

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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ON THE GENESIS OF SCHOENBERG'S SUITE FOR SCHOOL ORCHESTRA *by Martin Bernstein*

Martin Bernstein is best known as the author of the phenomenally successful text An Introduction to Music (1937; rev. 4th ed., with Martin Picker, 1972). He is next-best known as professor emeritus at New York University, where he taught from 1924 to 1972 and, as head of the music department, built a stellar musicology faculty including the likes of Curt Sachs, Gustave Reese, Jan La Rue, James Haar . . . and himself. He is least well known as a double-bassist in the New York Philharmonic (1926-28) and the symphony orchestra in Chautauqua, New York. There he met Arnold Schoenberg, during Schoenberg's first summer in the U.S.A. after fleeing from the Nazis; and there he inspired Schoenberg's first "American" composition. Here is that story, never before told in print by Professor Bernstein.

The Chautauqua Institution of 1934 seemed a most unlikely place for Arnold Schoenberg, not yet fully USA-acclimated, to spend a summer. Originating in the nineteenth century as a Methodist Episcopal camp meeting, the upper New York state institution had eventually grown into a rather genteel summer resort for conservatively inclined middle-aged and aged middle-Americans of strongly religious bent, some 6000 of whom spent a few weeks in its securely enclosed grounds attending lectures, religious services, concerts, and opera and theater performances.

Beginning in 1920, a reduced complement of the New York Symphony Orchestra appeared three or four times weekly in Chautauqua's famous wooden amphitheater, under the direction of Albert Stoessel. With the merger of the New York Symphony and the New York Philharmonic Society in 1928, the name of the ensemble was changed to Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra, and the players drawn from the older orchestra were joined by several Juilliard School graduates. My presence in the orchestra as bassist from 1925 to 1936 (save for two years with the New York Philharmonic) derived from a friendship with Stoessel dating from his days as head of the New York University music department. And while musicology was my chief concern, actively making music offered me a variety of enlightenments.

Adolph Weiss was a bassoonist in the orchestra. Schoenberg's first American pupil (and later an award-winning composer in his own right), he was close enough to his mentor to recommend a stopover at Chautauqua for the

Schoenberg family, consisting at that time of the composer, his wife Gertrud, and their daughter Nuria, on their way from the climatically undesirable East to join their many fellow-emigrés in the German cultural colony in southern California. Schoenberg agreed.

What with the limited instrumentation of the orchestra (only pairs of woodwinds), the minimal rehearsal time available, and the musically unsophisticated audiences at Chautauqua, contemporary works appeared infrequently on its concert programs. Thus the Chautauquans heard none of the orchestral output of the famous composer living in their midst. (I have a none-too-positive recollection that *Verklärte Nacht* was played, but at a chamber-music event.)

My personal contacts (and later correspondence) with Schoenberg were greatly facilitated by my college-acquired facility in German as a supplement to his not yet full command of English. Our conversations usually took place during walks to the tennis courts. Here our incompetencies with the racquet were evenly matched. Drawing him out on musical questions of any gravity was



*Martin Bernstein (left) and Arnold Schoenberg
Chautauqua, New York, summer of 1934*

SCHOENBERG (*continued*)

difficult, and I can recall no utterances of consequence. He did, however, express his great delight in an encounter with Gilbert and Sullivan as given in lively performances in Chautauqua's theater, with Juilliard graduates taking principal roles. And on our way back from the courts, American ice cream also earned plaudits.

One of his comments, however, revealed a characteristic behavioral pattern, best revealed by a reading of his published letters: readiness to take offense, on either valid or fanciful grounds. One of the Juilliard conducting students, who played viola in the orchestra, had made an orchestral arrangement of a Bach chorale-prelude from the *Orgelbüchlein—In dir ist Freude* (BWV 615), if memory serves correctly. The arrangement, straightforward and correct, had probably originated as an assignment in Stoessel's orchestration class at the Juilliard School. Schoenberg, having heard it at the orchestra concert the night before, expressed great indignation on our way to the tennis court and accused the student of plagiarism of his own transcriptions of Bach organ works! I doubt very much that the maligned student orchestrator had ever heard these still-rarely played transcriptions, the E-flat *Prelude and Fugue* (BWV 552) and two chorale-preludes (BWV 631 and 634). And how their orchestration could have been plagiarized is an open question. I did not, however, deem it wise to pursue the matter with Schoenberg.

With the waning of summer and the end of its musical activities, Chautauqua became a particularly delightful vacation spot for musicians who elected to stay on. Nevertheless, its diversionary resources had some limitations. Liquor could neither be sold nor consumed openly within its boundaries. Its restaurants provided unimaginative fare of the "home cooking" type. Those of us who had cars frequently made excursions to Jamestown, half an hour away, where the local hotel supplied much-appreciated gustatory alternatives.

On Friday night, August 31, 1934, my wife and I invited the Schoenbergs to join us for a steak dinner in Jamestown. Our auto, a Ford Model A coupe, had two fully enclosed seats and two in the open rear—the now-archaic "rumble seat." My wife and Mrs. Schoenberg had the benefit of the enclosure; Schoenberg and I were isolated in the rear. It was a beautiful late-summer night.

On the way back from dinner, I started telling Schoenberg about my persistent problem as a conductor of a string orchestra in a typical liberal arts college without an applied-music department: finding modern music that our students, intelligent but technically limited, could perform. Schoenberg asked some questions about the competency of our amateur players, and I mentioned as examples of the sort of

repertory that we could handle (and that we needed more of), that we had played Bloch's *Concerto grosso* and Hindemith's model of *Gebrauchsmusik*, his *Fünf Stücke in der ersten Lage*, Op. 44, for strings. And I suggested that a composition by him written for us might have a widespread reception among other American school and college orchestras. There the matter was dropped, for the moment; the evening concluded in generalities.

But I had apparently not only planted a seed, it was already germinating. The next morning, Saturday, September 1, I found a postcard from Schoenberg in my box. (Chautauqua had few phones and the post office served as the communications center for the community.) It canceled our tennis date for the day but invited my wife and myself to 6 o'clock dinner at the Schoenbergs' cottage.

On our arrival, Schoenberg showed me what he considered to be a satirical musical attack on Nazism. Details cannot be recalled after a lapse of fifty years, but I do remember that it comprised a sarcastic contrapuntal combination of themes from the German repertory, at least one of them by Richard Strauss. After dinner he brought out what he described as sketches for a suite for string orchestra (which probably accounted for the cancellation of our tennis date). He asked me a battery of questions about the abilities of our NYU players; specific idioms and devices for string playing were presented for my comments; and he showed me some measures of the sketches for evaluation of possible hazards for amateurs.

Quite understandably, I left Chautauqua that summer in high spirits. Our NYU String Orchestra would have the honor of giving the premiere of Schoenberg's first composition to be written in America, and one especially designed for school orchestras. But those high spirits quickly lost altitude when, at Schoenberg's specific request, I attempted to place the still uncompleted suite with a publisher. I quickly found out that he had a reputation for acrimonious dealing. And he was insulted—justifiably, one must admit—when a prospective publisher asked that he "submit" his manuscript. Unpleasant dickering with me about costs of copying, performance fees, etc. for our NYU orchestra terminated with a letter from Mrs. Schoenberg telling me that since her husband was about to join the faculty of the Juilliard School (he never did), he had chosen to assign to that school the premiere of the suite. Explaining all this to our crestfallen NYU students was a painful experience.

