

ear

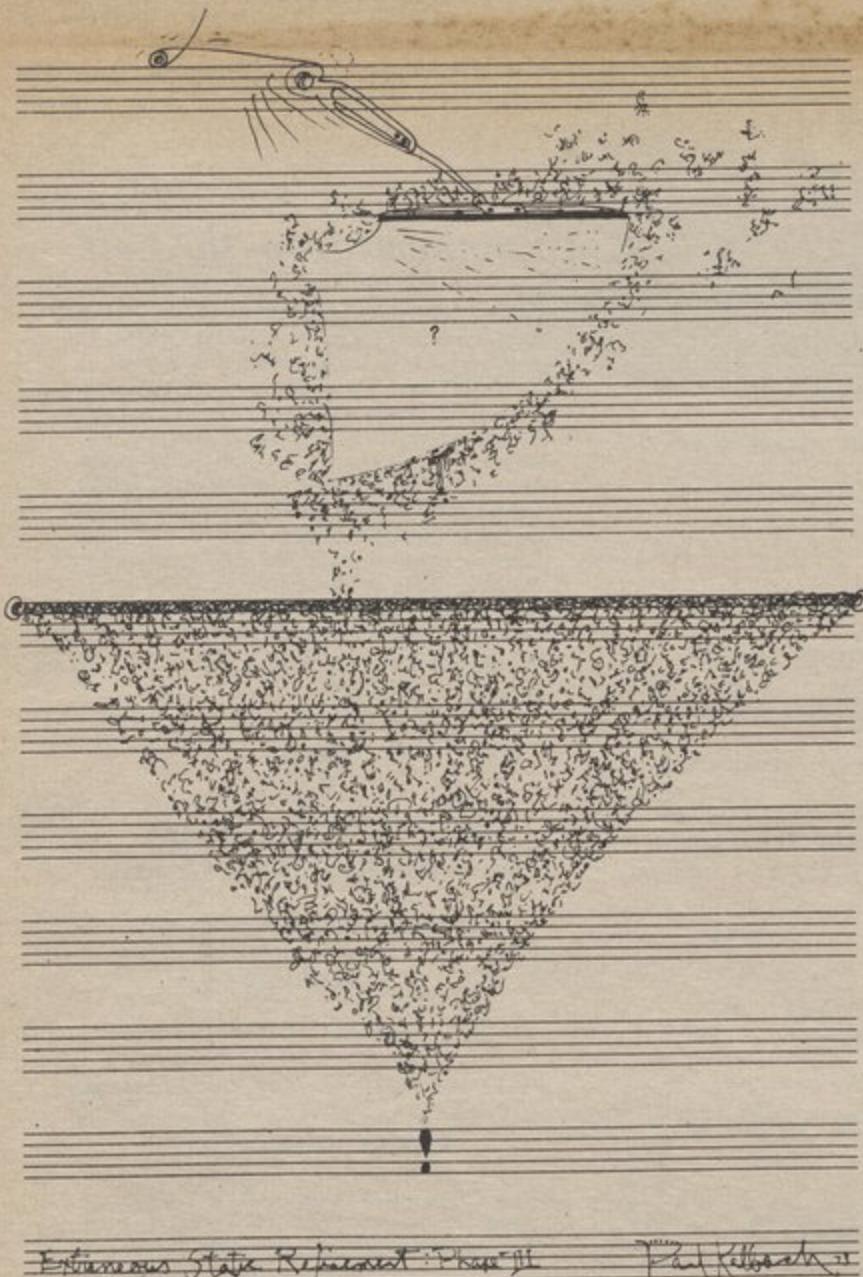


13 & 14.5

A year's subscription to
Ear costs \$6 and may be ordered
at 991 39th St., No. 1, Oakland,
CA 94608.)

invites you to

join 1974



Extraneous State Refinement: Phase III

Paul Kallbach

For millennia people simply sang to one another, no one needed to write music down. A thousand years or so ago the music sung in the church was long enough to be hard to remember; Guido d'Arezzo invented musical notation to remind singers when a pitch changed upwards or downwards. In a few hundred years the familiar five-line staff had evolved; it functioned perfectly for recording the notes played on the white keys of the piano. Rhythmic nuances were harder to indicate exactly, but for a long time they were fairly simple and more complex instructions were not needed.

The passions of the romantic period, however, and the scientists of the computer age, put quite a strain on the old system. It still works, but it could be better.

Predictably enough, an alternative has emerged. Since the Second World War "graphic" notation of music has begun to take hold among the more progressive composers. Its development has helped to solve two apparently conflicting needs of new music: the needs for greater accuracy and for greater freedom. In the broad sense, for example, the notation of my string quartet ("Screen," seen in this issue) emphasizes its linear aspect more succinctly than traditional notation could, while de-emphasizing the relatively unimportant pitches. As a "screen" it is meant to be played in front of other music and stand between other music and the hearer. The elements of pitch and accidental harmony must be relegated to a very minor role to allow the quality of line to emerge.

Shin-ichi Matsushita is a scientist who teaches abstruse mathematics and topology at such universities as Hamburg and Osaka. He is also a composer of hauntingly expressive music. His

"Subject 17" was premiered in Berkeley in 1968. The score—three pages including the one reproduced here—was interpreted by Howard Hersh, Robert Moran and myself on a number of instruments. A number of the audience stated, even during the performance, that they could see no consistent relationship between the score and the sounds we produced. That is the point: the score is used, in a sense, as a device to stimulate the performance. But on second glance signs emerge which are susceptible of traditional interpretation—large dots might be loud tones, wavy lines tremolos, straight lines either held tones or symbols directing the attention to another part of the score, and so on.

It is logical to ask whether drawings not originally intended as scores can be played with musical results. It was in order to satisfy that curiosity that the exhibit of graphic scores and musical drawings at **Intersection** was conceived. Work by a number of Bay Area composers and artists will be on view, including scores, drawings made after specific tape music (such as Steve

Kalbach's "Extraneous Static Refinement: Phase III" on the cover of this issue) and drawings made without music in mind at all. The exhibition will run from Feb. 20 to March 20.

A concert of many of these scores and drawings will be presented upstairs at **Intersection** on Feb. 28, at 8 p.m.

There are two very useful books on the subject of the new notation: John Cage's **Notations**, published by Something Else Press and available in paper; and Erhard Karkoschka's **Notation in New Music**, published by Praeger. Graphic scores are published by a number of presses and are available at such music stores as The Musical Offering in Berkeley.

Charles Shere

reprinted from **INTERSECTION NEWSLETTER**

Just a little note to let you know about this performance I'll do in March. It will be Cage's Sonatas and Interludes for prepared piano, and will take place at the S.F. Jewish Community Center, 3200 California Street, March 11 (Monday) at 8:30 p.m. According to the information I have, admission is as follows: Students, one dollar, Center members, one dollar, Public two dollars. (As of last year, when the agreement was made.) I've instructed the Center to send EAR a formal announcement, but I want to make sure you receive it in time for publication.

And, although it may not be of much interest to your readers, I'll do a short concert of ragtime and ragtime-related music at the Exploratorium March 27 (a Wednesday) at 8 p.m. That's just a quickie one-hour thing.

Later on -- like May (and I'll fill you in on the details later), there will be a concert at 1750 Arch, Berkeley, that I hope will be quite exciting: unusual 12-tone music, including Liszt, Scriabin, Webern, a Busoni "concert transcription" of a piece by Schoenberg (!) and LOTS of music by Josef Matthias Hauer, who deserves to be much better known. Hermann Le Roux will join me to sing his Hölderlin-Lieder.

