

NEWSLETTER

INSTITUTE FOR STUDIES IN AMERICAN MUSIC

Conservatory of Music, Brooklyn College of the City University of New York - H. Wiley Hitchcock, Director

Volume XV, Number 2: May 1986

"Truth is precious, and should be used sparingly"—Mark Twain

MORE ON THE GOTTSCHALK-IVES CONNECTION by Robert Offergeld

Robert Offergeld is well known as a Gottschalk scholar, not only for his pathbreaking Centennial Catalogue of the Published and Unpublished Compositions of Louis Moreau Gottschalk (1970) but for many other articles and essays on the flamboyant nineteenth-century composer-pianist. Most recently, he has provided narrative and comment for John Huszar's documentary film Gottschalk: A Musical Portrait, premiered in May and to be shown nationally on PBS during the 1986-87 season.

In the last I.S.A.M. Newsletter, H. Wiley Hitchcock asked some interesting questions about Ives's quotation of a Gottschalk melody in his setting of Psalm 90. Any serious attempt to answer him involves us in a string of biographical and musicological coincidences that are more entertaining than any historian has the right to expect.

The questions: Did Ives take the Gottschalk tune straight from the nineteenth century's most famous American piano piece, Gottschalk's *The Last Hope*? Or was Ives referring to the perennially green Protestant hymn derived from the piano piece?—a ubiquitous, multisectarian arrangement called variously GOTTSCHALK or MERCY, and allegedly produced in the late 1880s (a generation after Gottschalk's death) by Edwin Pond Parker, a Congregationalist minister of Hartford, Connecticut.

The dates: I discovered many years ago that nobody had ever bothered to locate the actual *Urtext* of the hymn, so I did. Let me say at once that any attribution of it to the 1880s is off by about twenty years. The arrangement of the principal theme of *The Last Hope* as a hymn (here reproduced in its original form, with its original title and text) actually appeared in Gottschalk's lifetime. It is found in the *New Hymn and Tune Book*, a remarkably inclusive and scrupulously edited anthology prepared for the Methodist church by Philip Phillips (1834-1895), a celebrated mid-century gospel singer in the United States and the British Isles as the "Singing Pilgrim." Phillips's hymnbook was issued in 1867 by Carlton and Porter, but its copyright notice and editorial preface are dated a year earlier.

The Gottschalk connection: Now, what was Gottschalk up to in the year 1866? Well, in September of the preceding year he had given a memorable real-life performance as a sort of musical-comedy Don Giovanni. This involved a midnight misadventure in double-dating on a back road near Oakland, and as luridly reported in the San Francisco press, it got him ex-coriated from coast to coast as a conscienceless seducer of innocent maidens—this in turn prompting his hasty departure from the United States on an unpremeditated concert tour of South America. So in 1866, as America's puritans angrily denounced his wickedness (and his partisans just as heatedly protested his blamelessness), Gottschalk was methodically polishing off Peru and Chile, on the first leg of a highly profitable three-year circumnavigation of the South American continent.

At this point, providence gave Gottschalk a much-needed ally named Hubert Platt Main. Born in Connecticut in 1839, Main began at the age of ten to write religious pieces (they eventually numbered about a thousand) and became a Methodist singing-school teacher; from 1855 he worked in New York assisting William Bradbury and Isaac Woodbury in compiling Sunday-school collections. He was also an intimate friend of Lowell Mason and his progeny, as well as an associate of almost everyone in New York's mid-century musical life, beginning with George F. Bristow ("a friend for 44 years"). Then in 1864 he moved to Cincinnati, where he became assistant to Philip Phillips (at work preparing the *New Hymn and Tune Book*), before moving back to New York in 1867.

Above all, Main was an enraptured fan of Gottschalk in general and of *The Last Hope* in particular, and it was he who arranged the piece as a hymn and got it into Phillips's book. Late in life he remarked to a correspondent, ". . . I was only 15, and was just graduating from the hymn tunes of Woodbury & Mason, & of course any of Gottschalk was heavenly." So Main tracked his idol from concert to concert until he became a sort of *Last Hope* expert, both as to Gottschalk's performance and the piece's publishing history. He recalled that the composer always pre-

Gottschalk. 5th P. M.

1. Sov-reign Ruler, Lord of all, Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, O hear my ar-dent cry,— Frown not, lest I faint and die.

Sov'reign Ruler, Lord of all, Prostrate at thy feet I fall; Hear, O hear, my ardent cry,— Frown not, lest I faint and die.	Justly might thy vengeful dart Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;— Justly might thy kindled ire Send me to eternal fire.
Vilest of the sons of men,— Worst of rebels, I have been; Oft abused thee to thy face,— Trampled on thy richest grace.	But with thee is mercy found,— Balm to heal my every wound; Soothe, O soothe this troubled breast,— Give the weary wand'rer rest.

(from New Hymn and Tune Book [1867])

GOTTSCHALK-IVES CONNECTION (*continued*)

luded the piece with a grand two-handed arpeggio—"from the *'sub-cellar to the cupola on top of the sky-scraper.'*" He recorded that when his longtime friend General William Hall bought the original *Last Hope* copyright from Firth, Pond & Co. for \$50, the deal included the surviving stock of copies and the plates (all of which were destroyed to make way for the new version that Gottschalk prepared). Main even knew the engraver of Firth, Pond's original edition (who told Bristow that Gottschalk's autograph score was "written on pieces of common paper of 2 or 3 different kinds, some of it ruled by hand").

In 1855 no Gottschalk audience could possibly escape *The Last Hope*, and Main at 15 probably heard even the earliest performance of the revised piece a year before it appeared under Hall's new copyright. Nine years later, Main heard it again (and probably for the last time) at Gottschalk's concert of 20 December 1864 in an unheated Mozart Hall in Cincinnati, after which he called on the composer at the Burnett House and received from him an autographed photograph. There is no evidence that they discussed any hymn based on *The Last Hope*, and even if such an arrangement already existed I have an idea (for reasons noted below) that Main did not select the verses for the published version until almost a year later—after Gottschalk's contretemps at San Francisco in 1865.

The 1866/67 *New Hymn and Tune Book* breezily attributes the text of GOTTSCHALK to an otherwise unidentified "Raffles"—no first name given (an omission common to many hymnological indexes of the era). He turns out to be Thomas Raffles, D.D., an eminent English divine of the Congregationalist persuasion who in 1853 (the year of Gottschalk's American debut, coincidentally) issued a volume of impassioned religious verse which shortly became a kind of grab-bag plundered gratefully by the American hymn-composing fraternity.

Now it is doubtful that Main ever received a penny for GOTTSCHALK (the publishers note in their hymnbook that the Methodist use of it is "gratuitous," and thereafter innumerable hymn-lifters of all denominations just plain—if piously—swiped it). But Main had a sharp eye and ear: he became known in the hymn industry for his unerring sense of what really sold. (As might be expected of one who in later years, as a partner in the firm of Biglow & Main, made a sizable fortune marketing a reputed 18,000,000 copies of the gospel hymns of Moody and Sankey. John Tasker Howard recalled Main's reaction when told by Howard's composition teacher that the boy was writing fugues: "He'll never sell 'em," barked Main—and, Howard added, "He was right.") In any case, given the dilapidated state of Gottschalk's moral reputation in 1866, Main's selection of verses from Raffles's book for the *Last Hope* hymn can only be considered a gem.

For I think we can safely assume that what Main had in mind from the first was a best-selling religious chromo for Sunday exhibition in America's Protestant choirlofts—a heart-rending musical portrait of the country's most glamorous male sinner confessing the error of his ways and panting for redemption at the foot of the Cross. The music is headed starkly with the name

of the famous reprobate, and Dr. Raffles's images evoke an absolute orgy of penitent self-abasement and remorse:

Prostrate at thy feet I fall . . .

Vilest of the sons of men,—
Worst of rebels, I have been . . .

Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart . . .

Soothe, O soothe this troubled breast,—
Give the weary wand'rer rest.

That's him, all right. The only trouble is that a glance at Gottschalk's journal for this period indicates that Main's piteous likeness would not have been recognized by anyone in Gottschalk's vicinity. It's true that after returning in 1862 from a three-year fling in the West Indies, Gottschalk had stunned Boston by candidly explaining (in the classy pages of *The Atlantic Monthly*) his preference for the golden-brown girls of primitive cultures—" . . . those beautiful *trigueñas*, with red lips and brown bosoms, ignorant of evil, sinning with frankness, without fearing the bitterness of remorse." But now, of course—with Main's hymn rising, *vox angelica*, from a thousand harmoniums and pipe organs—all that is surely behind him.

Or is it? Journal item (dateline Panama, fall of 1865, just a month after all hell broke loose in San Francisco):

There was opposite my hotel a little Indian girl, with large black eyes, and coarse hair that scarcely yielded to the constraint of a large gold comb. A supple figure, beautiful yellow-bronze round shoulders, naked or nearly so—her dress very light, and open on her bosom. . . . She has a very wild and timid look—only sixteen years old.

Item (dateline Islay, Peru, March 1866):

At the foot of the cliff a little cove is formed, where the sea exhausts itself in little soft ripples on a beach of large, flat, white stones. Some young children, all naked, are bathing there. A young Indian girl is swimming among them in water so transparent that I can see she wears no bathing costume. She has placed a handkerchief over her chest, but in swimming it has got up, and now answers for a cravat. Besides, nobody seems to see her.

And in a stupefying item datelined Punta Arenas, Chile, in May 1867, we seem to have stumbled onto the combined Patagonian roadshow of ~~*Sweeney Todd* and *La Cage aux Folles*~~. As his ship heads up the Straits of Magellan, Gottschalk can't wait to get ashore and visit the Tehuelche Indians, famous for their gigantic stature and enormous heads. (They have been high on the list of the world's pet monsters ever since Shakespeare identified their god Setebos in *The Tempest*.) They are also cannibals, Gottschalk informs us cheerfully; not too many years earlier they had eaten their governor, a German named improbably Dr. Philippi. For Gottschalk's entertainment their present (and so far uneaten) governor rounds up "a family of Patagonians . . . composed of three men and one young woman."

Now if anywhere on that endless and godforsaken antarctic tundra there just happens to exist a flirtatious six-foot transvestite cannibal . . . *who*, inevitably, can be expected to come loping over the horizon to inspect this prodigy? Who indeed but Our Hero, who promptly zeros in on the young woman, yclept Kanucha:

(*continued on page 13*)

I.S.A.M. MATTERS

Doris J. Dyen, Senior Research Fellow at I.S.A.M. this spring, has been directing a seminar on the music of American ethnic communities, emphasizing the diverse musics in New York City. Her public lectures dealt with music of other geographical areas: "Becoming Ethnic: Processes of Ethnic Identification in Western Pennsylvania" and "Caribbean Popular Dance Music in Miami." Her I.S.A.M. monograph promises to be on yet another fascinating aspect of ethnic music in the United States. . . . Fellows for the 1986-87 academic year will be Charles Hamm of Dartmouth College, who will lead a seminar on the music of George Gershwin in the fall, and composer Pauline Oliveros, who will guide students in a seminar on contemporary music in the spring.