Eventually, the premiere, with the work titled *Suite in Olden Style*, was given in the spring of 1935 by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Otto Klemperer. The program notes said nothing about the work's origin and intent, save for a quotation from

(*continued on page 11*)

I.S.A.M. MATTERS

There we go again. This Newsletter keeps getting pleasant notices from diverse quarters. Now it's *OP: Independent Music* (the official periodical of the Lost Music Network in Olympia, Washington), in its "W" issue (May-June 1984); it says the Newsletter is "aimed for the scholar and researcher, though it is often light in character." We like that (but we'd change the "though" to "and").

... And speaking of "pleasant notices": Minna Lederman's *The Life and Death of a Small Magazine* (I.S.A.M. Monograph No. 18) has had some rave reviews (in *Musical America*, *Tempo*, and *Notes*, for starters) and has just received an ASCAP-Deems Taylor Award for excellence. ... and Douglas Moore's edition of *Music for Cello and Piano* by Arthur Foote (No. 8 in A-R Editions' series RECENT RESEARCHES IN AMERICAN MUSIC, with which I.S.A.M. is intimately connected) was described by Karl Kroeger (in *Notes* 41/1) as "handsome, with clear printing and excellent editing . . . [an] outstanding publication."

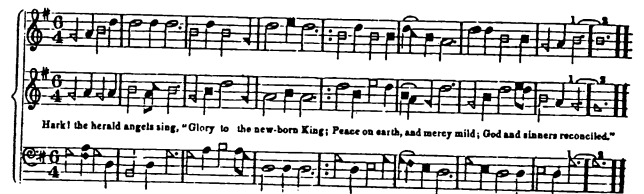
An even more recent RRAM volume is George F. Root's *The Haymakers* (1857), edited by Dennis R. Martin of Minnesota Bible College. Virgil Thomson declined our invitation to review it briefly ("I prefer not to review it briefly, and there is no time in my life for anything longer") but commented, "*The Haymakers* reminds me of Haydn's *Seasons*. Same tone, blithe, lots of musical variety." Root would be pleased. . . . And even *more* recent, in fact just off the press, are Richard Crawford's major anthology *The Core Repertory of Early American Psalmody* and Karl Kroeger's edition of Victor Pelissier's *Columbian Melodies*.

The old order changeth. Well, not so very old. But Carol J. Oja, who succeeded Rita H. Mead in 1980 as second-in-command of I.S.A.M. (and associate editor of this Newsletter), has left to return to teaching—just down the hall, here at Brooklyn College. She is succeeded as Research Assistant of I.S.A.M. by R. Allen Lott. A student in the CUNY doctoral program, he is completing a dissertation on visiting piano virtuosos (De Meyer, Herz, Thalberg) in 19th-century America. You may know him as author of "New Music for New Ears: The International Composers' Guild," in a recent issue of the *Journal of the American Musicological Society*, and he was assistant editor of our discography *American Music Recordings*.

The latest I.S.A.M. monograph—Number 21, just published—is *Confederate Sheet-Music Imprints* by Frank W. Hoogerwerf of Emory University. As he says in his introduction, the work is "both a bibliography of sheet music published in the Confederate States of America and a census of Confederate sheet-music holdings at prominent research libraries." With citations of more than 800 im-

prints and with three indexes, the book consolidates and updates previous lists, and adds new entries, thus superseding the earlier work of Richard Harwell (to whom Hoogerwerf dedicates his book).

On the fellowship front. Directing a seminar this fall on "American Musical Theater at the Turn of the Century" is Steven Ledbetter, I.S.A.M. Senior Research Fellow (and commuter from Boston, where he is director of publications for the Boston Symphony Orchestra). He will also give two public lectures on "Roots and Branches of the American Orchestral Tradition." . . . Next semester's fellow will be composer Roger Reynolds. . . . Two students in the CUNY Ph.D. program in music, Elizabeth Wright and John Koegel, are satisfying Junior Research fellowship obligations by assisting editors in the "AmeriGrove" office. . . . The highly successful *Ragtime: A Musical and Cultural History* (University of California Press) by former Senior Research Fellow Edward A. Berlin has just been brought out in a paperback edition, with some corrections and additions to the bibliography.



I.S.A.M. Outreach. Affiliated this year with the Institute as Junior Research Fellow is Olivier Delaigue, from Paris. He won first prizes in the history of music (at the Paris Conservatoire) and piano (at the Royal Conservatory in Brussels), was awarded the *maîtrise* at the Sorbonne, and is now a doctoral candidate in the new joint musicology program of the Conservatoire and the Sorbonne. He is in New York to pursue a major interest: modern American music. (He fulfilled part of the Sorbonne's requirements for the master's with an essay, "L'influence de la musique américaine sur l'avant-garde française entre 1945 et 1970.") . . . From the Research Institute of Music in Beijing, P.R. China, has come a most interesting letter from Cai Liang-yu, who visited I.S.A.M., interviewed a number of composers, and gave herself a crash course in American music about a year ago. Back in China, she has been in great demand as a writer and lecturer. "I am writing . . . to let you know how people of my country are interested in music in the United States," she says, and goes on to list an extraordinary number of articles she has published and lectures she has given, not to mention translating "On the Path to the US Grove" (*Newsletter* XIII/1, November 1983) for *People's Music*, No. 4 of 1984. "I heard," she writes, "that people were interested in this news."

KERN CENTENNIAL

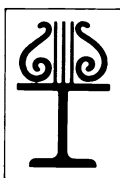
The centenary of Jerome Kern's birth falls in 1985, not '84, yet the festivities began last summer with the release of four Kern albums: one by Joan Morris on Arabesque (reviewed below) and three by an array of stars on Ben Bagley's Painted Smiles label. The most rewarding Kern tribute to date, though, was a little revue by Sandy Stewart and Arthur Siegel done in September at Michael's Pub in Manhattan. Both sang, and Siegel also played the piano and introduced the songs with charming anecdotes. Stewart approaches Kern's most sophisticated tunes—such as "Bill" (*Showboat*, 1927) or "Yesterdays" and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" (both from *Roberta*, 1933)—as the shapely art songs they are. She is a character singer, who internalizes each song and then spins it out as her own lovely creation. Siegel's accompaniments are warm and cozy with a gently rhythmic lilt. And his singing—well, it has gusto, especially in "Don't Ask Me Not to Sing," where his exuberance nearly lifts him off the piano bench. Siegel and Stewart's revue is over now, and we can only hope it will return or be recorded. Meanwhile, Stewart's performance of "The Things I Want" and Siegel's of "I Dream Too Much" and "It's Tulip Time in Sing Sing," as well as their lusty duet on "You're Here and I'm Here," can be sampled on Volumes II and III of Ben Bagley's four-volume *Jerome Kern Revisited* (Painted Smiles 1363, 1378-80). Painted Smiles fans will remember Siegel

as a regular on the label. Several of his own songs appear on *Everyone Else Revisited* (PS-1374); he's not only a marvelous singer and pianist but an engaging composer. (Order directly from Painted Smiles Records, 116 Nassau Street, Room 516, New York, NY 10036; \$9.98 plus postage [\$0.85 for the first disc, \$0.35 for each additional].)