Thanks again for all the EARS....one day you shall receive payment for them, but I don't have to tell you what a musician's finances are like! I greatly appreciate your sending them.

Best in everything!

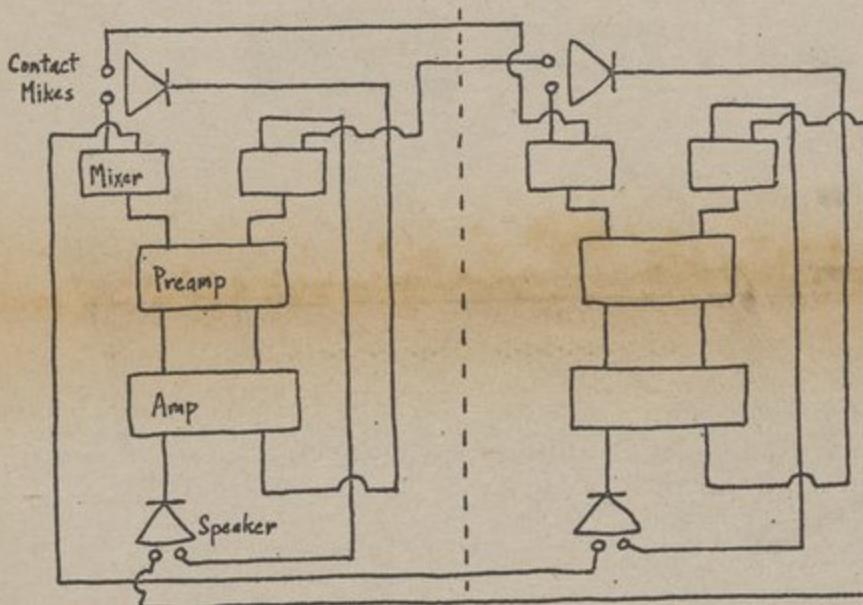
Joseph Kubera
1142 - 18th Street
San Francisco.

Love,

Joe

HOW NICE

For Clay Fear



The speakers should be varying sizes, damaged (having a tear in the cone), and unincased. Place them face up with the contact microphones set inside on the cone. The two systems (divided in the diagram by the dotted line) should be set up as far apart as the contact mike lines will allow. Before the performance begins, set preamp and mixer levels at a point high enough to generate feedback in all of the possible feedback chains. Start the piece by plugging in both preamps. Changes during the piece may be made by altering the preamp and mixer controls, moving the contact microphones to any part of the speaker, or cutting sections out of the speaker cone with a razor blade. The piece ends when both preamps are unplugged.

*John Basile
Dec. 1973*

March 24
4:00 p.m.

Julian White

at Lafayette Orinda United Presbyterian Church,
49 Knox Drive, Lafayette, (which incidentally has very good acoustics).
For ticket information, contact Mrs. Robert Oliver at 283-2656.

mills college

Seminary and MacArthur, Oakland

free

New music concerts almost
every Saturday evening and a few
other times

MARCH 2 AT 8:00 P.M.

More New Music with chamber electronics. A new work by Robert Ashley. Tanzer wayfaring music for two nimblo soprano recorders, by Marc Grafe. Witchgrass, a dance with music in three parts. Doug, Jessica and Robin dancers. Music by Jill Kroesen and Marcia Mikulak.

MARCH 7 - 10

Women's Contemporary Music Festival

Guest artists

Vivian Fine, composer and pianist

Charlotte Moorman, cellist and founder
of the New York Festival of the Avant
Garde

Pauline Oliveros, composer

Judith Rosen, composer

MARCH 7 8 P.M. Vivian Fine, concert/lecture

MARCH 8 2 P.M. Pauline Oliveros, discussion — en-
semble room

8 P.M. Charlotte, Moorman, concert —
Haas Pavilion

MARCH 9 2 P.M. Charlotte Moorman, discussion —
ensemble room

8 P.M. Pauline Oliveros, sonic meditations
— Haas Pavilion

MARCH 10 2 P.M. Judith Rosen, lecture — ensemble
room

MARCH 18 MONDAY AT 8:00 P.M.

Guest composer, Larry Austin (co-founder of SOURCE and now Director of "Systems Complex for the Studio and Performing Arts," Tampa, Fla.) presents his recent works, including EVENT/COMPLEX #3 (violin and 4 channel tape), and Tableaux Vivant, A Sonograph, realized on Allen Computer Organ.

MARCH 20 WEDNESDAY AT 8:00 P.M.

The San Francisco Conservatory's New Music Ensemble, directed by John Adams, with British guest composer Cravlin Bryars. A new "English Style" is developing out of the combination of music and radical politics. This will be the very first hearing in the Bay Area.

MARCH 22 FRIDAY AT 8:00 P.M.

Menotti's Old Maid and the Thief, a grotesque opera in fourteen scenes, done in an experimental production by the Mills College Contemporary Opera Group, using the auditorium as an abstract environment.

Comment from the Left

Robert Ashley, Associate Professor of Music, toured Europe in October with three other composers with whom he has been associated since 1966 as the Sonic Arts Union. The performing ensemble gave 11 concerts in three and one-half weeks, principally of their own works. Four of the concerts were in Holland, on invitation of the Gaudemus Foundation, two in England under auspices of the British Arts Council, others in Brussels, Stuttgart, Glasgow, and the Serpentine Gallery in London. Mr. Ashley presented two new works during the tour—In Sara, Mencken, Christ and Beethoven There Were Men and Women, for spoken voice, synthesizer and other instruments, and How Can I Tell the Difference?, for viola synthesizer and tape.

PRESS



YOUNG AUDIENCES OF THE BAY AREA

presents Composer-Pianist

VIVIAN FINE

in a Benefit Concert-Lecture

Piano Music of the Twentieth Century

Tuesday, March 5, 1974

A.P. Giannini Auditorium
Bank of America World Headquarters
555 California Street, San Francisco

8:30 P.M.

"....After the conviction of topless-cellist Charlotte Moorman, cellist Janos Starker said: 'I approve of the sentence—not on the grounds of indecency but of unfair competition.'"
Leonard Lyons from The New York Post

"After three emancipations in 20th Century music, (serial-indeterministic, actional)....I have found that there is still one more chain to lose....that is....
PRE-FREUDIAN HYPOCRISY. Why is sex a predominant theme in art and literature prohibited only in music? How long can New Music afford to be sixty years behind the times and still claim to be a serious art? The purge of sex under the excuse of being "serious" exactly undermines the so-called "seriousness" of music as a classical art, ranking with literature and painting. Music history needs its D' H' Lawrence its Sigmund Freud."
Nam June Paik from invitation to "Opera Sextronique"

"....I could not believe my ears....it reminded me of a witch hunt...."
Kanitaro Akiyama from Bijutsu Techou Cahier d'Art

"Still, we must crown a pretty, brown-haired girl named Charlotte Moorman queen of artistic-intellectual-avant-garde (as opposed to vulgar-money-grubbing-lubricious) nakedness.
Paul O'Neill from Life

"The crime has nothing to do with how a cellist dresses, however. It was not necessary, as Judge Shalleck did, to go to the constitutional issue of clothing. The briefest summation of the facts suffices to establish guilt. ("You attempted to give a cello concert in public?" "Yes, your honor." "Are you Pablo Casals?" "No, your Honor." "This court finds you guilty of indecent exposure.")
The theory that the artist must dress in the costume of his trade is one of the heaviest burdens the arts have to carry, and it is sad to see the judiciary fumble an opportunity to free them of it...
In our closed professional sects, we all insist on our colleagues wearing the uniform of the trade — paint in white overalls, journalists in gravy-stained neck doctors with Cadillac shine on their trousers, rock rollers in electronic shirts, bankers in pinstripes, actors in ascots, lady cellists in Lady Dracula weeds..."
Russell Baker from The New York Times

CHARLOTTE MOORMAN
performing
TV BRA FOR LIVING SCULPTURE
by NAM JUNE PAIK

Would you say that it is the first lesbian opera?
No, 14th century Pakistani opera was full of très risqué arias.
But you know men weren't allowed to be on the stage in 14th cent. Pakistan.