Congratulations to Richard Crawford, who received the second annual Irving Lowens Award at the April meeting of the Sonneck Society in Boulder. He won for his edition of *The Core Repertory of Early American Psalmody*, volume XI-XII of the series RECENT RESEARCHES IN AMERICAN MUSIC published by A-R Editions and supervised by I.S.A.M. . . . Although not a member of the I.S.A.M. family, we also want to congratulate our distinguished colleague George Perle of Queens College/CUNY, this year's recipient of the Pulitzer Prize in music.

Available before long will be two new I.S.A.M. monographs: William Lichtenwanger's definitive catalog of *The Music of Henry Cowell* and Edward A. Berlin's *Reflections and Research on Ragtime*. Next in line will be Roger Reynolds's *A Searcher's Path*, an examination of the composer's own creative process; and Philip Carlsen's study of the music for player piano by Conlon Nancarrow, a revision of his recent CUNY Ph.D. dissertation, described by Nancarrow himself as "fantastic."

H. Wiley Hitchcock, director of I.S.A.M., has been on leave of absence since early January as a Getty Scholar at the recently established Getty Center for the History of Art and the Humanities in Santa Monica, California. Among other activities, he has had a busy semester lecturing on the West Coast and presented a paper on "Henry Cowell's *Opus ultimum*: the Trio (1965)" at the Sonneck Society meeting. . . . Also on the Sonneck program was Carol J. Oja, whose topic was "Elie Siegmeister and the Cause of American Music." . . . R. Allen Lott, acting director of I.S.A.M. this semester, gave a paper on Liszt's circle and America, titled "The New World Beckons," at the Romantic Music Festival at Butler University in Indianapolis.

"American Music at Brooklyn College," a lecture series begun last fall at I.S.A.M., continued this spring with a full and varied schedule: Kay Kaufman Shelemay (New York University) reported on her field work among Syrian Jews in Brooklyn; Adrienne Fried Block (a recent recipient of an NEH grant for work on a biography of Amy Beach) spoke on "The Second New England School and the Search for a National Style in American Music"; British composer Peter Dickinson traced "The Influence of Afro-American Music on British Composers"; Doris J. Dyen gave her second I.S.A.M. lecture; and composer Richard Kassel and theorist Frank Samarotto (both doctoral students at CUNY) each examined a work of Ives.

Rita H. Mead

Rita H. Mead, who was Research Assistant and later Research Associate in the Institute for Studies in American Music from 1972 until 1980, succumbed on 20 April to amyotrophic lateral sclerosis ("Lou Gehrig's disease") after a prolonged and gallant battle.

Rita Mead began graduate studies in music after raising a family, and earned the Ph.D. from the City University of New York in 1978. Her dissertation illuminated the various "New Music" enterprises of Henry Cowell; it was a distinguished study and, as published by UMI Research Press, gained plaudits from readers and reviewers alike. She went on to build on that foundation with a series of important articles about Cowell and other composers of the U.S. and Latin America, as well as many entries for both *The New Grove* and the forthcoming *New Grove Dictionary of American Music*.

Meanwhile, she brought indefatigable energy, imagination, and commitment to the Institute. One of the first I.S.A.M. monographs was her *Doctoral Dissertations in American Music* (1974), a seminal work in the bibliography of American-music studies; how she compiled it, on top of full-time, day-to-day institute work and, not only that, the writing of a doctoral thesis, is hard to imagine. Rita would not allow her name to appear as author, but it was she who spurred on a group of research assistants (I was on sabbatical leave that year) to produce the prize-winning biblio-discography *American Music Before 1865 in Print and on Records*, which was supposed to be published during the U.S. Bicentennial year of 1976 . . . and was. No one who participated in either the Ives Centennial Festival-Conference of 1974 or the 1977 conference on The Phonograph in Our Musical Life will forget Rita's role as smoother of rough roads, pourer of oil on troubled waters, and expeditor in general.

Rita was a charter member of the Sonneck Society. The other members knew a good thing when they saw it and in no time elected her to their board of trustees. And she was a tireless concertgoer, a familiar figure at new-music affairs—even after illness struck, requiring a respirator to breathe and a wheelchair to move around. She kept writing and publishing, too, and managed somehow to find ingenious ways to do research though bed-ridden, and commit her results to paper though unable to grasp a pen.

But what those whose path crossed hers will remember quickest and longest is Rita's infectious *joie de vivre*, which brightened every room she ever entered—and continues to shine in the room she has now left.

—H. Wiley Hitchcock

NANCARROW RETURNS

On 19 April, Conlon Nancarrow—longtime American expatriate and resident of Mexico—came to New York for a concert of his music. It was his first trip here in 47 years. The performance was given by Continuum, a contemporary-music group directed by Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, and featured early compositions by Nancarrow, a sampling of player-piano pieces, an interview with the composer, and the world premiere of a new work—one of the first he has written for live performers since the Forties. Following are excerpts from an interview with the composer conducted by Vivian Perlis for Yale University's Oral History, American Music.

Vivian Perlis: We have just come from a dress rehearsal, at Alice Tully Hall, for a concert of your music played by live performers rather than player pianos. How does it feel to compose for humans again?

Conlon Nancarrow: In a way, it's a shock—I haven't done it in so long! Two years ago I did that "tango" for live performers—my first live piece in forty years. When I write for player piano I don't have to worry about whether the fingers go here or there—the notes are there, and I just do what I want with them. Having to think whether performers can play certain tempo combinations or whatever—I'm just not used to that.

VP: You thought you would never write for live performers again. What changed your mind?

CN: It began in London a few years ago when they played several live pieces of mine that I'd never heard. One was from sixty years ago. They played them with no trouble at all! Do you know what happened to me in New York when I came back from Spain in '39? The League of Composers had a concert for young composers, and they wanted me to do a piece, so I wrote a sextet. They had to have a conductor; it was tricky. But there was not *one* rehearsal with all the musicians there at the same time, and at the concert a couple of the musicians got lost early in the piece. It was a disaster! It just about turned me off from performers.

VP: When Aaron Copland visited you once in Mexico, you had a conversation about live performance . . .

CN: We had a big argument about that! He said he liked the feeling that the horn *might* miss the note, and I said I preferred to know that he wouldn't miss it.

VP: Will you continue to write for live performers now or go back to player pianos?

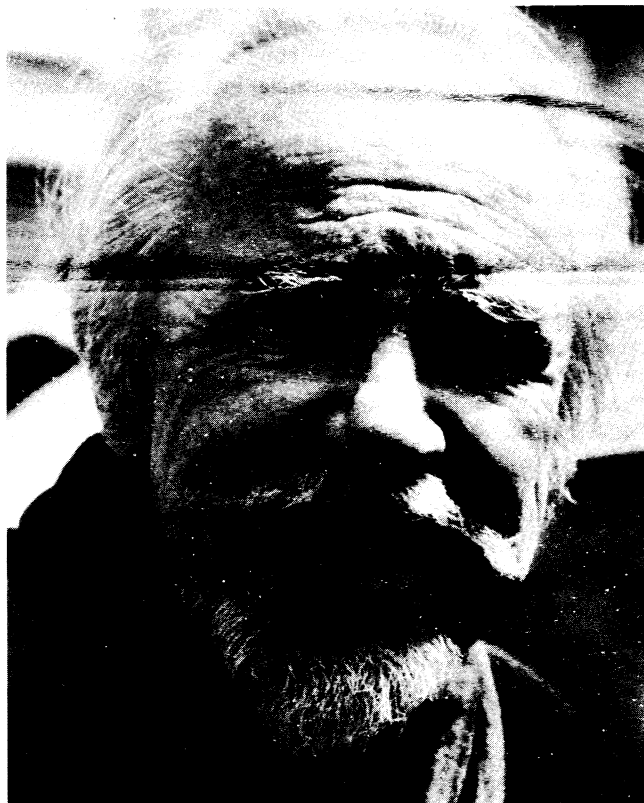
CN: I don't think I'll drop the player piano. I'm too far into it, although I'm changing my mind about what performers can do. The new performers are young and have **grown up** with a new ideology.

VP: Would you like to live in the States again?

CN: My wife and I spent several months in Berkeley last year, and it was wonderful. But the whole political situation—I'm not going to get into that again. I once renounced American citizenship, and that is unforgivable. I went to Mexico because they refused me a passport. The Communist party business was the other black eye for me. When I came back from Spain, you had to prove for five years that you were making active propaganda against the party. And I wouldn't dream of doing that. Also, I have spent years building my studio in Mexico. Moving and setting it up again would be extremely difficult.

VP: Are you surprised at the extent of the recognition you are receiving?

CN: Yes! I am just beginning to get used to it. If the young composers hadn't paid attention to me, it never would have happened.



Conlon Nancarrow
(Photo by Michael MacIntyre)

VP: When you first went to Mexico and didn't even know the language, were you lonely? Did you feel isolated, or is that what you wanted—to live without the pressures of the music world?

CN: Look, in those days I was extremely introverted. I had my own inner world.

VP: It is tempting to make analogies with Ives—paradoxes involving the use of old-fashioned materials in innovative ways, and the idea of taking yourself away to have the privacy to work.

CN: Yes, I guess so. Ives was a real isolate. Independence is important.

VP: I was surprised to see that you were born and grew up in Texarkana, Arkansas. What kind of kid were you?

CN: The backwoods schools in Texarkana turned me off. I got most of my education from the Little Blue Books. They had them on every subject, and many were subversive—politically, sexually, every way. They cost 5 cents a paperback and came through the mail. I had to hide them. The man who started them was an old Wobbly, E. Haldeman-Julius. Many years later, when my family was remodeling the house, they found

NANCARROW (continued)

all those books secreted in the attic. My mother said, "Now I understand what happened to him!"

VP: *Where did you go from Arkansas?*

CN: I spent one semester at Vanderbilt University because my father wanted me to become an engineer. But I gave it up and went to Cincinnati. I made a living playing in the symphony and in a German beer hall. I heard Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring* there, and it just knocked me over—opened up a whole new world. But the biggest influence on me was Cowell's book *New Musical Resources*; he wrote about all these things that could be done. But some he never did himself—like the player piano. I got married in Cincinnati at age 17. My first ex-wife, who was 16 when we got married, still lives there. She wrote me recently and said that the dean of the Conservatory was thinking about inviting their distinguished alumnus back to give some lectures. I roared with laughter! We were married about five years and left Cincinnati together for Boston.