—Carol J. Oja

More Golden Kernels. Joan Morris and William Bolcom also pay tribute to Kern in *Silver Linings: Songs by Jerome Kern* (Arabesque 6515). The songs from the Princess Theatre shows are brought off with great charm, and the playfulness of "Rolled into One" and "Bungalow in Quogue" is captured perfectly. Morris's voice is just right for these early, and still neglected, songs, but it is less suited for the bluesy "Lonesome Walls." The real star of the album is Kern, whose diversity of styles is striking, ranging from operetta to full-fledged musical comedy, from the haunting "Go Little Boat" to the chanson-like "Poor Pierrot." His stature is sure to increase with recordings like this one. Included is an appreciation by Milton Babbitt, who informs us that the verse of "All the Things You Are" functions as an extended leading-tone; what more respect could a popular composer want?

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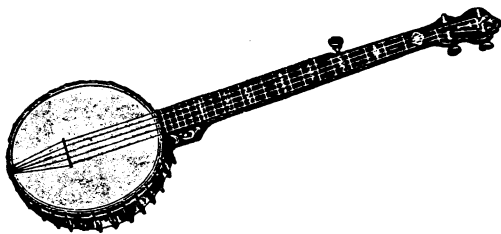
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BOOK NOOK

Sophisticated Ladies. *Stormy Weather: the Music and Lives of a Century of Jazzwomen* by Linda Dahl (Pantheon, 1984; \$12.95) is the second recent book to chronicle the contributions of women to jazz. Sally Placksin, in *American Women in Jazz: 1900 to the Present* (Wideview, 1982; \$9.95), profiled over sixty jazzwomen but made no attempt to be comprehensive. Instead, she emphasized lesser-known players of instruments considered "unacceptable" and "inappropriate" for women, such as trumpet, saxophone, bass, and drums.

Dahl strives to be complete, and includes some information on just about every woman who has participated in jazz professionally, with lengthy sections on major figures like Mary Lou Williams. (She even has an appendix listing hundreds of women not discussed in the text proper, and a succinct survey of songwriters and lyricists.) Singers and instrumentalists are sub-categories within three main chronological divisions, which are each preceded by excellent introductory chapters. The chapters on the 1960s-80s highlight the musicians active today as well as organizations and support groups such as the Universal Jazz Coalition in New York and the Kansas City Jazz Festival. Ten interviews, each with commentary, follow the historical survey; an extensive bibliography and discography are included.

—Joan Stiles



Pictures at Two Exhibitions. Books sparked by two exhibits dealing with American music crossed our desk this summer. The first, *Ring the Banjar: The Banjo in America from Folklore to Factory* (112 pp.; \$17.95), is basically the catalogue of an exhibit at the MIT Museum, in Cambridge, 12 April to 29 September. It's a handsome volume, with 37 plates of banjos in the exhibit (many in color), notes describing them, a banjo bibliography, and two illustrated essays. "Confidence and Admiration: The Enduring Ringing of the Banjo" is by Robert Lloyd Webb. Scholarly and informative, and engagingly written, it traces the history of the banjo in America, from early colonial times through the instrument's late-nineteenth century "heyday," to its decline in the Depression and its rediscovery during the folk-music revival. "The Banjo Makers of Boston," by James F. Bollman, is a detailed discussion of Boston's banjo manufacturers and their innovations and marketing strategies.

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Attractive and well done, the catalogue is persuasive that the banjo is the "most American of musical instruments."

Catching the Tune: Music and William Sidney Mount (68 pp.; \$9.50), published in conjunction with an exhibit of the same title at The Museums at Stony Brook on Long Island, is beautifully illustrated, with numerous color prints of Mount's music-related paintings. It contains four essays: the title work, by Martha V. Pike; "The Place to Make an Artist Work": Micah Hawkins and William Sidney Mount in New York City," by Peter G. Buckley; "Rusticity and Refinement": Music and Dance on Long Island, 1800-1870," by M. Hunt Hessler; "Instrument Innovation and William Sidney Mount's 'Cradle of Harmony,'" by Laurence Libin. The first and last essays work admirably and provide helpful information about the artist and his world. The other essays are less successful; both were apparently prior studies, included in the catalogue to help set the scene for the exhibit's viewers. The catalogue would have worked better with more careful coordination among the four essays. Illustrations in one essay, for example, help to amplify a point made in another, but the reader has to make the connections himself.

—Katherine Preston

AN ASSASSIN'S CONFESSION

We are grateful to Mark Tucker (who regularly contributes our "Behind the Beat" column) for calling our attention—and now yours—to the following confession by one "Titus A. Brick," borrowed from the *New York Mercury by Folio* (Boston) for August 1871, p. 172. It was powerfully delivered by William Brooks (I.S.A.M. Senior Research Fellow, Spring 1983) in a program of 19th-century music, prose, and poetry ("Safe at Home") organized last spring by Mr. Tucker at the Smithsonian Institution, where he was a research fellow.

Never you mind where I lived. It is enough for you to know that Mr. Rafferti's room bounded mine on the northwest. Mr. Rafferti, you observe, was a son of sunny Italy, and he brought a strong weakness for music right over in the same ship. He played the fiddle in all its native fierceness, and sang with the sweetness of a six-horse-power locomotive whistle. When Mr. Rafferti came to our house he couldn't perform a word of United States to save his soul; but he gave it to us in choice Italian, until I detected in myself symptoms of rabid insanity—a sort of mania for wrecking Mr. Rafferti's infernal bark. But it wasn't any use. He sang and fiddled on; and one day—it was a beautiful, balmy day in early spring—he broke forth into "Pud Me in My Leedle Ped," with a prolonged quaver on the last word that would have broken down a cast iron bed. Did Mr. Rafferti break down on that leedle ped? No, I guess not.

From that moment, you comprehend, I brooded over my terrible infliction, and Mr. Rafferti kept pudding himself in his leedle ped. One day I wafted the old clam's fiddle from the room of its owner. I poured a large dose of blasting powder into it. I ran a line of nitroglycerine from the



powder to the exact spot on the string where Mr. Rafferti quavered on his leedle ped. Then I re-wafted the cremona to its place, and calmly awaited the result of my contemptible crime.

Sixty-seven minutes later I heard my victim go into his room. I was perfectly calm, although I knew, you know, that Mr. Rafferti was about to pud himself into his leedle ped for the last time on earth. He scraped the strings preliminarily, and unconsciously tuned up his own destroying angel, so to speak, with painful precision. I could have told him myself that it wasn't worth while just for the few seconds he had to stay. Then he got through the first lines with more than his usual feeling, and I was morally certain, you observe, that he meant to quaver with fervid intensity on his leedle ped. But somehow he didn't seem to quaver with any success. There was an earthquake in the room that bounded mine on the northwest, and a portion of Mr. Rafferti came through the partition.

I am perfectly resigned to my fate; only I shall feel a little delicate about meeting Mr. Rafferti over there, you know, after giving him such a blowing up.