CHARLOTTE MOORMAN
47th & 46th
N.Y. 1003

AT MILLS
3/8, 8 p.m.
3/9, 2 p.m.



PHOTO: PETER MOORE

Ha! Anna Magdalena was too busy having his kids!

bETH SAID: I REALLY WISH YOU'D WRITE A REVUE OF QUEEN CHRISTINA

q: WHAT DO TWENTY FIVE RADICAL ESBIAINS HAVE IN COMMON
WITH R. COMMANDAY?

A. ALL OF THEM WALKED OUT OF THE WORLD PREMIERE OF
b. ANDERSON'S QUEEN CHRISTINA.

What did she say? That the whole thing was an outrage?

But surely this is possible in the new music.

the New York, the Boston, the Philadelphia orchestras or the Metropolitan Opera. He will not be in the news; not that he necessarily wants to be in the news, but being in the news is being in business; he will seldom be published; he will not be managed, he will not be recorded; he will not be invited by his own orchestra at home more than once, if at all, or featured on any significant concert series.

For he will not be reckoned a star—hence not an artist—for stardom is as much a matter of political persistence and clinging to the bandwagon as is running for Congress. Not that a star may not be great, but a great artist may not be a "star". For music has only one major league, with a strictly limited team, and the minor leagues have gone the way of the corner grocer.

"The continuing tragedy of the young artist in America," remarks Raoul Berger, once a virtuoso violinist, later an eminent lawyer, "is that he must hit the mark reserved for the five or six who have caught the public fancy or fall to the level of an artisan—there is no in-between. In the law one need not be a Holmes or a Cardozo to find an engrossing and rewarding niche."

The ambitious musician goes to New York then, however small his chances are, for elsewhere, he has no career at all. Were the potentates of art there great in generosity, in perception, in national pride, were there a Liszt, a Schumann, a Mendelssohn, a Rimsky, a Busoni, a Nitsch, or a Tovey, that were worth the waiting, the borrowing, the parental sacrifice, the hack work, and the grubby living in Manhattan, of the aspirant.

But they are not; indeed, the few extant men of format have mostly learned to stay as far away from the musical hub as possible, and want no part in matters so deviously tied up in finance and preferment. The real potentates are as small in soul as they are large in sway; one or two managerial land-graves, sheriffs of recording, trigger-happy critics and brigadiers of the air.

The original musicians of America are like sticks of firewood—either they are scattered so widely they can produce no flame, or they are piled so high in Manhattan that any flame must suffocate from want of air.

How shall any one of our major cities overcome this situation? It cannot reform the nation, but it can set an example that will quickly be followed, once it demonstrates enough pride to run its own show, as do cities with less resources abroad—Copenhagen, Stockholm, Zurich, Amsterdam, Oslo, not to forget a dozen German cities. More money is not a panacea. Spend less on unessentials, and there will remain more than enough for the essentials. Unhappily, the unessentials have powerful vested interests in their own continuance and growth, while the essentials remain unprotected and unorganized.

Great art is not primarily temples, nor is it scholarship, pedagogy, statistics, commentaries, organization, reputation, theory, remoteness (the things we spend our money on). These are only its adjuncts; necessary, doubtless, but injurious as soon as they become central. Our democracy is great enough to deserve its own unique song. This will not come about by indefinitely multiplying trainees, in a perpetual round of promise without fulfillment, of teaching only more teachers, swelling libraries with dreary methodologies and commentaries, building luxurious temples, whooping up statistics on "the American musician" (an unwholesome camouflage of reality). A million Sequoia seeds scattered over Death Valley will not do what one acorn will, properly nourished in the Sierra ramparts. What is needed is a true regionalism, of time and place, even a little insularity. We protect our infant, and even adult, industries; why not our arts and artists? "Be content with a little light," said Emerson, "so be it your own."

The circuit shown above is to be set up in each contributing studio. Its effect is to chop incoming FM radio signals and oscillator tones into short, periodic sound parcels, whose frequency of occurrence varies according to the dynamics of the program material being received.

The FM tuner should be turned on at the beginning of the performance and scanned at the performer's option. Stations rather than noise bands should be favored.

The oscillator is to be played as follows: one or two short notes, one or two longer notes (less than one minute) and one note longer than a minute, all of unvarying pitches chosen by the performers, should be keyed; or switched on and off abruptly.

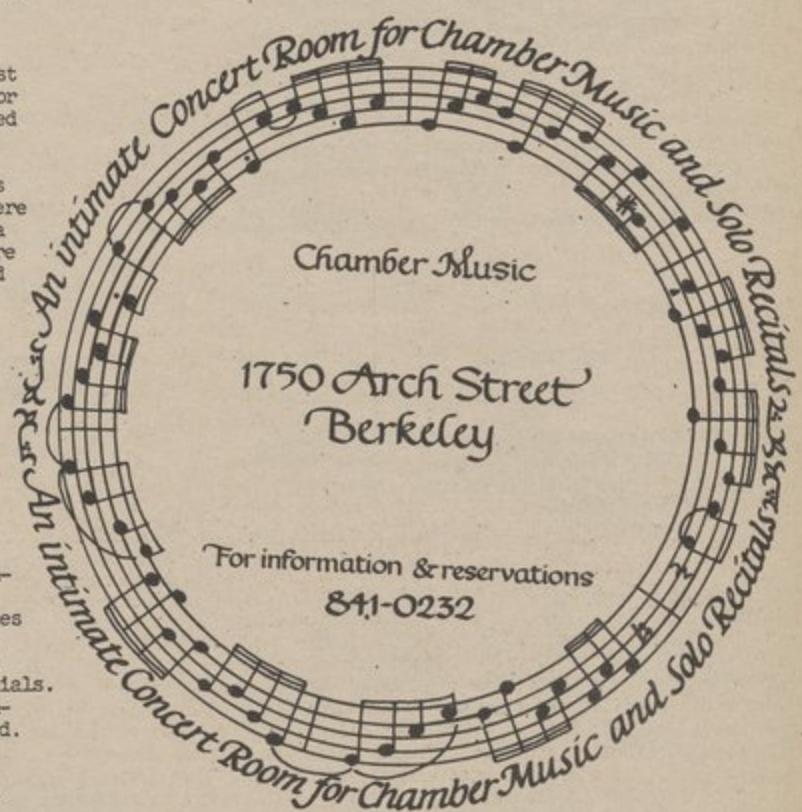
The chopping rate should be determined by the dynamic level of the program input, i.e., the louder the program the faster the pulse rate. This relationship may be inverted. The pulse rate should vary between about .2 - 12 hz, i.e., one appearance every 5 seconds and 12 appearances per second. If an envelope follower is unavailable it may be replaced by a Schmidt trigger followed by an envelope generator which is set to an overall envelope time varying from one to thirty seconds. Any window type may be used which alternately suppresses and passes the program material, as long as it does not produce clicks.