In Boston I got hooked up with a WPA orchestra, but I discovered fast that I was not made for a conductor—a conductor has to be a sort of tyrant. I got changed to a theater project doing incidental music. The only really rigid studying I ever did in music was counterpoint with Roger Sessions at the Malkin Conservatory. I was writing little pieces, but he was not encouraging. I knew Slonimsky and, when I went to Spain, left my few scores with him. He sent a few pieces to *New Music* to be published. I knew nothing about it until years later!

VP: *When you went to Spain in the Lincoln Brigade did you know other musicians in the Communist party?*

CN: None of the people I knew were in music. I was in the trenches. About half of the Americans who went there didn't come back. I was one of the few uninjured, but I was in terrible shape when I returned.

VP: *How did you come to compose for player piano?*

CN: I had grown up with one as a kid. It was what people had—like today they have television. After I got started, I found that the major problem was punching the rolls. I came to New York in '47 to get a machine made. Otherwise I would have to sit with a hammer and chisel and do them by hand. When I got back to Mexico I had to make adjustments; it was some time before the rolls worked properly.

VP: *You must be a very patient person!*

CN: Maybe I am sort of pig-headed. It depends on how much motivation you have.

VP: *You were interested when you heard Cage's prepared piano music in the '40s.*

CN: Yes, but I still wanted the player piano, so I got a grand piano prepared for a roll. But it was so complicated to deal with a player grand that I did only one piece and then went back to the uprights.

VP: *As you write a piece, when does the creative, inspirational time come?*

CN: Sometimes I start on a piece with sort of a vague idea, and it develops while I'm working. Other times I have the whole thing before I start working. Almost every time I do a new piece, it gives me ideas for something else.

VP: *Does it ever surprise you by sounding different from what you had planned?*

CN: Almost never. I've had a few shocks. Some pieces I was not too happy about, and I just didn't keep them. When I got into more complicated things, I had two or three pieces going at the same time. The length of a piano roll is a limiting factor, but several studies are in movements on different rolls. I've never felt any limitation in length. My attention span is short!

VP: *Do you write out a score first?*

CN: No, that happens after everything else. I have what I call a "punching score"—sort of a shorthand. Then after it's on the roll I make a legible score. Until recently I had only one roll for each study, but now there's someone in California who duplicates them by computer.

VP: *When was your first commission?*

CN: Only very recently. Stravinsky's advice to composers was to write a piece of music first and then get it commissioned.

VP: *Are you working on deadlines for the first time? Like this new piece for Continuum?*

CN: Yes, I've been going crazy for almost four months with the piece that Betty Freeman commissioned for this concert. I'm a slow worker and don't work well under pressure. And this was pressure! I'm very pleased with what I heard at rehearsals. It's difficult, and they played it so well. They are just fantastic musicians!

VP: *How does it compare to hearing a player-piano piece for the first time?*

CN: This was a real surprise. The player piano is no surprise. It won't make any mistakes. That's a big difference. It took me years to discover what a player piano could do. But I don't know what performers can do. You can't be sure. This whole thing that Copland likes—you can't be sure. Well, I want to be sure.

VP: *That's very different from the Cage aesthetic too, isn't it?*

CN: Oh, totally. My whole philosophy is different.

VP: *You have a wife and a teen-age son. Has he made a difference in your attitude toward recognition?*

CN: Yes, naturally. I have someone I want to leave something for—a sort of inheritance.

Nicolas Slonimsky has brought out a *Supplement to Music Since 1900* (Charles Scribner's Sons), the first since the 4th edition of 1971. It brings Slonimsky's invaluable *Descriptive Chronology* from 1970 to mid-1985 (the last entry chronicling the "Live Aid" global rock concert of 13 July). It also offers about 100 pages of Additions, Amplifications, Corrections to the earlier edition. And it would not be a product of the indefatigable Slonimsky if it did not contain a group of Documents—in this case documents from two governments, our own and that of the People's Republic of China. (It's hard to say which are more irrational, but all are fascinating.) With this publication out, hard on the heels of the 7th edition of *Baker's*, Slonimsky—whose 92nd birthday was April 27th—can turn back to his autobiography, the working title of which, he tells us, is *Failed Wunderkind: A Rueful Autopsy* (and you can check for yourself the etymology of "autopsy").

REPORT FROM L.A. by H. Wiley Hitchcock

American music—at least American *new* music—is alive and well in L.A., though far from matching its state of good health in New York. Or perhaps it's the publicity and promotion that are scrappy: residents here are quick to say that the incidence of concerts *per se* is incredibly improved over that of even ten years ago, when only the composers for film and television got anything but short shrift. (My impression, though, is that the "arts & leisure" sections of the local newspapers are still primarily oriented to movies and TV.) Here are a few items of note:

* The Los Angeles Philharmonic not only has a composer-in-residence who counsels the orchestra on contemporary repertory, like eight other orchestras across the country; it has a spinoff contemporary-music ensemble, the New Music Group, directed by the same person. William Kraft held the post from 1981 through the 1984-85 season; he yields now to John Harbison.

* The jazz scene is bustling, and rock concerts are everywhere. The most interesting "light music" evening I've had was at the hands of Ian Whitcomb, the British-born singer and writer on pop music (*After the Ball*), and the pianist Dick Zimmerman. They had brought down from the San Francisco Bay area the Pacific Coast Ragtime Ensemble, a group of about twelve players, and were hosts in a stylish evening of turn-of-the-century music. Zimmerman strikes me as perhaps the greatest ragtime pianist we have now; he plays with the swing of Eubie Blake, the subtlety of William Bolcom, and the genial persuasiveness of Max Morath—all wrapped into one dynamic package, with technique to burn and an absolutely encyclopedic memory for repertory.

* Just down the coast at the University of California, San Diego, are composers like Robert Erickson, Roger Reynolds, and Bernard Rands. (Pauline Oliveros recently moved to the East after thirty years on the West Coast, fifteen of them at UCSD.) Appropriately enough, considering that here one tends to look westward, over the ocean, to the East, UCSD's music department recently organized an extraordinary week-long festival—"The Pacific Ring," celebrating the arts of lands bordering the Pacific Ocean, from China and Korea past Indonesia, Japan, Australia, and the Philippines to Guatemala and the United States.

* Of the younger composers whose music I've heard, I've been most captivated by that of Daniel Lentz, who combines an eclectic taste—for Burgundian music, Debussy, rock, and you-name-it—with a sophisticated computer- and synthesizer-oriented expertise to make a music of electrifying immediacy. One recent piece of his, a kind of etude he calls *Wild Turkeys* (ostensibly because it's built up from about 350 modular melodic figures based only on fifths—get it?), is for three keyboard-synthesizer players, plus Lentz himself seated at a small but very powerful digital mixing console. He controls the mix of the synthesizers' parts, and also the tape-loop and -delay repetitions of the modules; he thus not only composes the original materials but puts them together as, in effect, producer and engineer of the electro-acoustic result—all in real time, since his is still a performance-oriented music (and his keyboardists true virtuosos). Some of Lentz's music is dreamy "hearts of space" stuff, and as such not

to my taste; but *Wild Turkeys* (and, related to it, another recent composition, *Time's Trick*, which I've heard done by Lentz's group with the singer Jessica Lowe) is potent, powerful, and propulsive—sheets of kicky-rhythmed, pulsatile, post-minimal pattern music with a very special flickering, surging energy.

* My first paragraph mentioned composers getting "short shrift" in L.A. in the past. But there's a tradition here of the semi-private, intimate new-music series organized on their behalf. Peter Yates's "Evenings on the Roof" series, organized on the eve of World War II, was an example; it later became the "Monday Evening Concerts" with which the name of Lawrence Morton is honorably affiliated. And now there are the Sunday afternoon "Music Room" events sponsored by Betty Freeman, with the help of Alan Rich (music critic for *Newsweek* magazine), held in Freeman's contemporary art-filled Beverly Hills home. These have been going on, five or six times a season, since 1981, before an invited audience of 75-100. The format typically involves two composers who are introduced (with appropriate critical generalizations) by Rich, and who present pieces of their music (live or on tape), preceding informal discussion. Freeman's modesty and tendency to quiet rather than flamboyant patronage have kept her somewhat out of sight—especially of eastern observers—but hers has been a major role in support of American composers, especially West Coast composers. A fine photographer, she is responsible for a number of the best photos of composers we have; she also produced the documentary film on Harry Partch *The Dreamer That Remains*, doubly important in view of Partch's unique instruments, which we see so vividly therein; she is in fact working on a biography of Partch. She is recognized by John Cage in the title of his violin piece *The Freeman Variations*; it is she who commissioned from Conlon Nancarrow his first live music in many decades, premiered in New York a few weeks ago; and she it was who underwrote last year at Tully Hall a very unusual evening of music by two West Coast composers whom she has long championed, Lou Harrison and Robert Erickson, and spearheaded the efforts in support of the concert production last December of Virgil Thomson's neglected third opera, *Lord Byron*. Her enthusiasms and breadth of taste are confirmed by the roster of those she and Rich have invited to appear over the years in the "Music Room" series; a bald alpha-order list (which includes the few Europeans and writers or visual artists to have been featured) runs this way (West Coasters are asterisked):

*John Adams	*Lou Harrison	Steve Reich
*Charles Amirkhanian	*George Heussenstamm	*Roger Reynolds
Louis Andriessen	David Hockney	*Terry Riley
Milton Babbitt	David Hush	*Dane Rudhyar
Luciano Berio	*Andrew Imbrie	*Loren Rush
Henry Brant	*Rhonda Kess	Frederic Rzewski
Earle Brown	*William Kraft	*Barry Schrader
*Harold Budd	*Joan La Barbara	*Charles Shere
John Cage	*Jack Larson	*Nicolas Slonimsky
Charles Dodge	*Henri Lazarof	*Eva Soltes
*Paul Drescher	*Daniel Lentz	*Dorrance Stalvey
*Robert Erickson	*Ingram Marshall	*Rand Steiger
Morton Feldman	*Janis Mattox	*Halsey Stevens
*Marta Feuchtwanger	Conlon Nancarrow	*Carol Stone
*Peter Garland	*Ted Peterson	*Morton Subotnick
*Jon Gibson	*Mel Powell	Virgil Thomson
*Pia Gilbert	*David Raksin	Robert Wilson
Philip Glass	*Bernard Rands	

Quite a list! Young and old, East and West, male and female, conservative and (mostly) progressive. As one young composer put it recently, in awe, "Betty Freeman is something else!"