The First Hope. Pianists wanting to broaden their repertory have an excellent starting place in John and Anna Gillespie's *A Bibliography of Nineteenth-Century American Piano Music*. It lists more than 2,000 pieces by some 250 composers, citing publisher, date, number of pages, and library locations. Despite the title, composers born as late as 1880 are included; thus, many twentieth-century figures (like Bloch and Ruggles) turn up. For performers the book is really practical, because to be listed a work must be "available to an average student" and capable of being copied in at least one of the more than fifty libraries surveyed. More annotations would have made the entries even more valuable. Almost as amazing a compilation as the bibliography proper is a substantial section devoted to composer biographies, which shed light on shadowy figures like Adele Hohnstock and Hermann Wollenhaupt. Although the authors modestly claim that this is "a personal, subjective bibliography," it is a major step towards bibliographic control over a vast, uncharted repertory. (Greenwood Press, 358 pp.; \$39.95)

Family Affair. George Martin has produced a first-rate study in *The Damrosch Dynasty*, a revealing chronicle of three generations of the talented, industrious, and influential Damrosch family. Meticulously researched and documented, it follows the family from the patriarch Leopold (founder of the New York Symphony and Oratorio Societies) to his children—Frank (founder of the Institute of Musical Art), Walter (conductor of the Symphony Society and radio personality), and Clara (founder, with her husband, David Mannes, of the Mannes School of Music)—and to his grandchildren (musicians, inventors, writers, skiers, and more). Martin's uneasiness when writing on purely musical matters is more than offset by his perceptive observations on the forces in the musical world—patrons, performers, and audiences—and in the family itself that shaped its members' lives and careers. (Houghton Mifflin, 526 pp.; \$29.95)

COPLAND ON COPLAND—AND A LOT MORE

Vivian Perlis doesn't fool around. She goes after big game—the likes of Ives, Hindemith, Cage, Ornstein, Eubie Blake—and not only bags it but brings in one or more bonus trophies (like the long-lost, major Ives autograph she discovered, in the closet of an interviewee, on the way to her *Charles Ives Remembered: An Oral History*). Now, a decade after her prizewinning Ives study, she has published *Copland: 1900 through 1942* (St. Martin's/Marek; \$24.95). This is Copland's autobiography (up to forty years ago; and a second volume is under way), but it's an autobiography with a difference. The difference is not only that Perlis is explicitly put forth as co-author (thus neither ghostwriter nor "as told to" surrogate) but that she has laced the book with all kinds of bonuses.

Copland's contribution is essentially one of reminiscences, based on a long series of oral history interviews conducted by Perlis in 1975-1976. The reminiscences are welcome: all we've had before is the sketchy "Composer from Brooklyn" which Copland wrote in 1939 for *The Magazine of Art*. Here are more fully fleshed-out reminiscences, and they are graced and glorified by a wealth of elaborations: photos, candid and contrived . . . plus reproductions of manuscripts, proof sheets, title pages, printed music, letters, and recital programs . . . plus oral history interview-derived statements from friends and associates (some of whom are now dead, so their "voices" are especially poignant and powerful) like Harold Clurman, Nadia Boulanger, Minna Lederman Daniel, Virgil Thomson, Edwin Denby, Leonard Bernstein, and Agnes de Mille . . . plus four "interludes"—chapters in which Perlis provides a general musical/cultural context for each phase of Copland's career . . . plus very careful documentation via generous and often meaty endnotes . . . plus an excellent index. Our *Copland* runneth over!

Perlis has enriched her subject with much ancillary material. We learn, for example, a great deal about Hindemith's teaching at Tanglewood; about the Composers Collective; about Leonard Bernstein and David Diamond; about any number of other matters and other men and women. And along the way Perlis has made some real finds, most especially wholly new information about Copland's family background, not to mention the score of a lost string quartet movement of 1928 (a vintage year!).

Reading this utterly engrossing book, I kept recalling Nat Hentoff's characterization of *Charles Ives Remembered* in his review of it for the *New York Times*. He said it was "a marvelously orchestrated portrait." The same is true of *Copland*, which is as much portrait as self-portrait.

—H. W. H.

BAD BOY OR GOOD?

George Antheil remains a problem child. A self-proclaimed renegade, he yearned for widespread acceptance but got buried in his own hype. During the 1920s, he rubbed elbows with illustrious composers, artists, and writers in Paris but never was able to transplant that celebrity to his home shores. Antheil blamed the disastrous promotion and staging of his *Ballet Mécanique* at Carnegie Hall in 1927 for permanently damaging his reception here. Was that concert to blame, or did his own ego—a super one—thwart his progress? More importantly, once the "bad boy" image is stripped away, how does his music stand up? Linda Whitesitt's *The Life and Music of George Antheil (1900-1959)* (UMI Research Press, 351 pp.; \$49.95) rigorously provides the raw materials for approaching these questions. Letters and concert reviews are quoted extensively, and all of Antheil's 311 works are catalogued and many analyzed. Through this compendium of documents we see a complex character. Antheil was a chameleon: as one acquaintance put it, "I have never known anyone who could change his point of view on every subject every day and still remain interesting." He was also a headstrong boy/man driven by ambition. Yet underneath it all lay a fragile soul, sensitive to the opinions of others. Some of Whitesitt's most revealing documentation comes from Antheil's correspondence with Mary Louise Curtis Bok, his patron from 1921 to 1932 (and on, sporadically, to 1939). Antheil writes Bok in lively detail about his compositions (for example, the series of dreams that inspired the *Airplane Sonata* of 1921), and is relentlessly audacious in requesting money. (Whitesitt estimates that Bok gave Antheil nearly \$40,000 over the years.)

Whitesitt's book makes us eager to confront Antheil's music, and two new recordings aid that. In a re-release, Reinbert de Leeuw and the Netherlands Wind Ensemble (Phillips 6514-254) give crisp, respectful performances of *Ballet Mécanique* and *Jazz Symphony* (both works from the 1920s heard here in the pruned revisions Antheil made thirty years later), and Vera Beths and de Leeuw perform Antheil's two violin sonatas (1923). Even more enticing is the premiere recording (CRI SD-502) by David Albee of Antheil's *La Femme 100 Têtes* (1933), a group of 44 preludes and a concluding "Percussion Dance" for piano, inspired by Max Ernst's collage of etchings by the same name. The preludes explore many facets of Antheil's style, from percussive machinations to triadic lyricism. Before giving Antheil a final grade, however, we need a few more recordings—say, of *Transatlantic* or *Helen Retires* (operas of 1927-28 and '30-31) or of excerpts from film scores (Whitesitt catalogues 32 of these—in addition to *Ballet Mécanique*—composed between 1934 and 1957).

—Carol J. Oja

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD AND ITS MUSIC by Gillian B. Anderson

Among the research interests of Gillian B. Anderson, Music Specialist at the Library of Congress, is film music. As I.S.A.M. Senior Research Fellow last spring, she directed a seminar on the subject (working with films all the way from Carl Dreyer's *La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc* to Frank Zappa's *Baby Snakes*); she also organized a public screening of Raoul Walsh's silent film *The Thief of Bagdad*, and herself conducted the orchestra of the Brooklyn College Conservatory in a performance of the score written to accompany the film. The occasion was very special—an exceptionally fine new print of the film, an especially skillful performance by the student instrumentalists, an enthusiastic reception from the audience. As Ms. Anderson commented in her introduction, there were a few slight differences from the 1924 premiere: “. . . no papier-mâché elephants in the theater lobby; no incense burning when you entered; no ushers dressed in oriental outfits, handing out tiny cups of Turkish coffee during the intermission; nor is the film tinted.” She has adapted others of her introductory remarks for the following essay.