Bypass lines A, B, and C may be mixed in at any time to defeat the function of the circuit and allow the programs and oscillator tones to pass unaltered.

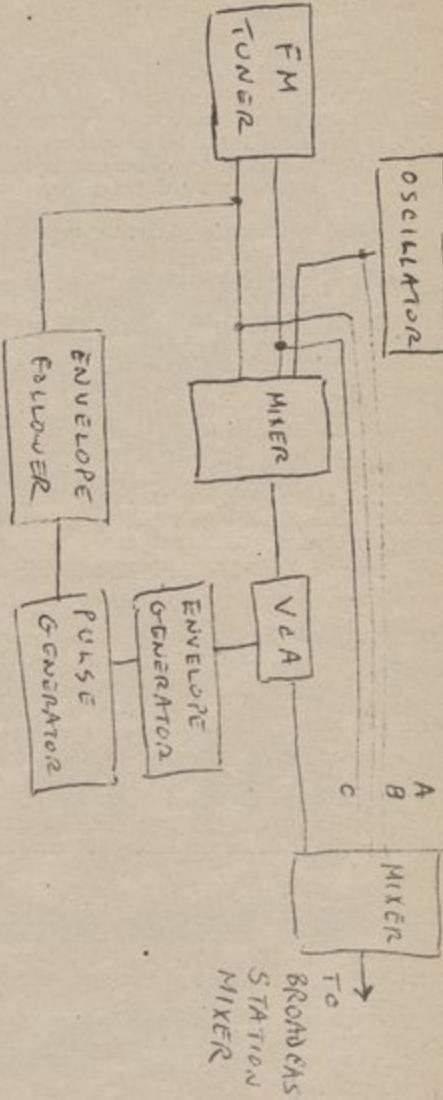
The levels of the mixers and the distribution of signals at the broadcasting station should be varied during the course of the performance in such a way as to provide a representative gamut of combinatorial possibilities. It is desirable to reprocess signals from one system to another via the broadcasting station.

The duration of the piece may be decided upon by mutual consent of the performers.

(4) Mendelsohn Running for Controller



Keeping an Eye



RECYCLED RADIO

a live radio piece
for one or more tuners
and synthesizers

FIRST PERFORMANCE FEB. 19 ON RADIO-KPF9, BERKELEY

an R. P. piece

Years ago, when I wrote criticism, I indulged in some abusive remarks about Josef Lhevinne, the pianist, after his appearance with the San Francisco Orchestra. I doubtless had some axe to grind, some didactic point to make, and imagined myself courageous to grind it on so famous a celebrity. I knew it wouldn't hurt him, but was certain it would help me. And indeed it did, but in quite an unexpected way. It brought me neither praise nor blame, only silence, but it taught me a lesson. I learned next day that Mr. Lhevinne had performed while suffering from a high fever. My pride was punctured, and I longed to unsay what could not be unsaid. The absence of rebuke puzzled me, then led me to suspect that my diatribe was probably not thought worthy of notice. "A fly, sir, may sting a stately horse and make him wince," as Dr. Johnson put it, "but one is but an insect, and the other is a horse still."

I was that fly. Years later, chance threw me together with Mr. Lhevinne at the University of Denver in summer session, and I discovered him to be the most kindly and unpretentious of men, apart from his great pianism. I confessed to him my one-time churlishness, whereupon he assured me, in gentlemanly quittance, that he had no recollection of the matter. Absolved thus, we became friends.

We support "freedom of the press," like other freedoms, on the assumption that its benefits will outweigh its abuses. But it poses a delicate balance. The New York State Constitution says, "To publish his sentiments freely, a man is responsible for the abuse of that right." Given the power of public judgment, a man who has not graduated from youthful ignorance and vanity, nor yet learned the amenities of published opinion, can easily tip the scales from liberty to libel, (all the more readily in an art where tastes rather than facts are paramount, where slander evades definition). He is like a Judge who continues his earlier habits of a prosecutor. "He can smite," as Mencken said, "without being smitten."

It makes good reading for a public more entertained by contention than truth; and unaware that the weapons are all in one camp. The critic's office is his badge of expertness. He can make a great show of controversy while cultivating his cowardice. He "exercises an arbitrary and undeserved authority," in the words of the Harvard Dictionary, "not backed by sufficient ability, training, and experience in the field he represents."

The large role of smallness in the judgment of the great is an ancient story. Lao-Tze said, "People through thinking one man fit, judge another unfit"; Milton, "Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise"; Dryden, "They who write ill, and they who ne'er durst write, turn critics out of mere revenge and spite"; Swift, "Knock down half a score of reputations and you will infallibly raise your own"; Thomas Jefferson, "Those whose dogmas are the most unintelligible are the most angry"; Beethoven, "Your reviewer should show more intelligence and discretion, especially with regard to the products of younger authors, for these reviews might easily discourage men who might otherwise do better work"; Robert Burns, "Critics—appalled I venture on the name, those cutthroat bandits in the paths of fame"; Byron, "Fear not to lie—'twill seem a lucky hit—shrink not from blasphemy—'twill pass for wit"; Emerson, "Thou shalt not try thy shriveled pedantry on the shoulders of the sky"; Schumann, "Music makes nightingales to sing, pug dogs to yelp"; Poe, "To appreciate thoroughly the work of what we call genius is to possess all the genius by which the work was produced"; Verdi, "If you terrify the man of genius with your wretched, measured criticism...you rob him of his naturalness and enthusiasm"; Walt Whitman, "No one will ever get at my verses who insists upon viewing them as a literary performance."

These, and a thousand similar remarks of nearly every artist in history, have not the sound of dispassionate observation, but of intense and bitter involvement, of hurt and indignation. They show that the path to beauty is as thorny as the path to truth. Between the poet and his public stands the formidable barrier of the professional, the guardian of vested fashions, high or low, radical or conservative, popular or unpopular, regardless; the Meistersinger, now and again, Beckmesser.

The artist, apart from having no redress from critical abuse (to turn critic of the critic is never pardoned), must prefer it nevertheless to the ignominy of silence. Unnoticed, he perishes, though he asks for no notice but to supply him with suitable activity. Again, in Dr. Johnson's words, "The worst thing you can do to an author is to remain silent as to his works. An assault upon a town is a bad thing, but starving is still worse."

Silence remains the ultimate weapon. It silenced Melville, Poe, Miss Dickinson, Ryder, Van Gogh, Schubert and Moussorgsky (and who can know how many more, not favored with the accident of posthumity). There is no darkness like that which surrounds the searchlight's beam. This is the anomaly of "communication," of which it could be said—the more, the less.