TEN YEARS OF THE ACO

10, 56, 37, 2, 5, 139. Lottery numbers? No, these are vital statistics for the American Composers Orchestra. In the ten years since its founding by conductor Dennis Russell Davies, conductor and flutist Paul Dunkel, and composers Nicolas Roussakis and Francis Thorne, the ACO has produced some winning tickets. 56 is the number of premieres of American orchestral music it has presented. 37 of these were commissioned by the ACO. 2 have gone on to win Pulitzer Prizes: Joseph Schwantner's *Aftertones of Infinity* and Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's First Symphony (formerly titled Three Movements for Orchestra). (Another prizewinning commission was John Harbison's Piano Concerto, which won the Friedheim Award.) The orchestra has released five recordings on CRI (and has two more in production). Most impressive of all, by the end of the 1986-87 season the orchestra will have performed the works of 139 American composers, about 75% by contemporary composers; the remainder **includes important revivals** of such works as Antheil's *Jazz Symphony*, Cowell's *Eleventh Symphony*, Diamond's *Fourth Symphony*, Gruenberg's *The Daniel Jazz*, Herbert's *Cello Concerto*, Riegger's *Third and Fourth symphonies*, Ruggles's *Men and Mountains*, Schuman's *Sixth Symphony*, and Sessions's *Fourth and Seventh symphonies*. The orchestra's reputation for well-rehearsed, virtuoso performances is such that unsolicited scores pour into the ACO office.

The idea for an orchestra devoted exclusively to American music was hatched by Davies and Thorne in the spring of 1976. Originally meant to celebrate the 40th anniversary of the founding of the American Composers Alliance, the concert inaugurating the ACO in February 1977 was so successful that, in the words of Thorne, "we simply had to keep it going." The orchestra severed its ties with the ACA in order to obtain funding from the NEA and the New York State Council on the Arts. Davies stayed on as Music Adviser and Principal Conductor; Dunkel chose the core players. Distinguished guest conductors have included Leonard Bernstein, Leonard Slatkin, Michael Tilson Thomas, Gunther Schuller, Lukas Foss, José Serebrier, and Charles Wuorinen. Soloists have ranged from the pianists Keith Jarrett and Garrick Ohlsson, to the singers Phyllis Bryn-Julson, Bethany Beardslee, and Lucy Shelton, to cellist Fred Sherry, saxophonist Gerry Mulligan, clarinetist Stanley Drucker, and trombonist ~~Stanley Drucker~~. ~~The ACO's three concert seasons in Alice Tully Hall~~ have expanded to four and, with a move to Carnegie Hall for this tenth anniversary season, its subscription base has increased threefold, to over 1,000 subscribers. The budget has grown as well, from the \$30,000 needed for the first concert in 1977 to an estimated 1986-87 budget of \$435,000, and Thorne in his dual roles as president and treasurer spends at least as much time fundraising as he does program-planning.

Among the various honors the ACO has received are a special award from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters and a Letter of Distinction from the American Music Center. After becoming the regular winner of ASCAP's annual prize for adventuresome programming, according to Thorne "they had to create a new award for us," and in 1983 the ACO was named by ASCAP the orchestra that has done the most for American music in the United States. May the next ten years be so successful!

—Susan Feder

IN PRAISE OF KENNY DORHAM

The recent release of *The Music of Kenny Dorham* (Uptown 27.17) reminds us why the trumpeter was held in such high esteem by his peers. A partial list of Dorham's employers—Art Blakey, Dizzy Gillespie, Jackie McLean, Thelonious Monk, Charlie Parker, Max Roach, Sonny Rollins, Horace Silver—should illustrate the point, as should McLean's comment (quoted in liner notes to his *Let Freedom Ring*), "I hold a deep respect for two trumpet players, Miles Davis and Kenny Dorham." At one point after Dorham's death, when only one of his recordings was in print, he seemed to have been forgotten. Now, however, with nine discs available, people seem to be waking up to his music.

Like several other trumpeters, including Miles Davis and Art Farmer, Dorham (1924-1972) was temperamentally unsuited to bebop's fast changes and technical bravado. His work tends to be meditative, even at fast tempos, and he has a marked penchant for strongly rhythmical tunes in minor. Not surprisingly, then, the first record really imprinted with his personality was a 1953 date (*Afro-Cuban*, Blue Note 1535, out of print) featuring master *conguero* Carlos ("Patato") Valdes and Art Blakey. On "Afrodisia," we can appreciate Dorham's crisply syncopated phrasing, full of subtle rhythmic displacements, his poignantly acid tone, and his austerely motif-oriented solos. If *Afro-Cuban* was a launching pad for Dorham as a major trumpet stylist, he fully came into his own with the *Jazz Messengers* in 1954 and 1955. One of the group's recordings (Blue Note 1518) was recently reissued and features brilliant work by Dorham on tunes like "Creepin' In."

From 1956, when Dorham left the *Jazz Messengers*, to the mid-Sixties, he produced records ranging from good to superb. Many of these are among the recent reissues, though some of the best (like *Inta Somethin'*, Pacific Jazz S-41, or the somewhat more good-humored *Una Mas*, Blue Note 84127) are still unavailable. Of those that may be easily obtained, *Kenny Dorham* (Bainbridge 1048) stands as an example of his fully realized later work. The personnel (Charles Davis on baritone sax; Steve Kuhn, piano; Butch Warren or Jimmy Garrison, bass; Buddy Enlow, drums) derives from a group Dorham led briefly in 1959. Especially satisfying here are Dorham's tonal contrasts with the **rumbling delivery of Davis and the counterpoint of his crisp, punched-out articulation against Davis's legato phrasing**. Another plus is Dorham's spectrum of timbral inflections, from a piercing, brassy tone in the upper register to bittersweet flattenings of the diatonic scale.

In the late 1960s, of course, the jazz scene fell apart and Dorham, who had never achieved "star" status, felt the effects acutely. At the same time his health was failing. In his last years Dorham made several memorable appearances on disc—especially on Barry Harris's *Bull's Eye!* (Prestige 7600) and Cedar Walton's *Cedar!* (Prestige 7519). As a new generation of jazz aficionados begins to savor his work, I hope he will receive more critical attention. Together with Davis and Farmer, Dorham broadened the trumpet's range of expression. As H. A. Woodfin remarked, "to listen to Dorham with understanding requires both concentration and involvement." More and more listeners are finding that his music repays their efforts.

—David H. Rosenthal

HILL, SPOHR, MENDELSSOHN AND BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY: A MID-NINETEENTH-CENTURY MUSIC FESTIVAL IN NEW YORK *by Martin Wulforst*

Martin Wulforst received an M.A. degree in 1982 from Brooklyn College where he studied violin with Masao Kawasaki and Itzhak Perlman. Currently he is on the faculty at Colgate University and is finishing his dissertation at the City University of New York on Louis Spohr's chamber music.

The first American music festivals are commonly claimed to be the events organized in Boston by the Handel and Haydn Society in May 1856 and May 1865, and Patrick S. Gilmore's National Peace Jubilee in 1869. Well before these, however, in the 1840s, Ureli Corelli Hill planned a large-scale festival in New York City. Thereby hangs a tale.

Hill (*ca* 1802–1875) was an ideal person to organize an American music festival, through his personality, his involvement in New York musical life, his first-hand knowledge of the European musical tradition, and his contacts with German musicians. According to Henry Krehbiel,

Yankee "push," energy, shrewdness, enthusiasm, industry, pluck, self-reliance, and endurance were all present in the composition of Hill's character. . . . He could plan and organize. . . . He was of the stuff that pioneers are made of, and filled with a restless energy.¹

Shanet has called Hill "one of the most intriguing personalities in the cultural history of the United States."² By his late twenties, Hill was the most sought-after concertmaster in New York as well as the musical director of the New York Sacred Music Society. Yet he felt an urge to broaden his musical horizons and went to Germany and England for two years in the mid-1830s. From May or June of 1835 to May 1836, he studied in Kassel with Louis Spohr, a leading composer and one of the century's greatest violinists. Upon Hill's return to New York in the spring of 1837, he emulated his exceptionally versatile teacher by enlarging the scope of his activities. Continuing work as a concertmaster and conductor, he also took on a large number of violin students, prepared an American edition of Spohr's violin method, and formed the first string quartet to give public performances in New York. Most importantly, he was the driving force behind the founding in 1842 of the New York Philharmonic Society, and he served it for many years as president, vice president, and board member.³

Spohr was an inspiration to Hill in yet another way. He had been a major figure in music festivals in England and Germany, including the first large-scale German festival in Frankenhausen in 1810 and several of the Niederrheinische Musikfeste.⁴ Hill followed in his teacher's footsteps by determining to organize a music festival in New York during the Philharmonic's fourth season. Spohr was the first major figure he turned to: he probably hoped not only to enlist a musician with extensive experience in directing music festivals but also to attract one of international fame who would be a drawing-card for the New York affair.⁵ On 16 November 1844 Hill wrote to Spohr:⁶

Dear & respected Sir.

It has been resolved to produce a Grand Musical Festival in N[ew] York, the first that has taken place in America—which is to come off either in the autumn of 1845 or the spring of 1846 which will depend upon contingencies, principally as respects the proposition in the name of the committee which I am about to make you. From the renown of your name, far and near, your stupendous talents, & your known liberality in the promotion of the cause of

the musical art both in Germany & England particularly I am in the name of the Musical Festival committee (of which I am a member) directed to solicit your co-operation as conductor on the occasion. — Your passage from Liverpool to N.Y. and back in a steamer will be provided and \$1000 at least will be guaranteed to you in [the] event of your consent to come being acceded to — *if you should be able to come we should want an immediate answer.* And at the same time we should wish to have your Fall of Babylon for one of the performances immediately [so] that it may be put in rehearsal — the money will be remitted for it either on receiving it or before it is ready on your order for it. — Come and we will give you a hearty American welcome. At the same time you will see your amiable daughter. If you come in the spring [of 1846] it will be a favorable time after the performances are over to make a tour of the country — altho' we should prefer the autumn of 1845 — I have started this project & it will surely be accomplished. The number of chorus singers will consist of at least 500 choral singers [sic] — 250 instruments and 15 solo vocalists besides the instrumental solo performers. — We propose to have two performances of sacred music and two performances of secular.

I trust you will write on receipt of this without fail — if you give us any encouragement of your being with us we shall be satisfied — In the event of its being out of your power to obtain your Prince's consent we shall next look to your gifted countryman Mendelssohn but I need not say that you are the unanimous choice. If you cannot come a change of the arrangements would be required and therefore it is of the most vital importance to have an early answer from you —

With the best wishes for the health and happiness of your Lady and family

I remain your sincere friend and grateful pupil

U C Hill

PS. Dear Sir please communicate my highest esteem to Mr. Hauptman[n] — also to the musical gentlemen of my acquaintance in your orchestra. I hope to see you again as I contemplate visiting dear Germany in about three years.