In 1922 Hugo Riesenfeld, the music director of two of New York's largest motion-picture palaces, claimed that “ten million persons a year, at least ten million persons, attend the performances of the five big motion picture houses on Broadway,” and he went on to describe the live entertainment that preceded, accompanied, and followed the silent films of the day. The movie-theater audiences, he said, . . . hear an overture played by a competent orchestra. They hear vocal soloists, usually young singers on their way up, instead of old singers on their way down. They see dances, not “splits” and kicks and acrobatics, but Greek dancing, impressionistic and toe dancing. They see stage settings made by artists. . . .¹

Riesenfeld estimated that 500 moving-picture theaters in the U.S.A. had orchestras. Their repertory consisted of Wagnerian overtures and orchestral works by Saint-Saëns, Tchaikovsky, Dvořák, and others, and they played concerts four times a day, 28 times a week, in addition to accompanying all the films. Even the smaller movie theaters employed live musicians, ranging in number from a single pianist or organist to a 22-piece stage band.

In addition to providing the music for the independent numbers played by these ensembles, music publishers also supplied the vast market for music to accompany the silent films. They issued three kinds of such music. First, most publishers produced arrangements of pre-existing material and indexed these by tempo, duration, dramatic character, and mood. The arrangements were used in conjunction with a cue sheet that was prepared for each film. This cue sheet, two to six pages long, consisted of a carefully timed list of visual or literary cues with references to specific pieces of music. With such a cue sheet and a good library of incidental music, the leader of a group of theater musicians could concoct accompaniments to each new film. Secondly, some publishers printed orchestra full scores or short scores that had been created especially for use with specific films. Such scores were often merely compilations of pre-existing material, hence were called “compiled scores.” These ready-made scores made life easier for theater musicians; they also gave film directors more potential control over the music accompanying their films. Finally (and less frequently), some silent-film accompaniment

music was newly composed. Whether compiled or newly composed, the scores bore indications of titles or important actions in the film, printed above the musical notation; these cues were of course designed to help the conductor keep the music synchronized with the film.

One of the original silent-film scores of the greatest distinction is that by Mortimer Wilson for the 1924 film *The Thief of Bagdad*, starring Douglas Fairbanks as the Thief (not to be confused with the later sound film of the same title starring Sabu). The Thief falls in love with a Princess. To earn her hand, he goes on a quest for a magic chest. Overcoming tremendous odds and obstacles (which even by today's film standards involve spectacular special effects), the Thief finds the magic chest, rescues the Princess from the Mongols, and claims her as his own.

Wilson was born in Chariton, Iowa, in 1876; he studied organ with Wilhelm Middelschulte and composition with Frederick Grant Gleason in Chicago before going to Leipzig in 1907 to study with Max Reger. He returned to America in 1911, and taught at the Atlanta Conservatory and conducted the Atlanta Orchestra until 1915, then taught for two years at Brenau College in Gainesville, Georgia, before settling in New York. He had a considerable reputation as a teacher, especially of orchestration, which led Joseph Littau, Willy Stahl, and others to engage him for lessons. They found him demanding, but, according to one observer, . . . they went at it, hammer and tongs. Littau told me they wrote nothing but intervals for weeks, until they needed butcher's paper to hold the hundreds of variations.²

Wilson's overture *New Orleans* won a prize in a contest sponsored by Hugo Riesenfeld; this launched his association with the Broadway movie houses and with the business of music for silent films.

The high quality of Wilson's score for *The Thief of Bagdad* received immediate recognition. The veteran music critic of the New York *Evening Post* thought it a masterwork:

Where the eyes are kept so busy every second it is difficult to listen to every detail of the music, but I have learned to do so, and it was with increasing admiration that I followed the

evolution of Mr. Wilson's score, noting the freshness and inexhaustible variety of the musical invention, its appropriateness to every situation and the clever avoidance of awkward gaps. Everything synchronized to perfection. Mr. Wilson to some extent uses leading motives; he is a master of orchestral coloring, and yesterday he conducted the score as only the creator of a work—if he happens to be also a born leader—can conduct it.³

Theodore Stearns, writing in New York's *Morning Telegraph*, shared this view: "... The score is undeniably beautiful. It has lofty sentiment, warmth and tenderness, and feelingly portrays the fundamental idea of *The Thief of Bagdad*, that true happiness must be earned." He especially admired the continuity of the music, contrasting it with the patchwork effect of the usual silent-film accompaniments, especially those using snippets of pre-existent music:

What has handicapped the few real composers of original scores to accompany a big movie, up to date, has been that producers and directors eternally insist upon the music changing instantly with the changes in the picture. Inasmuch as *The Thief of Bagdad* is made up of some 2,000 "cut-ins," [that] would mean changing the musical idea at the rate of once a minute for two and a half hours. This attempt is made, however, in most moving-pictures, and the result—nine times out of ten—is a hodge-podge of something commenced, nothing ever satisfactorily finished. . . .⁴

Not everyone agreed with these plaudits: a Los Angeles critic, writing in *The American Organist* of November 1924 (pp. 642-43), preferred compiled scores:

The press agent has termed the score a "harmonic fealty," "a vital emotional symphony," "a fitting note for every gesture," "written like a grand opera," "a motive for every theme." . . . When the music of the world is at the disposal of an arranger and the libraries are rich in beautiful numbers, written by renowned composers, suitable for accompanying such a delightfully fantastic picture, why worry any one man to write a new "note for every gesture"? . . . When there are such successful arrangers in the field as Luz, Schertzinger, Bradford and others whose scores are a pleasure to play and easy to hear, why issue such a potpourri as this "Bagdad" music and expect any one capable of music appreciation to enjoy listening to it even in the hands of the most capable musicians?

(The editor of *The American Organist* was impelled to note, after this review: "Mr. Medcalfe does not appear to like Mr. Wilson's score. That's too bad. The New York critics, if we may be pardoned for mentioning those creatures, were unanimous in according the Wilson 'Bagdad' score the highest praise. Perhaps the incident merely emphasizes the age-old differences in taste between New York and Los Angeles. . . ."5)



Douglas Fairbanks as the Thief of Bagdad

Wilson's music for *The Thief of Bagdad* provides numerous examples of his inventiveness, melodic gifts, and skill at musical development and scoring. Stearns's review in the *Telegraph* is gratifyingly specific:

. . . In the Shiraz bazaar—in the Isle of Wak—in all the subsequent adventures of the Thief searching for the magic casket, Mr. Wilson logically develops his former musical ideas, altering them and fitting them to the symbolism of the picture rather than to the tempo of the camera.

But characteristic gestures—even expressions—of Douglas Fairbanks are nicely mirrored in

(continued on next page)

the orchestra. As the flying carpet is brought forth, just a single flute trill delicately portrays it. There is no "Flying Dutchman" hurry and bustle—no inane tremolos on the cymbal or strings.

As the Thief is passing through the ordeal by fire and slays a dragon that would turn Siegfried green with envy, there is no Ride of the Valkyries idea—merely a restless movement in the music. The snake and the magic apple are coldly pictured by a ponticello on the strings—which always gives a shiver down the spine.