The benevolence of the older critics is soon forgotten in the busy unctuous of some of the younger of today. A long tradition of breadth and generosity was nourished with Schumann and Liszt, carried far into our century, and influenced such abroad as Tovey, Newman, Calvocoressi and Bernard Shaw—at home, Huneker, Krehbiel, Sterns, Gilman, Wencken, Downs, Redfern Mason, G. D. Gunn, Hume, Ussher, Paul Rosenfeld, Virgil Thomson and Elwell, and in our West, more recently, Frankenstein, Goldberg and Fried. These saw or see art more humanly than technically, more helpfully than censoriously, more hopefully than cynically. They were alive to public reaction; they judged occasion as well as perfection; they respected achievement above commentary; they appreciated enthusiasm as well

as learning; they valued the amateur as well as the professional; they saw things relatively. They knew, in Plutarch's words, that "though the boys throw stones at the frogs in sport, the frogs do not die in sport but in earnest." In short, as Pope describes in the couplet, "the generous critic fanned the poet's fire, and taught the world with reason to admire." As critics of art, they strove, in varying degrees, to make an art of criticism, to exalt music through homage, by trying to "look kindly through the composer's eyes," in C. M. Weber's words, "by unravelling his secrets, and revealing him to himself."

But of late critical stowaway has yielded more and more to coterie and carping. True, we no longer have the society and sports editor contemptuously assigned to "cover" provincial music; rather we have the textbook expert, the nota filologista, the perfectionist zealot—not an easy lot to please. Criticism to them means literally to be critical. They are the latter-day purists, perhaps even puritans; and we can look forward to some brisk weather as they further consolidate their academic roots with journalistic fruits, and give us their new "Words Without Song."

How A Major Career?

As yet no American has made a major career in music outside New York City. He may be living elsewhere, but if he has made a name, it was first gained in the green rooms, the clubs, the offices, the concert halls, the newsrooms of New York. A musician can live well, maybe as a professor, a critic, or an orchestral player, without ever touching New York. But he will not have a major career; he will not conduct, play or sing with, or be performed by, (to, 4)

She Is All Right

The Women's Contemporary Music Festival will take place March 7-10 at various places on the Mills College campus. I was going to refer you to the Mills ad, but since the ad was printed, there have been a few changes of place. Vivian Fine will do her concert-lecture March 7 in the ensemble room. Charlotte Moorman will be in the Student Union March 8. On March 9 Pauline Oliveros will either be in the downstairs part of Haas Pavilion or in the ensemble room. The rest of the halls are correct in the ad.

Vivian Fine will open the festival with a concert of her new works for voice, flute, piano, four celli (supplied by Phyllis Luckman), and tape. Ms. Fine teaches at Bennington College in Vermont. (Two days prior to this event, she will give a concert-lecture of 20th century piano music at 8:30 pm at 555 California Street in San Francisco as a benefit for Young Audiences of the Bay Area.)

There are separate articles elsewhere in this issue of EAR discussing Oliveros' and Moorman's work.

On March 10th, Judith Rosen will discuss women composers throughout herstory—perhaps, including some current bay area women. Ms. Rosen is writing a book on this subject and has spent a great deal of time collecting scores, tapes, and records of women's music. She often lectures on this topic and has arranged programs of women's music on radio-KPFK in Los Angeles.

Sunday night, the women's band, Gertrude Stein, will play a free women's dance in the Student Union. Many thanks to them.

The festival is necessarily short and the musicians represented are obviously established. Funding was extremely limited for this sort of thing, but the realization should be exciting, if not completely satisfying. If you are interested in bay area, younger women, the following perform often and visibly: Betty/Shirley/Hsiung-Zee Wong, Ann Sandifur, Adrian Reaven, Ana Perez, Marcia Mikulak, Jill Kroesen, Janice Giteck, Linda Collins, Sybil Chickenmint, Sylvia Carr, Joanna Brouk, Bonnie Barnett, Beth Anderson, Peg Ahrens, Hysteresis, and the Flowing Stream Ensemble. There are doubtlessly others, but I either don't know them, don't know their

names, or can't spell them. Please let us know if you are out there. EAR prints notices of their concerts when we can get them. In fact, we print everything you send. So, send it TODAY.

B.H.



COULD I?

ASK NOTHING MORE.

by Erns

He was no altruist, concealing of wealth, he expected his money's worth in personal gratitude, sometimes in "the sensuous joy of magnanimity."

⑥ "Advice" may seem a presumption to those who give freely and generously to the art, and whose motives (even when prompted by thought of a deduction of taxes to a government uniquely oblivious to the needs of the art) deserve only praise and honor. My aim is to inform patrons of a certain few of the inner workings of the music profession and to suggest where and how their benefactions may be used to best effect in the furtherance of a living art.

A patron is usually thought to be a wealthy individual giving money to an institution or artist; but he may also be a foundation giving grants; or he may be a university giving asylum to an artist in exchange for a modicum of teaching; he may even be an artist himself (as were Liszt, Rimsky, or Busoni), giving instruction gratis, influential recommendations, or opportunity to worthy talent. He may, in rare instances, be an impresario, with the perspicacity to unite great talents and break the barriers of public and professional indifference (as were Diaghilev or D'Oyly Carte); or he or she may be an unmoneied individual whose dedication to an art opens the willing purses of affluence (as was Harriet Monroe of Chicago's *Poetry* magazine, or Marian MacDowell of the Peterborough Colony) or Albert Bender of San Francisco. But I will confine my sketchy advices to persons of means, since they rarely know the music profession from inside and seldom realize that money misdirected is worse than none at all, upsetting as it must that natural code of values that operates, despite all corruption, under the surface of every learned calling. Giving is a responsibility, too.

To begin with, "serious," "classical," "long hair," sophisticate (or whatever name you may give it) music is not "profitable". Even the careers of famous virtuosi or singers (Rubinstein, Heifetz, Callas, Fischer-Diskau, etc.) rest upon appearances with orchestra or opera. "Profitable" music consists of TV, radio, movies, Broadway shows, the juke box, the recordings of jazz, "rock," and the like. Of this music, others can speak better than I. Much of it is frivolous, sentimental, or ironic; some of it downright insolent or brazenly pornographic. And yet, as Mr. Henry Pleasants said years ago, it is, apart from folk music a truly American musical expression of our time, for it grows out of our everyday speech, our slang, our athletics, our dance, our love-making, our racial collisions, our money-culture, our loneliness, our speed, our machinery, our noise, our exaggerations, our vulgarized democracy. It is neither learned nor imitative of foreign styles. It is what we are, on the surface, at least.

We are concerned here with the non-profitable institutions of music. They include (the list is not entirely comprehensive):

Professional Symphony orchestras (perhaps twenty to twenty-five of the first rank)

Community Orchestras, some professional, some semi-professional, found in nearly every city of 75,000 population or over

University Orchestras and Bands (a few with nearly professional standards)

Professional Opera Companies (few in number, with only resident orchestras, choruses, and minor principals, employing major conductors and principals from other companies - not one with a full season, comparable with the school year)

Festival Opera Groups, professional and amateur, off season

College or University orchestras and opera groups (largely credit-oriented, often with guest "stars")

High School groups (centering largely around band and chorus activity)

Colonies or Foundations for the Arts (offering low-cost or free tenure for limited terms to recommended artists; mostly rural situated)

Organizations: protective, social, accreditative, specializational, national, or regional (the Union, the Music Clubs, National Associations of Schools or of Teachers of Piano or Singing; Educators, the Fraternities and Sororities, ASCAP, BMI, the Musicological Society, and more).

All these institutions and groups call for expenditure. But their total costs, lumped together, make but a small fraction of the profits accruing from popular or entertainment music, a rapidly amalgamating business that runs into the billions, possibly the fourth or fifth largest in the nation. Music today is big business. Its mergers could soon entitle it to the name, "General Music".

The artist, by tradition the last champion of individuality, encounters this portentous monolith at every turn.