Yours &c

U C Hill⁷

Can Hill's claim that his "Grand Musical Festival" would be "the first that has taken place in America," be substantiated? There had been earlier American "music festivals," including two in New York, in 1829 and 1842—but these had not been more than large-scale single concerts (albeit of a festive character), even though the advertisements for them often cited European music festivals as models.⁸ Their programs, typical of other concerts of the period, mixed genres and styles; their participants, mostly members of amateur musical societies plus some prominent professionals, often numbered several hundred; and not infrequently they culminated in an American premiere of a European composition. Although the event planned by Hill shared these traits, it was designed to outstrip by far the earlier "festivals" in its dimensions. It probably was the first American attempt at a "grand music festival" on the scale of those directed in Europe by Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others.



Ureli Corelli Hill
(The Archives of the New York Philharmonic)

Unfortunately, Spohr declined Hill's invitation, in a letter from Kassel dated 4 January 1845:

Highly Respected Sir:

As honorable to me as your invitation to conduct the first American music festival is, my duties are unfortunately of a character to compel me to decline. You will know from the English journals that I was unable to get a furlough for the Norwich festival three years ago. Since then I have had many unpleasant experiences of the same character. Only a short time ago I had to decline another invitation from Norwich, a second one from Berlin, where my "Fall of Babylon" was given for the first time, a third for the opening of a new music hall in Hamburg, and [I] was only lucky enough to secure a week's furlough to conduct a music festival in Braunschweig [Brunswick, in September 1844], where my "Fall of Babylon" was also performed. To visit America I should have to ask a furlough of at least three months, and such I dare not ask. I must therefore forego the honor which you had planned for me, and I make haste to inform you of the fact since your letter was en route an incredibly long time, and did not reach my hands until the last days of the year which has just ended. If you should nevertheless still have a mind to perform my oratorio "The Fall of Babylon," you can get the [full] score, pianoforte score and voice parts with English text from Professor Edward Taylor (Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London), for our German edition published by Breitkopf und Härtel, in Leipzig, has only German words.

If now you want to turn to Mendelssohn, know that he lives in Frankfurt am Main, has severed his connections with Berlin, and will not be compelled, like me, to decline your invitation because

of inability to get leave of absence. Have the goodness to greet my daughter and her family most heartily, and say to her that my new opera [*Die Kreuzfahrer*] was received with an enthusiasm wholly unheard of in Kassel on New Year's Day, and will be repeated within a few days. We shall soon write to her and report our musical doings during the winter. In the home of her sister [Ida Wolff] and in our own all is well. Greatly did we rejoice at the intelligence that you are contemplating another visit to Europe and that we may hope to see you here. Farewell and keep in friendly recollection your devoted

Louis Spohr⁹

Spohr's autobiography makes clearer the reason behind his decision: ". . . he soon made up his mind to decline [the invitation to New York], as a residence there of the few weeks only, which the duties of his place [as court composer and director of the opera in Kassel] would have perhaps permitted, would scarcely have compensated for the fatigue of a long journey."¹⁰

Now, in fact, it seems that Hill must not have expected a positive reply from Spohr: he wrote to Mendelssohn, inviting him to conduct at the festival, apparently long before a response from Spohr could have been received. Mendelssohn, whom Hill had observed at rehearsals in Leipzig, was a natural second choice: he had a great deal of experience and an excellent reputation as a director and conductor of festivals,¹¹ and he had come to be considered in Germany and England as probably the most significant living composer; in the United States, too, he was highly regarded and his music often performed. Moreover, as Spohr mentioned to Hill, Mendelssohn was not tied down to a permanent position, nor did he have to ask a sovereign for leave of absence. Nevertheless, he too declined Hill's invitation, in a letter of 30 January 1845 from Frankfurt:

Dear Sir

I beg to return my best & most sincere thanks for your letter. Indeed I may say that I felt truly proud in receiving so kind & so highly flattering an invitation, and the offer itself as well as the friendly words in which you couched it will always continue [as] a source of pride & true gratification, for which I shall feel sincerely indebted to you!

But it is not in my power to accept that invitation although I am sure it would have been the greatest treat to me, if I could have done so. My health has *seriously* suffered during the last year, and a journey like that to your country, which I would have been most happy to undertake some 3 or 4 years ago, is at present beyond my reach. Even the shorter trips which I used to make to England or the south of Germany have become too fatiguing to me, and it will require a few years' perfect rest before I shall again be able to undertake the direction of a musical festival even in my own country. I need not tell you how much I regret to find it utterly impossible to come & to thank you in person for all the kindness & friendship which your letter contains.

Accept then my written thanks, which are certainly not less sincere & heartfelt; and pray let the committee know with how great a gratification & how thankfully I heard of their kind intentions towards me, & how deeply I regret not to be able to avail myself of so much kindness! Should you ever visit Europe & my country again I hope you will not forget me & give me an opportunity of renewing your acquaintance & of expressing to you once more how deeply I feel indebted to you. I shall always remain, dear Sir,

yours most truly
Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy¹²

(continued on following page)

HILL, SPOHR, MENDELSSOHN (*continued*)

In a letter to his sister Rebekka, written about three weeks earlier, Mendelssohn described his physical exhaustion in even stronger terms:

. . . for some time I have felt the need for external rest (for *not-traveling, not-conducting, and not-performing*. . . . Therefore it is my wish to spend this winter, spring, and summer here in complete rest, without any traveling, without any music festival, without anything. . . . I have declined all invitations of this kind (among them one that was extremely flattering to me: to New York to a music festival).¹³

The story of Hill's "Grand Musical Festival" would end here had it not been for his perseverance.¹⁴ Circumstances forced him to cut down the size of the festival to a single "Festival Concert," which the Philharmonic played on 20 May 1846 at Castle Garden.¹⁵ It was in some respects a return to the earlier American single-concert "festival": a large number of artists (about 300, in this case), including two first-rate soloists (the singer Antoinette Otto and the pianist Henry C. Timm), performed in front of a crowd of 2,000; the program was made up of various genres (arias from Italian operas, orchestral overtures, a piano concerto, and a symphony). Several factors, though, linked it with the European type of music festival and raised it above other single festive concerts of the period. First, if we trust Dwight, there seems to have been some awareness that the concert resembled those of the major German festivals.¹⁶ Second, like many European festivals it was sponsored by a musical society as a fund-raising event: the proceeds were intended to bring another of Hill's dreams into reality: the building of a concert hall for the young Philharmonic Society orchestra.¹⁷ Finally, the event had great historic and aesthetic significance: the symphony that was played was Beethoven's Ninth, in its American premiere (replacing that of Spohr's *Fall of Babylon*, as originally planned by Hill); this linked the concert to the big Beethoven festival of the previous year in Bonn (at which Spohr had conducted the Ninth) and set Hill's affair apart from other so-called festival concerts of the period.

Special circumstances contributed to the powerful impact the Ninth Symphony had at the Festival Concert. A week before, on 13 May, the United States had declared war against Mexico, and on the evening of the concert President Polk stirred up the emotions of a crowd of 50,000 in a New York City park. The coincidence threw the Beethoven symphony's ethical quality and power into relief and increased its emotional impact; as Dwight put it:

We went away physically exhausted by the excitement of listening to so great a work, but unspeakably confirmed in all our highest faith. The symphony had actually lifted the leaden cloud which weighed upon us for days before, from too much study of the war-fever that meets one at every turn in that great city. . . . The sins and follies of humanity apparently are coming to a crisis; the battle will clearly be fought out between the powers of darkness and of light: but we trust our own hearts and God's word, and the symphony, that light will prevail.¹⁸

The social character of the Festival Concert (see note 16) as well as its economic purpose might lead us to consider it a manifestation of Biedermeier bourgeois spirit and thinking.¹⁹ Yet the special circumstances lent it a much higher significance. While

Schiller's verses "Seid umschlungen, Millionen" might have had the ring of Biedermeier intimacy for European audiences, they had a new, very concrete meaning at the Festival Concert, against the background of a war rally. The audience, Dwight suggested, sensed the power of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and thus felt the power of music *per se*, as described by such Romantic writers as E. T. A. Hoffmann. As a consequence, the Festival Concert was transformed from an ordinary middle-class occasion for socializing and entertainment into a celebration of music and its spiritual powers—into what Dwight called "a high feast of music."²⁰

NOTES

¹ Henry Edward Krehbiel, *The Philharmonic Society of New York* (1892), reprinted in *Early Histories of the New York Philharmonic*, with new introduction and notes by Howard Shanet (New York: Da Capo Press, 1979), p. 54.

² Howard Shanet, *Philharmonic: A History of New York's Orchestra* (Garden City: Doubleday, 1975), p. 7.

³ According to William Scharfenberg, a native of Kassel who had played second violin in Spohr's quartet (and was a co-founder of New York's orchestra), the Philharmonic was modeled upon Spohr's orchestra in Kassel, one of the foremost ensembles in Europe. Shanet (*Philharmonic*, p. 424, note 42) draws attention, however, also to the fact that "Hill, as youth and young man, had known two Philharmonic Societies in New York before he crossed the Atlantic."

⁴ On Spohr's contributions to German festivals, see Hans Eberhard, *Die ersten deutschen Musikfeste in Frankenhausen am Kyffhäuser und Erfurt 1810, 1811, 1812 und 1815: Ein Beitrag zur thüringischen Musikgeschichte* (Jena: Frommann'sche Buchhandlung Walter Biedermann, 1934), and Edmund Spohr, "Louis Spohr und Amalie von Sybel: Ein Beitrag zur Musikgeschichte der Stadt Düsseldorf und zur Geschichte der Niederrheinischen Musikfeste," *Louis Spohr: Festschrift und Ausstellungskatalog zum 200. Geburtstag* (Kassel: Georg Wenderoth, 1984), pp. 91–104. Spohr's role in English music festivals is examined in Clive Brown's dissertation *The Popularity and Influence of Spohr in England* (Oxford University, 1980).

⁵ Spohr's name was known in America through frequent mention in European music journals read here, and performances here of oratorios and symphonies by him. The New York Philharmonic was to perform Spohr's orchestral works regularly throughout the century; from 1850 to 1855 works by him accounted for ten percent of its programs. (See John H. Mueller, *The American Symphony: A Social History of Musical Taste* [Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1951], p. 251.)

⁶ This letter, here published for the first time, is preserved in the Landes- und Murhardsche Bibliothek der GhK in Kassel. I should like to thank Dr. Hartmut Broszinski and his staff for helping me sort through Spohr's correspondence there.