The final reunion of the Thief and the Princess is marked by the highly artistic return of the Mosque music. Ordinarily, a composer—certainly the general run of movie directors—would naturally insist upon using the former love duet or barcarolle music. But, in a sense, the happiness of the lovers was earned through sacrifice and pain. Moonlight and magic carpets did not bring them together so much as did renunciation and patience.⁶

Wilson's theme for the Thief's evil sidekick is one of many that display a combination of harmonic and melodic gifts. The bassoon has the motive, every note accented. It moves up initially by half-steps, then outlines a tritone, all clashing with a dominant-seventh pedal of a key yet to be established. It is, in short, as nasty and slimy as the Thief's partner. The repetitiousness of most film scores is avoided

by transformation and variation of themes; and yet, when finally all the characters have reappeared with their themes, Wilson comes up with an extensive new piece of music to accompany the triumphant entry of the Thief's magic army into Bagdad.

Wilson's score for the silent *Thief of Bagdad* is, in sum, a landmark in the history of motion-picture music.⁷

Notes

1. Quoted in Dorothea B. Herzog, "Smiling his Way to the Goal of his Ambition," *National Brain Power Monthly*, November 1922, p. 24.
2. M.M. Hansford, "Mortimer Wilson[:] A Tribute," *The American Organist*, 15 (May 1932), 307-08.
3. Quoted in *The Literary Digest*, 82 (19 July 1924), 27.
4. Quoted in *ibid.*, 26.
5. *The American Organist*, 7 (November 1924), 644.
6. Quoted in *The Literary Digest*, 82 (19 July 1924), 26.
7. I should like to express my appreciation to Professor Dorothy Klotzman, director of the Conservatory of Music, Brooklyn College, for having made available the conservatory orchestra for our recreation of *The Thief of Bagdad*; likewise to the Bernard Schwarz Foundation for the new 35-mm. copy of the film, and to the other friends of the Colonial Singers and Players whose contributions made the event possible.

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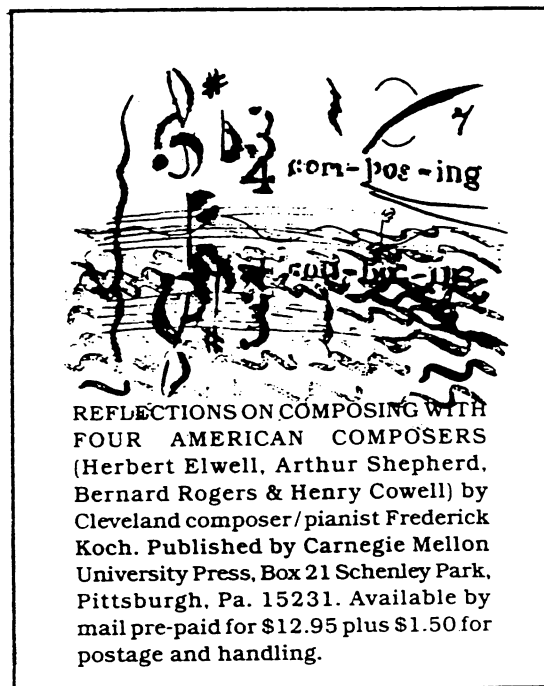
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Handy Dandy. Ann P. Basart, whose praises we recently sang as editor of *Cum Notis Variorum*, has compiled *Perspectives of New Music: An Index, 1962-1982* (Fallen Leaf Press, 127 pp.; \$13.95). This thorough guide to the first 20 volumes of a venerable journal contains an author index, an index to artistic works, and a subject index that includes "every composition that is analyzed, reviewed, or listed in an article." . . . In a less solemn vein is *The Great Song Thesaurus* (Oxford University Press, 665 pp.; \$75) by Roger Lax and Frederick Smith. This duplicates much of the information found in Julius Mattfeld's *Variety Musical Cavalcade* and Roger D. Kinkle's *The Complete Encyclopedia of Popular Music and Jazz*, but it has a number of its own special lists: popular songs based on classical music, theme songs, and songs from theater, film, radio, and television. The main sections of the book include a chronological list of songs by year of popularity (as in Kinkle; Mattfeld gives copyright date), an alphabetical list of songs, and a composer and lyricist index (Mattfeld does not have the last index). Our favorite section is the thesaurus of song titles by subject and key word.



REFLECTIONS ON COMPOSING WITH
FOUR AMERICAN COMPOSERS
(Herbert Elwell, Arthur Shepherd,
Bernard Rogers & Henry Cowell) by
Cleveland composer/pianist Frederick
Koch. Published by Carnegie Mellon
University Press, Box 21 Schenley Park,
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15231. Available by
mail pre-paid for \$12.95 plus \$1.50 for
postage and handling.

SCHOENBERG (continued from page 2)

Schoenberg saying that it was "a school suite." And, for reasons best known to himself, he never dignified the suite with an opus number.

My association with the suite's origin was first mentioned by Walter Rubsamen, an associate of Schoenberg on the UCLA faculty, in an article on "Schoenberg in America"; and Joan Peyser, permitted by me to read the correspondence between Schoenberg and myself, gave a fairly detailed account of my involvement with the suite in her book on modern music.¹ And Milton Babbitt, in 1934 a student in NYU's music department and a Bach-enthusiastic tenor in our chorus, well described the local excitement at the time our students were awaiting the arrival of the orchestral parts for the suite; in an address at the inaugural of the Arnold Schoenberg Institute, he reminisced: ". . . for the time [being], we thought it was to be our work—that was the time of our lives."²

The autograph of the suite (now in private possession in Switzerland) contains a lengthy, but unpublished, foreword (*Vorwort*) of considerable importance. Declaring that the composition of the suite was the outcome of "impressions and perspectives on the efforts, accomplishments and successes of American college orchestras provided me by Professor Martin Bernstein of New York University" (my translation), Schoenberg goes on in great detail on the mechanics of string writing, states the need to acquaint students with new developments in the art of composition, and expresses a firm hope that this work will aid the

musical progress of youth. Included in the entry for the suite in Josef Rufer's splendid catalog, *Das Werk Arnold Schoenbergs* (Basel, London, New York, 1959), is Schoenberg's lucid statement of the obligation of the composer to the youth of his day—a statement that seems to have been inexplicably overlooked.

The critics were confused by, and speculated about, the sudden appearance of a clearly tonal work by the recently arrived Schoenberg. All of their speculations, some patently ridiculous, might have been laid to rest if the foreword of Schoenberg's autograph had only been quoted in the program notes of the premiere and later performances. Why Schoenberg kept it unpublished is his secret. But how helpful it would have been—even if only its last sentence had been given: "This piece indicates no renunciation of my previous creations."³

Notes

1. Rubsamen's article appeared in *The Musical Quarterly*, XXXVII/4 (October 1951); Peyser's account, in her book *The New Music: The Sense Behind the Sound* (New York, 1971).

2. "Celebrative Speech," *Journal of the Arnold Schoenberg Institute*, I/1 (October 1976), 6-11.

3. An ironic postscript: The suite has been rarely performed. The G. Schirmer Rental Library, now managing the orchestral parts, lists no rental since 1981. No recording appears in the current Schwann catalogue.

BEHIND THE BEAT with Mark Tucker

It is 1984 and he is everywhere. He peers out from posters and T-shirts. His face adorns magazine covers and packs of bubble gum. Furniture stores sell a table lamp with a base that is a life-size bust of his head and shoulders. Black-velvet paintings feature him alongside fellow superstars Jesus Christ and Elvis.