Unorganized, he is defenseless against organization.

Organized, he must resign himself to some group whose interests may, in some minor detail, at best, approximate his own.

Unmoneied or unadvised, he is socially and professionally a failure (his protests are reckoned sour grapes).

Undoctored, the fraternity of higher education excludes him. (A Schubert could not teach in a modern state university.)

Doctored, he will have spent his best years in "research," more often than not antagonistic or damaging to his true artistic bent and development.

Un-managed, any public career is out of the question; though to be "managed" requires either large moneys or the very reputation he seeks to gain through management.

Un-united, he is checked in every direction; prevented from recording or performing even his own music where unionized colleagues take part.

Unioned, he is slave to the absolute dictation of a tyrannical prefecture (the residue of J. Caesar Petillo's unopposed, muscle-bound, thirty years' reign - somewhat ameliorated of late), for whom quality means little or nothing.

Appearing in public, he is frequently pawn of an arrogant, irresponsible new criticism, often cowardly and even libelous.

If he is a conductor, he has no chance abroad at a significant post, being foreign, and less chance at home, being not foreign.

If his self-respect or his purse preclude "selling himself" in the approved way, he must withdraw from the field and play traitor to his art, which is by nature communicative, not monastic.

What is left?

- The patron. Even in the art's better days (not to confuse present money, size, and "perfectionism" with spirit, affirmation, and the health of frank beauty), patrons were essential. They are honored today, along with their protégés. But the old patron relied on his intuition or on the counsel of intimates in finding genius. He made mistakes, but he made them out loud. Better an occasional misfire than the pessimism generated by wastefulness in the face of need. He did not entrust his benefactions to impersonal, statistic-oriented institutions, nor spread them about in egalitarian prodigality in support of unproven promise. He sought fulfillment. He paid for his likes in art as in his food. He recognized the aristocracy of genius. He achieved much with little, instead of little with much. It took involvement and mutuality. He knew the man, as well as his art, not presuming to judge one without the other.

This month try to imagine (even if you cannot experience it) all the sounds in the universe suddenly stopping. A graduate student in musicology entered our discussion at that point, "Why

February the first, there was a performance of Analysis and Critique on the Dialectical Function of the Cadence in Post-Renaissance Western Music. It would have opened your ears. *Jeff*

The chairperson of the jury said, yes, they thought the piece was excellent, but that they could never present in public a work entitled, "When Is A Concerto To A Concerto?"

We need our great institutions. But their support should come from the people in all other civilized nations. They are education, the crowning fruit of what is spent in music patronage, have state support of the performing

One great performance is worth "stood" or not, so long as it is felt in a textbook, a lecture, or a seminar and is tired of absentee afflatus, or for non-doing, when doing is the only expensive?

Happily, we are not about to give up operas - but we have just about abandoned the song is the very root of symphony, the recording (does anybody imagine out real games?) Since Jefferson, and dedicated to the arts. Preside friendly to them and raised our hope relief program that withered with time largely induced by preparations for how many representatives have we had an integral part of civilized living, their enlightening, stimulating, and

It is generally believed that in an environment that so favors acquisitiveness, the patron distrusts his tastes in the arts (of aesthetic anarchy). He dreads the moment he opens his purse, he becomes the pan-handler. They fly to him if he is thought gullible; if he underestimates his greatness, not mediocrity. This is produce, rewarded or not, while the artist finds ample time to refine his Restating Benjamin Franklin:

"Believing that money will do anything for money."

Between success and superiority who insist on being heard: in America Bernstein, Hemingway, Roy Harris, I who will not enter the ring if not Poe, Melville (consider abroad Schopenhauer, Samuel Butler). What is usually the bushel" - may not be modesty at all. Others with the perspicacity to see One man seizes and exploits opportunity not recognizing it. A few had indeed Byron, Cezanne, Proust, Gide. Some Rossini, Verdi, Strauss, Stravinsky, poor; none more tragically than Melville, who could get no publisher to accept his meagre salary as a clerk. The rich Emerson saw the power in these ear-frequenting literary journal, never seen after publishing *Moby Dick*, possibly was so traduced by the literary world examining passengers' luggage at the in the insurance business, was ignorant of symphony conductors. Now they all Francisco had a notable group of people who never travelled to the East, where forgotten. How long must a man be humiliated has been known everywhere, by the richest of all countries.

Meanwhile, every maestro from the king of modern conductors, eulogies, after a stupendous reading but if I could only write one beautiful it, that "the chief glory of every

Summing up what patrons ought to do outside commitments to management of the city, the mayor take on Boston and Los Angeles of genius; the primacy of music-making over higher education; governmental support of American to compete for major responsibilities; regional from Manhattan control of regional publication of music and art (toward advertisers); above all, the patron not stand above gratitude, but spend on unessential; not even on Olympian master, Beethoven:

st Bacon

his liberality in anonymity. As custodian
worth in beauty, in the lustre of dedication,
possession, and finally, to quote Turgenev,
"

old McCormick's check of a half million dollars
icit of but a year to Mme. von Meck's modest
less than a tenth as much) enabling him to
for a few years, and write his greatest works.

he bows to the memory of the latter. The
Orchestra, the Juilliard School, and all
any cities are admirable and deserve every
about the masters? Was it institutions that
around? Is the library greater than
steur, the cathedral than Jesus? Said Walt
ng before a man?" We have become so corporate-
minded, yes even minority-minded, that we
differ, who takes nothing for granted, who
ity is personality, no less than invention. To
t, is a special gift too; to endow him with
the envy, the jealousy, the conformity
sion raises the benefactor to unique heights.

of the arts. I am the last to forget that.
the state (national, regional, or local), as
y are as important as education. Indeed,
nts of the humanities. Were only a fraction
spent in Congressional lobbying, we would
arts.

a hundred lectures, whether it is "under-
t. And what emotion or dedication will a
rouse, by comparison? Youth - yes, age, too -
second-hand revelation. Why prepare people
ly real satisfaction, besides being less

ive up our many orchestras, or even our few
andoned our lieder-recital, forgetting that
and surrendered it to the plastic custody of
that football would live on TV alone, with-
we have not had a President conversant with
ent Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy were
es, but the only tangible result was WPA, a
the return of an artificial prosperity,
war. As for Congress and the Legislatures,
and who recognize the performing arts as an
necessary even for the non-participant for
and solacing influence?

giving is easier than getting - understandable
quisition per se. America has had great
soon tax them out of their benevolence. Now
art (difficult enough in the present jungle
being taken for a sucker. He knows that the
es prey to the sycophant, the charlatan, and
fidence like wasps to honey. If he overspends,
spends, miserly. He wishes to befriend
s no easy course; for the superior artist will
e inferior produces only for money or position,
s solicitation. Begging, too, takes practice.