⁷ Several things in this letter invite comment. The oratorio *Der Fall Babels* (WoO63)—mentioned in line 15 of the letter—was a work of 1839–40 composed to a translation by Friedrich Oetker of an English text by Spohr's friend Edward Taylor. . . . Spohr's elder daughter Emilie Spohr-Zahn—mentioned in line 20—followed her husband from Kassel to New York in May 1841 and made her American debut there on 15 March 1842, as contralto soloist in a performance of Handel's *Messiah* under Hill's direction (Spohr having recommended her to Hill in a letter now in the New York Public Library); she also performed in a festival of Anthony Philip Heinrich on 16 June 1842. Herfried Homburg, secretary of the International Louis Spohr Society, informs me that he plans to publish the correspondence between Emilie and her family; it contains fascinating accounts of New York musical life. . . . The "Prince"

HILL (continued)

mentioned in the second paragraph was Friedrich Wilhelm, Kronprinz (later Kurfürst) of Kassel; Hill must have known that he had refused Spohr permission to direct the Norwich Music Festival in 1842, despite a petition to him from England signed by thousands. . . . The "Mr. Hauptman" in the postscript was the important theorist (and pupil of Spohr) Moritz Hauptmann, to whom Spohr had assigned Hill for music theory lessons in Kassel; "your orchestra" was the opera orchestra in Kassel, in which Hill, like most of Spohr's violin students, had played.

⁸ A "Grand Music Festival / The first ever attempted in America, and similar to those given with so much eclat in Europe," to be presented at Niblo's Saloon on 18 May 1829, was advertised in the *New York Evening Post* of 13 May 1829. Heinrich's 1842 festival (see note 7) is discussed in William Treat Upton, *Anthony Philip Heinrich* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1939), pp. 163-74. Other "festivals" of the first half of the century are cited in William Arms Fisher, *Music Festivals in the United States: An Historical Sketch* (Boston: American Choral and Festival Alliance, 1934).

⁹ After the English translation by Krehbiel in his "Founder of the Philharmonic: His Relations with Mendelssohn, Spohr, and Hauptmann," *New York Daily Tribune*, 29 October 1905. Krehbiel had access to the German original, then in the possession of Dr. Jacob Teschner. The New York Public Library acquired the other letters quoted by Krehbiel, but the one from Spohr to Hill is not among them. Comparison of Krehbiel's translations with the surviving originals shows that he attempted to stay very close to the German.

¹⁰ After the anonymously translated *Autobiography* by Spohr (London: Longmans, Green, 1865; repr. New York: Da Capo Press, 1969), II, 261.

¹¹ He had conducted a number of the Niederrheinische Musikfeste—at Düsseldorf in 1833, 1836, 1839, and 1844; at Cologne in 1835 and 1838; and at Aachen in 1846. I am indebted to Howard Shanet for the information about Hill's contacts with Mendelssohn.

¹² This letter, transcribed here (with insignificant changes of punctuation) from the original in the New York Public Library, was published by Krehbiel, in "Founder of the Philharmonic," and by Shanet, *Philharmonic*, p. 429.

¹³ Letter from Frankfurt, 10 January 1845, in Sebastian Hensel, ed., *Die Familie Mendelssohn: 1729-1847. Nach Briefen und Tagebüchern*, 7th ed. (Berlin: B. Behr [E. Bock], 1891), pp. 345-46 (my translation). The letter corresponds in content to one directed to an American friend, Bayard Taylor (see H. Earle Johnson, *First Performances in America to 1900: Works with Orchestra* [Detroit: Information Coordinators for the College Music Society, 1979], p. 43; and Krehbiel, "Founder of the Philharmonic"), and to another referred to by Shanet, *Philharmonic*, p. 430.

¹⁴ "Obstacles had no terror for him; he thought that patience and industry would surmount them." (Krehbiel, *The Philharmonic Society of New York*, p. 54)

¹⁵ The following discussion is based on John S. Dwight, "Musical Review: The Festival Concert in New York — Beethoven's Choral Symphony," *The Harbinger* III/1 (13 June 1846), 9-11.

¹⁶ About the open dress rehearsal, Dwight wrote: "The social bustle went on, and the music went on as a matter of business in the midst of it; it might give one some conception of the preparations of those great festivals in Germany."

¹⁷ Shanet, *Philharmonic*, pp. 103-4, and Johnson, *First Performances*, pp. 42-43. Unfortunately, the money raised was insufficient even to begin this project.

¹⁸ ". . . The Festival Concert."

¹⁹ Carl Dahlhaus has described 19th-century music festivals in general as such, in his *Die Musik des 19. Jahrhunderts* (Wiesbaden: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft Athenaion, 1980), p. 141.

²⁰ ". . . The Festival Concert."

NEW TITLES FROM DA CAPO PRESS

JAZZ ERA: The Forties

Edited by **Stanley Dance**
New introduction by the editor

Biographies and discographies of the great musicians of the '40s—from Chu Berry to Lester Young—are here featured with incisive discussion of the undercurrents that transformed jazz during this decade. The contributors include Max Harrison, Hugues Panassié, Charles Wilford, Dicky Wells, and Stanley Dance, who provides a new introduction for this edition. (London, 1961)

ISBN 76191-2/new introd. + 252 pp./\$27.50 cloth

JAZZ MASTERS OF THE '20s

by **Richard Hadlock**

This admirable study of the Jazz Decade, part of the "Jazz Masters" series edited by Martin Williams, includes chapters on Armstrong, and Bessie Smith, and affords insight into the historical process by which jazz entered the world's consciousness as a significant art. (New York, 1965)

ISBN 76283-8/255 pp., 12 photos/\$25.00 cloth

ESSAYS ON JAZZ

by **Burnett James**

New foreword and index by the author

The renowned British jazz writer discusses favorite musicians and recordings in entertaining and graceful prose. With chapters on Lester Young, Billie Holiday, King Oliver, Bix Beiderbecke, and an exegesis of Ellington's "Such Sweet Thunder," this book—published for the first time in the U.S.—reflects a lifetime of listening to and writing about jazz. (London, 1961)

ISBN 76268-4/new foreword + 205 pp. + index/\$22.50 cloth

WE CALLED IT MUSIC

by **Eddie Condon** and **Thomas Sugrue**
New introduction by **Gary Giddins**

"The pride that animates *We called It Music* and similar jazz memoirs reflects the satisfaction of men who were considered outlaws in their youth and pioneers as adults . . . [This is] the first and most important of Condon's three books . . ."

—Gary Giddins, from his new introduction

A rambunctious tale of a jazz life in the '20s and '30s, as told by the impeccably attired hell-raiser Eddie Condon, this autobiography is packed with stories—fact and legend—about Bix and Bessie, Chicago and New York, and night-life all around the world. This edition not only features an extensive new introduction by Gary Giddins. (New York, 1947)

ISBN 7626-6/new introd. + 331 pp., 100 photos + additional chapter/\$35.00 cloth

NORTH SEA JAZZ FESTIVAL 1976-1985

A photo-history by **Rico D'Rozario**

A little-documented but highly influential European jazz festival is here seen through the lens of Rico D'Rozario. With 122 photos, many of them full-page, the impressive list of musicians includes David Murray, Sonny Rollins, Celia Cruz, Count Basie, Don Cherry, Oliver Lake, Carla Bley, Miles Davis, Charles Mingus, Ornette Coleman, and many others. (Amsterdam, 1985)

ISBN 911897/124 pp., 122 photos/\$16.95 paper (8½ × 11)

Da Capo Press 233 Spring St.

New York, NY 10013 -1578

Call toll-free 800-221-9369

A VIEW OF BLIND TOM

"Blind Tom," actually Thomas Greene Wiggins (1849–1908), was renowned as a performer, a "wonder Negro child" and "the marvel of the Age," and was sold to the public as a musical curiosity. He was reportedly idiotic and untrained in music, a boy who gamboled about, twisted and turned on a piano stool and then proceeded to play beautiful music, including works he had heard only once before on the evening of the performance. Tom was born a slave to a Southern planter and was owned and exploited most of his life by a Georgia newspaper man, General James Neil Bethune, and his family.

Geneva Southall's object in *Blind Tom: The Post-Civil War Enslavement of a Black Musical Genius* and *The Continuing Enslavement of Blind Tom, The Black Pianist-Composer*, the first two volumes of a projected trilogy, is to separate the facts of his life from the public relations pap and to extract both from a matrix soaked in racist rhetoric and misunderstood nineteenth-century sensibilities. While the author may be accused of excessive zeal in supplying us with every fact, date, review, legal brief, and peripheral comment on Blind Tom that she has been able to lay her hands on, she has succeeded at least in conveying several main points well. Tom Wiggins was more than a circus freak and should be viewed as an important black pianist. He was a remarkable magnet for audiences for over a quarter of a century. He was the victim of a murderous schedule and swindling managers who bilked him of tens of thousands of dollars over the course of his long career. His musical achievements were not the result of some "inexplicable natural talent" but reflected "intermittent musical training and considerable practice" (II, vii). The legal machinations that perpetuated the guardianship of Tom by whites, for all practical purposes, resulted in his "reenslavement" for decades following the abolition of slavery.

Beyond these well-documented points the books sometimes falter. Southall claims that Tom was a "musical genius." He obviously possessed a special talent, but writing a few songs and descriptive parlor pieces for piano and even achieving a distinguished performing career does not qualify one for "genius" status. The facts of Tom's mental capacities are still not clear. In all likelihood Tom was not an "imbecile," but his abilities outside of music were modest. (The poem *Blind Tom*, attributed to him by Southall [I, 72], is an undoubted parody of William Bradbury's *Lament of the Blind Orphan Girl* [1847].) Southall demonstrates that Tom had a mind of his own, although she never attempts to paint a well-rounded picture of her subject to confirm a positive image of his personality.

The opportunity to discuss Tom's situation in a discrete topical survey—considering for example his composed music, his singularity as a solo performer, his musical education, the geography of his tours as a reflection of shifting fortunes of the Bethunes, or the composition of his audiences—is lost in a bland chronological arrangement. The sequential listing of all relevant and tangential data about Tom's life and times adds more weight than strength to the content, especially in volume II, where much of the information could be reduced to charts, maps, and lists of journalistic encomiums. Perhaps the third and final volume will provide the crisp interpretive description that will

AN UNLIKELY PAIR

In *Morton Feldman Essays*, Walter Zimmermann (author of *Desert Plants: Conversations with 23 American Musicians*) has collected the composer's published writings from 1962 to 1981. Drawn from disparate sources, these essays touch on Feldman's compositions, aesthetics, and attitudes towards many of his contemporaries, in particular John Cage, Frank O'Hara, and Philip Guston. The novelties (and highlights) of the collection are transcriptions from two talks delivered by Feldman in Germany in 1984, in conjunction with the local premiere of his epic *String Quartet No. 2*. Feldman's personable and eclectic mixture of the vernacular and the philosophical provides delightful reading. Ironically, his independence of the European avant-garde establishment seems to appeal greatly to Europeans, even as he tosses off barbs at Boulez and Stockhausen. Also included are three essays about Feldman, a worklist, and a useful bibliography. Most essays are in parallel English-German versions; some are in English or German only. (Published by Beginner Press, Kerpen, West Germany; available from Soundings Press, Box 8319, Santa Fe, NM 87504; 244pp., \$15)

And the winner is—Feetlebaum! "Hard to believe this is the first book ever published about Spike Jones," as novelty-record aficionado Dr. Demento notes in his introduction to *Spike Jones and His City Slickers* by Jordan R. Young. Lindley Armstrong Jones (1911–1965), studio drummer turned satirist, redefined and broadened the scope of musical vaudeville. He was the exponent of musical humor in the 1940s and '50s, achieving his greatest success over the radio, on recordings, and while touring throughout the world. Young has written a thorough, somewhat gossipy biography of Jones with a close examination of various phases of his career, from the wartime radio broadcasts ("Der Fuehrer's Face" was his first big hit) to television, a less happy place for Jones. A complete U.S. discography, radiography, videography, filmography, short biographies of various City Slickers, and an index help make sense out of the wealth of information here. Ultimately, the book will be most enjoyed by those who have gotten to know the music itself; fans of Gerard Hoffnung, The Bonzo Dog Band, and P.D.Q. Bach will discover that Jones was the inspiration for many of their routines. Spike Jones was a complex man, as his business dealings demonstrate, but he was also a born showman and organizer, the straight man in a checkerboard suit who poked fun at classical and popular music with hilarious and often insightful results. (Disharmony Books, Box 142, Beverly Hills, CA 90213; 191pp., \$14.95)

—Richard Kassel

achieve a culminating synthesis of Southall's labor of love and of a noble cause—the vindication of Blind Tom's reputation and the uncovering of the injustice done him.