No, I don't mean Big Brother but little brother Michael Jackson, graduate of Motown's Jackson 5. The shy young man has become an international celebrity this year, thanks to the phenomenal sales of his 1982 album *Thriller* (37 million at last count) and the popularity of his street-smart videos. Then there was the summer "Victory" tour he undertook with his brothers—a victory for Michael, the critics said.

But in August another kid from the Midwest—Minnesota, not Indiana—released a movie and album that stole some of Jackson's thunder. Enter Prince (Prince Rogers Nelson), starring in his first feature-length film, *Purple Rain*. It heralded a major breakthrough for the singer-guitarist-songwriter who has been performing since age 12 (Jackson began with his brothers when he was 9, in 1967).

The fabulous success stories of Jackson and Prince have kept journalists busy. From the *Enquirer* to the *Times*, from *Right On!* to the *Atlantic*, these two members of the Pepsi generation have generated more copy than any two world leaders or Nobel Prize winners. But amidst all the hoopla about androgyny and white gloves and the color purple, it's possible to forget that these guys are musicians and songwriters. Lately, instead of practicing my "moon walk" I've been listening to the music on their recent albums, trying to understand its nature and appeal.

* * *

Michael Jackson is a captivating performer to watch. He also wrote three of the best songs on the *Thriller* album: "Beat It," "Billie Jean," and "Wanna Be Startin' Somethin'." (His other song, "The Girl is Mine," is an embarrassing duet with Paul McCartney, the weakest effort on the album.) "Billie Jean" is the most intriguing: it raises more questions than it answers, and the musical setting captures perfectly the ambiguity and conflict of the dramatic situation.

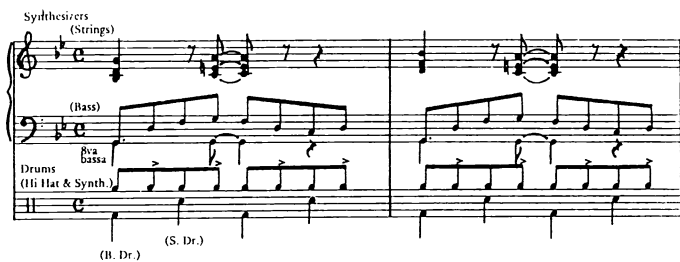
The song seems to spin out of some nightclub fantasy in which the singer imagines a story about a beautiful, mysterious woman dancing "on the floor in the round." Did he father her child? There are cryptic allusions to a paternity suit ("For forty days and forty nights/The law was on her side"); the singer remembers childhood advice not to "go around breaking young girls' hearts"; and, through it all, dancing is the metaphor for sexual attraction and involve-

ment. A kind of disco *femme fatale*, Billie Jean inspires both desire and dread. The singer eventually succumbs in a quick dreamlike flashback sequence: "She came and stood right by me/Then the smell of sweet perfume/This happened much too soon/She called me to her room." A chorus of denial follows: "Billie Jean is not my lover/She's just a girl who claims that I am the one,/But the kid is not my son."*

The core issue of the song—personal responsibility—and its slightly paranoid presentation are given an effective musical framework. The song begins with a bare backbeat on drums; a bass ostinato joins in, followed by a choppy vamp for synthesized strings:



Off Flatbush Avenue, not far from I.S.A.M.:
one of the many ubiquitous images of Michael Jackson



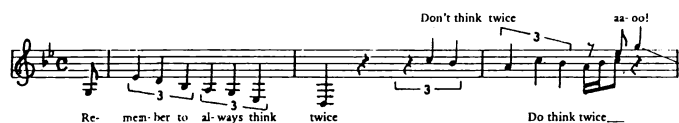
This electronic background sets up a cool, impersonal tone. Then Jackson enters, his voice breathy and excited. But his agitation is ambiguous—is it sexual heat or fear? Or both? His scoops, sobs, and swallowed notes reach back to Elvis and Little Richard and many others. Yet here they are less mannerisms than an intrinsic part of the character's troubled emotional state:



The close miking of Jackson's voice puts the listener inside his body; we seem to gasp and exhale along with him, feeling his anxiety. Despite the electronic dressing, the human element is paramount.

With only slight dynamic gradation the song builds in texture and intensity to the dramatic high point ("She called me to her room"), one of two places where there's a strong V7-i cadence (otherwise the song floats between i and iv).

"Billie Jean" manages to keep in careful balance the musical-dramatic tension established at the outset. Here's one example: When the singer breaks away from narration to address the listener directly, some electronic tampering turns the advice session into the singer's own interior debate with himself. First we hear Jackson sing "Just remember to always think twice." This is refuted by an alter ego (in fact Jackson's altered voice) who says "Don't think twice" (i.e., live by your impulses). Jackson follows up quickly with "Do think twice," but the alter ego has the last word—a little whoop of joy (all of this in six seconds):



"Billie Jean" has a good beat for dancing and works as a video. It is also a well-made song. The formal sections

have satisfying proportions, the climax is perfectly timed, and the allusive text and driving music complement each other beautifully. To top it off, Jackson's vocal delivery is skilled and sure, and producer Quincy Jones provides an instrumental setting that is at once very cool and very hot.

* * *

Prince is a modern-day one-man band. He writes, sings, plays, and produces his own music. On the *Purple Rain* album he's helped out by his group The Revolution and by his father John Nelson, who wrote "Computer Blue." The album presents a wider range of styles than *Thriller*, from the gospel sound of the title cut to the Smokey Robinson balladeering on "The Beautiful Ones" and the light pop-rock of "Take Me With You."

"When Doves Cry" is one of the album's more haunting songs. Like "Billie Jean," it balances graphic images with an ambiguous emotional state. It begins with an appeal to the eye: "Dig if u will the picture." The picture shows a courtyard with an "ocean of violets in bloom" and the singer and his girl making out in its midst. This is a lover's paradise, like the moonlit garden of Hoagy Carmichael's "Star Dust" or the imaginary living room at twilight ("When whippoorwills call") of "My Blue Heaven." But Mitchell Parish or George Whiting, the lyricists of those songs, never imagined what Prince sees—sweaty bodies and animals in heat.

The song is constructed around two 32-bar stanzas, each divided in half by text and instrumentation. After the opening promise of seduction, the singer's mood changes to fear of rejection ("How can u just leave me standing?") and anguish ("Why do we scream at each other?"). We hear of an unhappy family history that keeps the singer from realizing his dreams. The tag line mingles pleasure with pain: "This is what it sounds like when doves cry."** Prince's songs often encourage people to lose their thinking selves and rejoice in the flesh. In "When Doves Cry" the tone is not so clear. The first human sounds in the song are almost moans, more strained than released. Wordless vocals separate the stanzas, and the latter part of the song features only instruments and rhapsodic vocalizing, as though the singer's emotions cannot be adequately expressed by speech.

The text gets a somber musical setting. After the opening guitar cadenza (preparing V7 of E minor) there is a deceptive harmonic move to a synthesizer hook that implies either F or G major (with A minor slipped in between):



(continued on next page)

BEHIND THE BEAT (continued)

When Prince's voice enters, A minor wins out. The "melody" is really a parlando chant based on A and G. Later it is accompanied by a synthesizer figure derived from these two pitches. Simplicity and economy are central to Prince's art:

Synthesizer

Prince

How can u just leave me stand- ing? A-

lone in a world that's so cold

Each stanza is colored by changing instrumentation and electronic manipulation of the vocal tracks. Yet the hypnotic chanting and inexorable under-beat sustain the basic sorrowful mood. With limited resources of pitch and harmony, Prince manages to take listeners through various emotional stages to a catharsis of screams and swirling synthesizers.

