, by Gustave Samazeuilh;

Concerto for piano and orchestra, entitled *Marches Militaires* by Francis Poulenc; *Suite* in five parts, for violin and orchestra, *Double Choeur* on a text by Charles Peguy, *Quartet* for violin, flute, clarinet, and harp, and *Quatre Chants*, with string quartet, on verses of A. Spire, by Georges Migot; *Suite pour Chant* by Vincenzo Davico; *Sonata* for violoncello and piano by A. Tcherpnine; *Orphée, mimodrame lyrique*, by Roger Ducasse, to be given at the Paris Opera; *La Prêtresse de Korydwen*, ballet by Ladmirault; and *Salamine*, drama after Aeschylus, by Maurice Emmanuel.

L'avenir nous le dira.

By Irving Schwerke

AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES

BY some irony of fate, the Olympic Games, designed to present to the world a glorification of the physical, achieved only moderate success from the point of view of sport; whereas music, its poor and humble relative, admitted chiefly in order to profit by the publicity of the games, somehow carried off all the honors of the season. The Stadium of Colombes had many dull days, with tiers of deserted seats, while the Champs Elysées Theatre overflowed with a public more eager for new music than for athletic feats, a public that showed no less favor to the concerts at the Opera House and the Cigale Theatre.

At the Champs Elysées concerts, Mme. Bériza, a singer of talent and a distinguished patron of the arts, presented three works of unequal merit. The first was *L'Histoire du Soldat*, an insipid legend which Ramuz dragged by the hair from Russian folk-lore. We won't probe the mysterious reasons which interested Stravinsky in this story, especially since the music is really music for the stage even when considered apart from the libretto. It is full of life, humor, and unexpected, queer rhythms.

Le Carrosse du St. Sacrement, a one act operetta by Lord Berners on a play by Mérimée, is an inevitable failure, despite the composer's great talent. The music has a true logic of its own which does not lend itself to all the dramatic developments. The subtle