Acknowledging that technical aspects of book production may be no fault of the author's, it needs to be said that these volumes are abominably edited and still stand in need of thorough proofreading; typographical errors are legion. (Challenge Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 9624, Minneapolis, MN 55440; vol. I, \$8.95; vol. II, \$16.95)

—Thomas L. Riis

GOTTSCHALK-IVES (continued from page 2)

. . . She is at least six feet high. She is a young girl of fourteen or fifteen years, admirably proportioned, slender, with a marvelously beautiful face; Grecian statuary in its purest expression has never formulated anything more beautiful. The mouth exquisitely chiseled, of bright red, reveals on opening the whitest, most polished, and the prettiest teeth that I have ever seen. Kanucha is the most colossal and the most beautiful girl in the world. But here I am very much embarrassed in front of this beautiful caryatid, who tenders me a charming though large hand and shakes with a coquettish movement of her head her copper ear pendants, of which she seems to be particularly proud. How shall I undertake to tell it you? Kanucha, the beautiful girl, is a handsome boy! . . . I cannot, without regret, renounce beholding a young girl in a form so elegant, a head so fine, and manners so coquettish.

The Ives connection: Here our scenario calls for a brief flashback—to Washington, DC, in March 1864. Ulysses S. Grant is in town celebrating his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant General. ~~Gottschalk notes that Grant is only the third officer~~ in American history to hold this rank, after George Washington and Winfield Scott.) The best military band music for Grant's party is provided by a gifted young Union Army bandmaster from Connecticut—George Ives, father-to-be of the composer of the *Psalm 90* that set off this whole discussion—and the occasion prompts Grant's famous remark to President Lincoln about his knowing only two tunes: "One is *Yankee Doodle* and the other one isn't."

That same week Gottschalk gave what socially were by far his most brilliant American concerts. Three in number, they centered in turn about the diplomatic corps, President Lincoln and his cabinet, and General Grant and his staff. It is inconceivable to me that an ambitious young professional with the fulminating musical curiosity of George Ives would not have got himself into one or another of these concerts—where in the unlikely event that he had not heard *The Last Hope* earlier, he could scarcely have failed to repair the omission.

Just a year later the war ended, Gottschalk headed for his

Nothing More Agreeable: Music in George Washington's Family by Judith S. Britt is entertaining, copiously illustrated, well written, and meticulously researched. It is both a detailed look at the role of music in the home of George Washington and his family, and a picture of music in the lives of well-to-do Americans of the colonial and federal periods. The author deftly places the Washington family into its own social and cultural context, although nowhere is there mention that American musical culture of the period was heavily dependent upon Britain—the implication is that it is peculiarly American. This study, while scholarly, is not aimed at the scholar. Rather, it was designed to appeal to visitors to Mount Vernon. I am delighted that an attractive book of this quality—one that will teach Americans a great deal about the importance of music in the lives of their forebears—is now available. I hope it becomes a Mount Vernon best seller. (Available for \$6.95 plus \$2.50 postage and handling from the Museum Shop, Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, Mount Vernon, VA 22121)

—Katherine K. Preston

rendevous with destiny on the West Coast, and George Ives returned to Danbury. There, although nominally a Congregationalist, Ives shortly became choirmaster of the Methodist church. The Methodists had not had a new hymnal in seventeen years when Philip Phillips's handsome *New Hymn and Tune Book* appeared, and, although I can't prove it, I'm pretty sure that George Ives would have acquired a copy as soon as he could get his hands on one.

By the time George Ives's son Charles (b 1874) became a church organist himself, Main's GOTTSCHALK had been sanctimoniously appropriated by dozens of compilers. Simply by changing the text and suppressing the name of the arranger or editor, they avoided all that nonsense about permissions and royalties. Anyone interested can trace this systematic larceny through innumerable versions, with these first lines for starters: Holy Spirit, Truth Divine . . . ; Holy Ghost with Light Divine . . . ; Father of Eternal Grace . . . ; Lord, as We Thy Name Profess . . . ; Softly Now the Light of Day . . .

With the last of these, appearing in 1939 and adding insult to injury, even the Methodists, if you please, credit the music to Edwin Pond Parker, the guy who lifted it from them in the first place (and making it clear which denomination could most benefit from a Get-To-Know-Your-Own-Hymnal Week).

As for me, from where I sit, I can hear (and just as clearly as if I were there) George Ives's choir in Danbury—and for that matter his band, too—performing GOTTSCHALK. My belief that young Charles so heard it, and much later referred to it in his *Psalm 90*, does not deny the probability that Charles Ives the keyboardist also knew *The Last Hope* in Gottschalk's original piano version. It is not even too much to imagine Ives's having identified our fallen hero ("vilest of the sons of men,—Worst of rebels . . .") with "the grass [which] in the morning . . . flourisheth and groweth up [but] in the evening is cut down, and withereth," as the psalmist has it. Or is that trying too hard to make a Gottschalk-Ives connection . . .

The Center for Popular Music was recently established at Middle Tennessee State University, Murfreesboro, TN 37132. An archive and research center for all styles of American popular music, its plans range from collecting records, tapes, videos, photographs, sheet music, and other materials relating to popular music, to conducting oral history interviews with musicians and music industry figures, to publishing a journal. Paul F. Wells is director. . . . Just opened in New York is The ARChive [sic] of Contemporary Music (110 Chambers Street, NYC 10007) with a narrower focus: it will concentrate on popular music since 1950 and especially rock 'n' roll. (It will not collect country & western, jazz, or blues, since these are well represented elsewhere.) Many record companies have already agreed to deposit copies of their recordings. The ARC, as it likes to be called, is now prepared to do selective research for authors, publishers, record companies, and publicists; eventually its collection will be open to the public. Co-directors are David Wheeler and B. George.

R. D. DARRELL, A PIONEER IN AMERICAN MUSIC *by Carol J. Oja*

Over the last few years, I have repeatedly, often unexpectedly, run into the name "R. D. Darrell." Each encounter has brought a pleasant surprise: like discovering that in 1927—yes, 1927—he had the foresight to write "A Glance at Recorded American Music," which not only summarized what was then available on disc but offered detailed suggestions for what might be recorded; or coming across his "Black Beauty" of 1932, perhaps the first, full-scale appraisal of Duke Ellington as composer.

I've admired other Darrell articles, too: a 1934 appreciation of Gottschalk, and, from the same year, a sequel to the article about American music on recordings, where Darrell shared opinions startling for their early date. Of Ives, he wrote: "It is to professional musicians' lasting disgrace that they have consistently ignored his work. . . . The future generation is going to have sardonic contempt of us for ignoring Ives and his music so long." And of Ellington, "In my opinion Ellington as a composer is an individualist, overshadowing the hot jazz school from which he stems, and to be considered on his merits as the greatest composer (serious or jazz) in the smaller forms that America has yet produced."

Darrell's voice has been strong; his judgments prophetic. And when a history of music criticism in this country is finally written, he will figure prominently as one of our first major record critics and as someone who, in the 1920s and '30s, championed a number of American composers before it was fashionable to do so. Now 82, Darrell continues to write a regular column for *High Fidelity*. In a recent interview at his home in the Catskills, he shared opinions that are as fresh and fiery as ever.

Born in Newton Center, Massachusetts (which he proudly identifies as the location of Arthur Farwell's Wa-Wan Press), Darrell studied composition at the New England Conservatory. He did not work with George Chadwick, whom he saw at the time as representing "old fogyism," but with Warren Storey Smith, a composer and music critic for the *Boston Post*. One day a friend, Richard Appel, asked Darrell: "How would you like to do some work for a crazy Dane who's starting a record magazine?" The magazine was *The Phonograph Monthly Review*, founded in 1928 as America's first periodical devoted to recordings, and the "crazy Dane" was Axel B. Johnson, a recent immigrant who couldn't understand why Americans were so indifferent to their own music.

Darrell wrote much of the copy for the *Phonograph Monthly Review*—often without a by-line. His "Glance at Recorded American Music" appeared there, as did articles like "Are American Homes Musical?" and "The Boston Symphony Orchestra: Its History and Recordings" (both 1926). From the outset he covered "Dance Records" and "Hot Jazz," often writing under various pseudonyms. Although brief, his reviews were well informed and brought critical attention to jazz in a magazine devoted mostly to concert music.

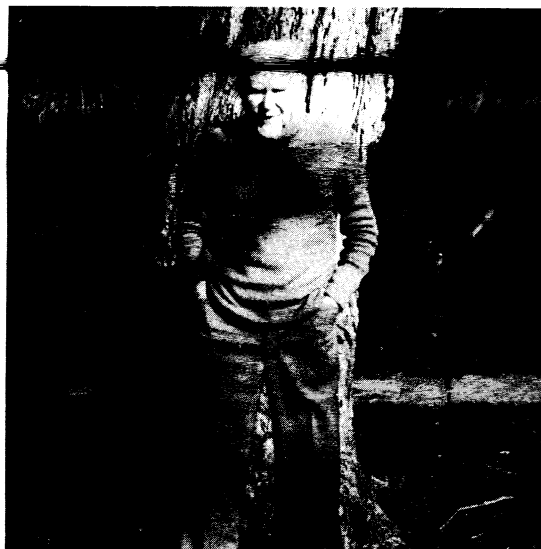
One of Darrell's friends in the Boston days was composer Henry F. Gilbert (1868–1928), whom he met while dating one of Gilbert's daughters. Darrell recalls, "Gilbert was fascinated by everything that was going on. I'd bring him some of the Duke

Ellington and Louis Armstrong records. What he loved, too, were the solo piano records that George Gershwin made in England—"Clap Yo' Hands" and things of that sort." Gilbert, in turn, introduced Darrell to the music of Ives by sharing with him the recently printed *114 Songs*.