everything for him, he turns out ready to do

ty there is little correlation. There are those
rica, men like Frank Lloyd Wright, Leonard
Buckminster Fuller. But there are equally those
invited: Thoreau, Miss Dickinson, Charles Ives,
ubert, Purcell, Bizet, W. H. Hudson, Cezanne,
aken for modesty - "hiding one's head in a
l, but pride; that self-esteem that credits
e for themselves what a man has to offer.
unity to the full and another lets it pass,
dependent wealth: Goethe, Mendelssohn, Tolstoi,
e made sizeable fortunes: Rubens, Handel,
Dumas, Shaw, Puccini, Corot. More were
zart, Schubert, Hugo Wolf, Moussorgsky. Whitman
is Leaves and had them printed out of his own
ult was a deluge of vilification. Only
ly poems. Emily Dickinson, although her father
editor of the Atlantic, then the nation's
saw a line of her verse in print. Melville,
ly the greatest sea tale since the Odyssey,
ld that he spent the next decade or two
e custom house. Charles Ives, though prosperous
red during his active years by all the major
vie to perform and record his music. San
inters during the Depression. Word of this
alone it counts, and the very names are today
dead to come alive in our annals? Post-
ut nowhere has it flourished as in this

far away places is acclaimed as the redeemer
ire first-rate conducting. But it is said
Toscanini, once warded off a deluge of
ng of the "Ninth," with the remark: "Yes,
tiful song." He knew, as Dr. Johnson expressed
people arises from its authors."

to consider: orchestral direction without
or to other orchestras (would you have Chicago's
es too?) private support of the individual man
ding over scholarship and methodology in
ort of the performing arts; the rights of the
nsibilities of direction; the separation of
all branches of the art and its business;
records; a regional music journal (not slanted
e will to build, rather than buy. Let the
possession, and dedication. Let him not over-
essentials. Let him take heart from an

"The trees bend low under the weight of fruit, the clouds descend when they are filled with salutary rains, and the benefactors of humanity are not puffed up with their wealth."

The Symphony As A Civic Institution

The orchestra has become music's city hall, its gallery, its court, its hospital, its laboratory, its school. Thus its policy and leadership are important civically, artistically, socially, experimentally, and pedagogically. More is involved than skill. The city's musical health is involved; indeed, its cultural climate. In some European cities, the opera is the axis of music, but in our predominantly instrumental world, it has always been the orchestra.

Fine and honorable it is for a citizen to assume the cost, beyond the box-office, of an orchestra. But his or her money is not the only contribution. The audience contributes admission money, the teachers bring experience; the students, eager curiosity. The amateurs bring an unbought love of music. The players bring their skills; their salaries being no measure of what went into these skills by the yardstick of other professions. Granted our debt to patrons, should they alone elect a city's musical mayor? Would money alone presume to make such a decision in medicine, law, education? Unfortunately, patrons turn for advice in selecting a conductor to management - that is to say, to music's equivalent of Madison Avenue; to those who know, in Bernard Shaw's words, "that the more it costs, the more it will be believed."

The daily, weekly, monthly, yearly subordination of individuality to the making of a good orchestral ensemble is a heavy price to pay for anyone aspiring to be a soloist. True, he learns much by playing under a conductor of developed taste and tact. But, little by little, he loses the idiosyncrasies of his solo playing: the personal tone, vibrato, rubato, the freedom of style, improvisational note. But an orchestra needs the discipline of an army corps to make great music. It is too large and disparate to achieve unity, balance, and focus on its own (as in a quartet) without a leader. When this discipline becomes voluntary, the effects can be astounding: the conductor, however firm his conception of a score, yielding with flexible grace to the special qualities of his musicians in a play of mutuality which, while understood by few listeners, is felt by all. This was the Nikisch approach, represented in our day by Walter, Monteux, Mitropoulos, Ozawa, and others; as contrasted with the dictatorial manner, however successful, of Koussewitzky, Szell, and Reiner.

All in all, there is the problem of the one, as opposed to the many - which every politician knows, every classroom teacher, every college president; the problem of organization in the framework of democracy, of benevolence in the exercise of control. If the leader is inadequate, all must suffer. If he is superior, all stand to gain. To speak then of the advantage of a single, uninterrupted seasonal direction, for reasons of orchestral "perfection," as one often hears it, is idle. It may work for ill as well as good. The music is what counts, and not the perfection of its instrument. And by music is meant not only intonation, tempo, correctness, fidelity, or virtuosity - but character, life, beauty, poetry. And that is the conductor's mission. It is a spiritual achievement, involving finally the transcendence of his ego. "The real task of the conductor," said Liszt, "consists in making himself quite useless."

Guest conductors are a respite from monotony - if well chosen. A whole season under one director, however good, can become tiresome. No artist is at home in all the literature. Some tastes obviate others. The expert in avant-garde music may do a Schubert symphony to perfection, yet lack the heart to move his listeners. The reverse is no less likely. We don't go to hear twenty concerts by the greatest of pianists or violinists. Is conducting so different? Say what you will, the orchestra is the conductor's instrument no less, though it be a thing of flesh and blood.

But of late a new arrangement has developed, whereby a few favored conductors lead, not one, but two, three, and even four orchestras, not as guests, but as directors. Since they cannot be at their various posts at one time, there remain concerts that require guesting. It may offer variety; but not always quality. "Assistants" frequently take over, and it is common knowledge that they are chosen to insure no rivalry with their chiefs. Von Karajan seems to have been one of the first to introduce this new super-conductorship, yielding each orchestra only a fraction of his attention. There is an old-fashioned tradition that a major conductorship entails civic and social obligations, knowing the community's musicians, schools, performers, composers, choruses, chamber groups, lesser orchestras, conductors; planning events outside the regular season; meeting with patrons, teachers, and union officials; reading new scores; altogether a full-time assignment. Were we to translate this new hegemony into other professions, we would have to allow that Harvard's prestigious president take over Yale and Princeton as well; that USC's football coach give Ohio State and Notre Dame the same benefit of his victorious strategy. The idea is to spread the glamour of success around widely. It simplifies promotion and bookkeeping. It's more profitable to inflate five reputations ten times over than to deal with fifty reputations at par. As a result, the bottle swells, while the neck shrinks.

Murmurs may be expected from cities that discover themselves with but a third of a maestro (the arithmetic having never troubled them before); from orchestras that will feel more demeaned than exalted in the depletion of what is their due; from other established conductors debarred by the new feodality; from the profession that loses all personal touch with its chosen leader. It means that regional autonomy has less and less meaning at the very time that regional artistry warrants it the more.

Finally there is the old cry for nationalism, long and honorably graced in the lives of Mozart, Weber, Schumann, Berlioz, Verdi, Balakirev, Rimsky, Sullivan, V. Williams, Ives, Villa-Lobos, and ever so many more. Has a people the right to its own leaders? Has native mastery the right to native responsibilities? Why there should remain, after generations of sophistication, any questions like these in the world's wealthiest and most powerful state is hard to understand. Our nation has justly prided itself on its hospitality. To be sure, in music the rapid growth from provincialism to professionalism has been due largely to the teaching and example of Europeans. But all this is of the past. A giant on apron-strings is not edifying to behold. The fast transformation from infancy to maturity has not been all salutary. Youth and young manhood have been fleetingly by-passed, which accounts for much that now is bitter, imitative, resigned, perverse and unsubstantial among musicians, as well as for snobbery, presbyopia, and gullibility among patrons. They, the patrons, consider the rider at fault, when it may be the horse.

How is it that America, than which there is no more musical people on Earth, continues to entrust its major orchestras and operas almost solely to persons from overseas? A less developed Canada or Latin America do not do this. Exclusion, of the kind we experience in all countries abroad is bad but exclusion of ourselves is worse, and that is still the order of the day every time a major post is created or vacated. Hoping only for a fair competition, the American is regarded with condescension, his letters are left unanswered, he is given no chance to show his powers. Unmanaged (and what has a whopping retaining fee to do with ability?), he is rated a bush-leaguer. That he may have brought a civic or university orchestra, chorus, opera, or festival to the heights signifies nothing beside the routine experience of having been chorus-master in Berlin, Wagnerian conductor in Schweinfurt, or assistant in Budapest. (to page 5)

I had lunch with Christine Rockefeller last week and she said no, none of them were

"I should mention that we are not composers-- we're just interested in... well, the sound."