If "When Doves Cry" shows the brooding side of Prince, "Let's Go Crazy" is altogether Angst-free. It's hard to stay worried when Prince enjoins you to "Go crazy," "Get nuts," and "Go 4 the purple banana 'til they put us in the truck."** "Crazy" is in the "time's running out" tradition of earlier Prince pieces like "1999" and "Let's Pretend We're Married." It's not exactly a lyrical masterpiece but it does show Prince ingeniously manipulating a few elements into a compelling whole. The song is buoyed by a ridiculously simple synthesizer riff and driven by a solid backbeat on two and four.

Ivesiana. Just off the press from Associated Music Publishers are three piano pieces by Charles Ives that we can absolutely guarantee you've never seen a note of: *Three Improvisations*. These brief pieces were recorded by Ives privately on one of the few occasions (probably in 1938) when he entered a sound studio; they were issued in 1974 as part of Columbia Records' *Charles Ives: The 100th Anniversary* album (M4 32504). The Charles Ives Society commissioned Gail and James Dapogny to transcribe the recordings and edit the music for publication, which they have done with prodigious aural and notational virtuosity. And, as they mildly say in their editorial note, "Analysts will find much about these improvisations that is orderly."

Next to the affable party spirit of "Let's Go Crazy," Jackson's "Beat It" sounds cold and machine-like. To be sure, there's a mean guitar hook, a rousing chorus, and a snappy, syncopated text:

Show- in' how funk- y [and] strong is your fight It

does- n't mat- ter who's wrong or right *

But there's too much production. Jackson's normally expressive voice hasn't a chance against the pounding accompaniment of synthesizers, electric keyboards, drums, even a beaten drum-case. While the video poses music and dance as a solution to gang warfare, the song seems to be more about the values of good clean recording technology. The only person going crazy in "Beat It" is heavy-metal rocker Eddie Van Halen, whose overdubbed guitar solo has a nice shape and a turbulent creativity missing from the rest of the song.

* * *

Although still young, Michael Jackson and Prince are seasoned pros who have already devoted many years to popular music. Both have risen to dizzying heights this year; both could be forgotten six months from now. But I doubt it. The musicianship and songwriting they show on their recent albums suggest they'll be with us for some time—not just as cultural icons, but as working, growing American musicians.

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Master List. James R. Heintze's long-awaited *American Music Studies: A Classified Bibliography of Master's Theses* makes a welcome and impressive appearance, listing 2,370 theses relating to American music. A number of small points can be criticized, including the randomness of the annotations and lapses in categorization (studies on Oscar Hammerstein II can be found in the composer section as well as in musical comedy, those on Woody Guthrie under "commercial country music and bluegrass"). But the book provides access to a large body of little-known and neglected scholarship, and many scholars will want to browse through the book to look for hidden treasures. We already have a list of interlibrary loan requests. (Information Coordinators, 312 pp.; \$25)

NEWS AND INFORMATION

Volume 1, number 1 (Spring 1984), augurs well for the *College Band Directors National Association Journal*. Cleanly edited by Craig Kirchhoff of Ohio State University and handsomely produced by A-R Editions, it offers fare of more than narrow professional or technical interest—in this issue (among other articles) a good analytic piece on Warren Benson's *The Leaves are Falling* (by Donald Hunsberger, his colleague at Eastman) and an annotated catalogue and discography of "The Wind Music of W.A. Mozart" (by Michael Votta, Jr., of Hope College). Subscriptions are \$10, for two issues, through A-R Editions, Inc., 315 West Gorham Street, Madison, WI 53703.

South and North of the Border. More than 50 previously unpublished works by the Mexican master Carlos Chávez, who died in 1978, have been edited under the direction of Miguel Coelho (Chávez's assistant, 1971-78) and added to the catalogue of G. Schirmer, Inc. They include works in practically every genre, from songs and piano pieces to symphonies, ballet scores, and the opera *The Visitors*. . . . As we have said earlier in these columns, Canada does well by its musicians. (That was apropos of the excellent *Encyclopedia of Music in Canada*.) And now it has embarked on a project to do well by its earlier music, in a series of some 25 volumes, mostly of facsimile reproductions of published scores, under the general title (bilingual, in the Canadian way) *The Canadian Musical Heritage/Le Patrimoine musical canadien*. With no illusions about the "monumentality" of the national music legacy, the committee overseeing the series describes this music as "a fragile link with a past when music played an integral role in the lives of pioneer Canadians," and they disarmingly suggest that some of it "will astonish and delight, some will bring a smile, but all will give . . . a glimpse into the fabric of Canadian society." Volume 1 is the first of at least three planned to contain piano music; it includes 42 works dating from about 1820 to the 1890s. Volume 2 is the first of several to include sacred choral music. Other volumes, each with a generous introduction and critical notes, will contain other genres. At 250 pages, more or less, per paperbound volume, the price of \$25 per volume is reasonable. Address Canadian Musical Heritage Society/Société pour le patrimoine musical canadien, 219 Argyle, Suite 105, Ottawa, Canada K2P 2H4.

Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive. Let others whine about infrequent performances of American music; we prefer to celebrate their increasing number. A few recent examples: **The First Festival of American Chamber Music** last spring at the Library of Congress, which presented works by composers from Chadwick and Paine to Shapey and Wuorinen, and a program of silent film scores; the inaugural concert of **The Center for American Music** at Mercyhurst College (Erie, PA) in June, under the direction of Mary Louise Boehm; and in August the Fourth Annual All-American

Music Festival at the University of Connecticut at Avery Point, sponsored by the **William Billings Institute of American Music**.

A new monograph in art history well worth perusal by American-music buffs is Elizabeth Johns's *Thomas Eakins: The Heroism of Modern Life* (Princeton University Press). Winner of the prestigious first-book Mitchell Prize for 1983, this study of the portraiture of the great American painter Eakins (1822-1916) has a long chapter on his studies of musicians (*The Concert Singer, Cowboy Singing, Music, At the Piano*, and others). Johns could have used an editor knowledgeable in music, to save her from some technical howlers, but her discussion of Eakins and his musical subjects in their cultural context is fresh and illuminating.

Don't look back, CRI—Northeastern Records may be gaining on you! The Boston firm, which so far as we know is the only university-owned and -operated commercial record manufacturer, has a large number of American works in the works, as it were. Planned for 1984-85 release are, among other offerings, four of Walter Piston's five string quartets, Ezra Sims's *All Done from Memory*, Elizabeth Vercoe's *Herstory III*, John Knowles Paine's Violin Sonata and other chamber pieces, George Chadwick's Piano Quintet, and Ives's cantata *The Celestial Country* coupled with Loeffler's *Psalm 137*.

A Steal. We have a limited quantity of *American Music Recordings: A Discography of 20th-Century U.S. Composers* in perfect condition except for damaged covers. Copies are available at the unbelievable price of \$40 (regular price, \$60) on a first-come, first-served basis. Ideal for libraries that will bind the softbound volume anyway, or for those people more interested in content than appearance.

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