Another of Darrell's friends was Roy Harris, whom he met after moving to New York in 1932: "Harris was such a wonderful guy when he came out of the West. Here was this young Lochinvar, who brought a breath of fresh air to American music. His early Concerto for Piano, Clarinet, and String Quartet (1927) was quite wonderful. But I'm afraid Roy started believing some of his own press notices. He got to be quite impossible, and his music became awfully strained. The Third Symphony, I think, is terribly jerky. He was forcing himself."

During those years, Darrell found many outlets for his reviews. In 1932, he and Axel B. Johnson started a new phonograph magazine, *The Music Lovers' Guide* (this one published in New York). They stayed with it until 1934. He also wrote for *Disques*, a periodical issued by H. Royer Smith in Philadelphia, and during 1937–38 for *New Masses*, where he reviewed concerts ("it was an experience I never have wanted to repeat"). From 1939 to 1943, Darrell edited and supplied most of the copy for yet another record journal, *The Steinway Review of Permanent Music*.

Midway through the Thirties, Darrell took a break from reviews to complete a major project, the first edition of *The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music*, published in 1936. Compiled single-handedly, the discography was a landmark. Darrell defied the stereotype of reference works as dry and dull by including short, opinionated introductions to each composer's recordings. He surveyed both European and American repertory, and, with the latter, again made adventuresome decisions, like placing Stephen Foster and Jerome Kern alongside so-called concert-music composers.



R. D. Darrell (April 1986)

R. D. DARRELL (continued)

For a time in the early Fifties, Darrell reviewed "serious" music for *Downbeat* and chuckles to remember that "it gave me a chance, for the first time in my life, to give vent to my sophomore humor." One of his reviews was sufficiently rowdy to gain entry into Nicolas Slonimsky's *Lexicon of Musical Invective*. In it Darrell said of Mahler's Eighth Symphony: "If you are perverse enough to endure an hour of masochistic aural flagellation, here's your chance!" During this period, Darrell produced two books (listed below) and began his association with *High Fidelity*.

Darrell has been courageous and prescient in his proclamations about American music. Many of his reviews stand as classics. His prose style is expansive and image-filled, often with opulent textures reminiscent of the late nineteenth century.

Perhaps Darrell's writing can be best celebrated by quoting from "Black Beauty," his 1932 tribute to Ellington. The article has great historical importance; it also reveals the keenness of Darrell's ear and the sureness of his instincts—even at age 28. The man who wrote this piece deserves our thanks and respect.

Excerpt from "Black Beauty"

The way [to discovering Ellington] was paved for me by a few of the early "blues," before the blues singers made money and acquired sophistication. The artless, tender singing of Lena Wilson in *I Need You to Drive My Blues Away* and *I'm a Good Gal but I'm a Long Ways from Home* struck me as the unworked stuff of pure folk music. I had a glimpse of how such material might be worked by a musician who had the mind as well as the heart, the skilled hand as well as the natural voice,—a musician who would compose as tenderly as Lena Wilson sang, as simply and richly as Paul Robeson, as intensely as Roland Hayes. But Lena Wilson came of age with the rest of the blues singers and toyed as slyly with delicate obscenity; Robeson and Hayes brought to flower their matchless interpretative technique: the creative spirit was lacking.

With the majority I did not recognize it when it first came to my ears in the form of the "hottest, funniest record you ever heard." It was a Brunswick disc [*Black and Tan Fantasy*] by a dance band named the Washingtonians, and I laughed like everyone else over its instrumental wa-wa-ing and gargling and gobbling, the piteous whinnying of a very ancient horse—the lugubrious reminiscence of the Chopin funeral march. But as I continued to play the record for the amusement of my friends I laughed less heartily and with less zest. In my ears the whinnies and wa-was began to resolve into new tone colors, distorted and tortured, but agonizingly expressive. The piece took on a surprising individuality and entity as well as an intensity of feeling that was totally incongruous in popular dance music. Beneath all its oddity and perverseness there was a twisted beauty that grew on me more and more and could not be shaken off.

A work like this was alien to all my notions of jazz. It had nothing of the sprightly gusto of Gershwin or Kern, nothing of the polite polish of the Whiteman school, nothing of the raucous exuberance of the Negro jazz I had known. Nor was it in the heavily worked "spiritual" tradition, except in that it sounded an equal depth of poignance. For all its fluidity and rhapsodic freedom it was no improvisation, tossed off by a group of talented virtuosi who would never be able to play it twice in the same way. It bore the indelible stamp of one mind, resourcefully inventive, yet primarily oc-

cupied not with the projection of effects of syncopated rhythms, but the concern of great music—tapping the inner world of feeling and experience.

A Selected List of Writings by R. D. Darrell
(in chronological order)

- "Does America Appreciate the Best Music?" *The Phonograph Monthly Review* [PMR] I/1 (1926), 8–11.
- "Are American Homes Musical?" *PMR* I/2 (1926), 13–14, 16.
- "The Boston Symphony Orchestra: Its History and Recordings," *PMR* I/2 (1926), 4–13.
- "A Glance at Recorded American Music," *PMR* I/10 (1927), 410–13; I/11, 450–53; I/12, 495–99.
- "Wizard's Music," *Disques* III/1 (1932), 13–18. [An analysis of the type of music recorded by the Edison company]
- "Jacob and Isaac (and Daniel)," *Disques* III/2 (1932), 64–68. [Review of Isaac Goldberg's *George Gershwin: A Study in American Music* and defense of Gershwin against anti-Semitic statements by Daniel Gregory Mason]
- "Black Beauty," *Disques* III/4 (1932), 152–61.
- "All Quiet on the Western Jazz Front," *Disques* III/7 (1932), 290–94.
- "Living American Composers: A List with Notes on the Recordings or Recording Possibilities," *Music Lovers' Guide* II/5 (1934), 136–39, 144; II/6, 171–74; II/7, 201–4; II/8, 231, 241.
- "An Early Pan-American Exhumed," *The Musical Mercury* I/1 (1934), 18–21. [Article about Gottschalk commissioned by Darrell's friend Bernard Herrmann, co-editor with Arthur Berger of *The Musical Mercury* for its first two issues]
- The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music*. Foreword by Lawrence Gilman. New York: The Gramophone Shop, Inc., 1936.
- The Steinway Review of Permanent Music*, edited by Darrell from November 1939 to March 1943.
- Schirmer's Guide to Books on Music and Musicians: A Practical Bibliography*. New York: G. Schirmer, 1951.
- Good Listening*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1953.
- "Major Armstrong: An American Tragedy," *Saturday Review* (27 February 1954), 54. [Obituary for Edwin H. Armstrong, the inventor of FM]
- Liner notes to "The Music of Henry F. Gilbert, John Powell, John Alden Carpenter, and Adolph Weiss." New World Records NW-228, 1977.

I.S.A.M. Newsletter, Vol. XV, No. 2/ISSN: 0145-8396

Editor: H. Wiley Hitchcock

Editors pro tem: R. Allen Lott and Carol J. Oja

Typesetter: Angelina Cascio

Production assistants: Kathleen Mason Krotman, Nancy Pardo, and Claude Masear

The I.S.A.M. Newsletter is published in November and May. Copyright © by the Institute for Studies in American Music, Brooklyn College of the City University of New York, Brooklyn, New York 11210. 718/780-5655.

I.S.A.M. Bonus: If you're like the Majority of us, you often need Premonitions, Omens and Oracles, and just plain Luck and Work to locate that stubbornly elusive title in the table of contents to 114 Songs. Now you can find it 1, 2, 3 by inserting this alphabetical index in The Collection. Think of us with Memories (Very Pleasant) during all your free time!

AN ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO 114 SONGS OF CHARLES IVES

Afterglow	86	My Native Land	235
Allegro	216	Nature's Way	138
Amphion	247	Naught that Country Needeth	224
Ann Street	59	New River, The	13
At Sea	10	Night of Frost in May	193
At the River	95	Night Song, A	204
August	78	Night Thought, A	249
Autumn	136	Nov. 2, 1920	50
Berceuse	214	Old Flame, An	202
Cage, The	144	Old Home Day	115
Camp-Meeting, The	99	Old Mother, The	183
Canon	254	Omens and Oracles	197
Chanson de Florian	174	On the Counter	68
Charlie Rutlage	19	1, 2, 3	88
Children's Hour, The	163	Paracelsus	71
Christmas Carol, A	234	Premonitions	57
Circus Band, The	128	Qu'il m'irait bien	168
Collection, The	85	Rainbow, The	16
Cradle Song	77	Religion	36
December	83	Remembrance	27
Disclosure	15	Resolution	28
Down East	126	Romanzo (di Central Park)	219
Dreams	195	Rosamunde	178
Duty	18	Rough Wind	155
Elégie	171	See'r, The	69
Evening	6	September	81
Evidence	133	Serenity	89
Fède, La	77	Side Show, The	76
Forward into Light	228	Slow March	259
Grantchester	37	So May It Bel (The Rainbow)	16
Greatest Man, The	43	Son of a Gambolier, A	122
Harpalus	161	Song - for Anything, A	206
He is There!	107	Songs My Mother Taught Me	250
His Exaltation	97	South Wind, The	221
Housatonic at Stockbridge, The	31	Spring Song	145
Hymn	47	Swimmers, The	62
I Travelled among Unknown Men	166	Tarrant Moss	160
Ich grolle nicht	190	There is a Lane	159
Ilmenau (Over all the Treetops)	153	Things Our Fathers Loved, The	91
Immortality	11	Thoreau	103
In Flanders Fields	104	Those Evening Bells	142
In Summer Fields	186	To Edith	256
In the Alley	119	Tolerance	135
Incantation	40	Tom Sails Away	112
Indians, The	29	Two Little Flowers	242
Innate, The	87	Vita	18
Kären	210	Waiting Soul, The	139
Last Reader, The	8	Walking	149
Light that is Felt, The	147	Walt Whitman	74
Like a Sick Eagle	61	Waltz	252
Lincoln, the Great Commoner	23	Watchman!	93
Luck and Work	49	Weil' auf mir	180
Majority	1	West London (A Sonnet)	244
Maple Leaves	56	When Stars Are in the Quiet Skies	257
Marie	212	Where the Eagle	215
Memories (a. Very Pleasant, b. Rather Sad)	236	White Gulls, The	240
Mirage	158	World's Highway, The	207
Mists	131	World's Wanderers, The	253