-Cly Grillo, Erik Bauersfeld

I have a feeling that this piece will pop up unexpectedly on one of my programs in the near future. (Chopin: Mazurka op. 7 no. 5)

(continued from page 7)

How long would the medical profession tolerate giving over the direction of its hospitals and medical schools to all but Americans; the lawyers, the courts and law schools; the engineers, the great public works; the scientists, the laboratories; the ministers, the churches; the army, the commands? I will not say Americans would do better with our major music institutions. In fact I will acknowledge that our existing major symphony and opera directors are men of high calibre, and I would be ashamed were we to close our doors to them, in simple reciprocity toward the nations of their origin. But foreign excellence does not imply native inferiority. Is it nothing that the American knows his literature, history, folksongs, geography, speech, and song? For better or for worse, nativity must have its say and its rights; otherwise, owning the most perfect orchestras in the world signifies little. We shall run our own show, and let us then demonstrate to the world our prodigality. Let it be from the strength of mastery, not the weakness of servility.

Music must have a home to be at home. "The American imitations of Europe," said the philosopher, Alfred North Whitehead, "will always lack interest and vitality, as all derivations do." "Why do you not orchestrate more like Ravel?" asked the conductor, Fritz Reiner, of Otto Luening. There you have the tendency in a nutshell. Bred in an environment other than ours, perhaps more refined, but certainly not more vital, the maestro from abroad looks for similarities with what he has learned; or else, rather insultingly, expects native barbarities that are at best surface manifestations. We are neither English nor primitives. The dignity of American letters was proclaimed by Emerson in the 1830's. American painting has long come into its own. But American music's dignity has appeared only by accident, to date. We remain an occupied land, with all due respect to the occupying officers (the best of whom will not disagree with me, remembering it from their own national past).

To a man's feet his native haunt
Is as unto the tree the root,
If there his labor fills no want
His deeds are doomed, his muse mute.

-H. Ibsen

Opera, Our Cultural Stepchild

Were opera at home in America, there would be no need to speak of "American" opera. It would simply "belong" like engineering, science, industry and literature. We stress "American" composers, singers and conductors, because of their rare and anomalous position in our national life. The emphasis conceals an apology. We do so much for them because we do not do enough. Were they fully citizened, they would be taken for granted.

What are the facts? In New York is the Met, with half a season; also the City Center with perhaps a third of a season. Chicago has its Lyric Opera Company, largely an imported, not resident, group, with at most a fourth of a season. San Francisco now has the best company of all, but its orchestra and chorus alone are resident, its principals being borrowed largely from other houses, mostly abroad; and it functions as yet off-seasonally only. Meanwhile in West Germany alone, there are some 35 full-season operas.

Of summer groups, Santa Fe is perhaps the most significant, but such ventures are in the nature of festivals. Aside from these, and a few lesser undertakings, there remains only college opera, where excellence, however pride-worthy, reflects the absence of a true profession.

Now, as for the opera in English; is it not better to sacrifice the special qualities of an original text than to leave an audience in ignorance of the action and dialogue? This is a lesson all of Europe learned long ago, and which after generations we continue to resist here, perversely more happy, it would seem, to prove ourselves "correct." English was a good language for singers in Shakespeare's, Purcell's, and Handel's day, why not in ours? Operas have had texts by Goethe, Pushkin, Beaumarchais, Moliere, Dryden, Merimee, Schiller, Goldoni, Aeschylus and Shakespeare, all surely worthy to be understood.

At the turn of the century, Dvorak, the composer, said, "If the Americans had a chance to hear opera sung in their own language, they would enjoy it as well and appreciate it as highly as the opera-goers of Vienna, Paris, or Munich." In 1905, H. L. Mencken wrote, "there is no more reason why "Il Trovatore" should be sung in Italian than there is that "Cyrano" should be played in French or "A Doll's House" in Norwegian."

The bias continues to be nourished through the wretched translations commonly published, and by the garbled English often sung by otherwise very excellent foreign singers. These factors cause one to appreciate the remarks of a fastidious opera-goer—"I would rather not know what is happening than hear words that make me laugh." Without a feeling for the music of the language, obviously no man should be permitted to translate a foreign text, or stage opera in English.

It is we ourselves who will not venture to naturalize our opera. And so it remains an exotic, foreign luxury; something for intellectuals, snobs, and the diamond circle. Fancy hearing "Othello" and Falstaff in Italian, in an American theatre, with British and American singers, text by England's greatest poet. The better the performance, the more irritating the anomaly.

Paradoxically, the most significant native opera ventures were launched here by Europeans: Vladimir Rosing, Albert Coates and Eugene Goossens in Rochester; Boris Goldovsky in Boston; Jan Popper, Walter Ducloux and Karl Ebert in Palo Alto and Los Angeles; Ernst Lert in New York and Baltimore. Yet these pioneers fought a losing battle, not against popularity, but against penury. Their only hospitable field of action was the colleges, to which even professional singers found it necessary to flock to gain experience, activity and encouragement, paying the while for the privilege of doing that for which they should have been paid. I have seen more than one college opera production worthy of being put onto any of the world's great stages, where all (the orchestra, the stagehands, the directors, scene designers and costumers) were paid—all but the principal singers. Such a situation verges on indecency.

And yet some American singers are today the toast of the West German, Austrian, and Swiss opera houses, where they remain perfors as expatriates, by artistic necessity rather than choice. What shall they do at home for a living?

—sing along with Mitch, swallow skin lotion on TV, microphonate hard rock, or intone the Lord's Prayer in Sunday services—with, as a Los Angeles radio evulgateur put it, "music by Alfred J. Malotte and lyrics by Jesus Christ"?

Until we grant our best singers a salaried, dignified profession, at least in every major city, we will never be a first-rate musical people. The opera is their home, not the school. The concert will take care of itself, as a result. A century ago Verdi stated the case for opera:

"Now the theatres can no longer exist without government subsidy."

(cont. on page 5)

Secrets of an

Special to Marchear: Feb. 7, 1974
Pauline Oliveros has abandoned composition/performance practice as it is usually established today for Sonic Explorations which include everyone who wants to participate. She attempts to erase the subject/object or performer/audience relationship by returning to ancient forms which preclude spectators. She is interested in communication among all forms of life, through Sonic Energy. She is especially interested in the healing power of Sonic Energy and its transmission within groups. All societies admit the power of music or sound and attempt in many ways to control what is heard in the community. For instance, music in the church has always been limited to particular forms and styles. Music in the courts was controlled by patronage. Today such forms as Muzak are used to increase or stimulate consumption in merchandising establishments. Sonic Meditations are an attempt to return control to the individual alone and within groups for humanitarian purposes; specifically healing. Each Sonic Meditation is a special procedure for the following:

1. Actually making sounds
2. Actively imagining sounds
3. Listening to present sounds
4. Remembering sounds

Because of the special procedures involved, most all of the meditations are available to anyone who wishes to participate regardless, or inspite of musical training. All that is required, is a willing commitment to the given conditions.

Sound making during the meditations is primarily vocal, sometimes hand-clapping or other body sounds, sometimes using sound producing objects and instruments.

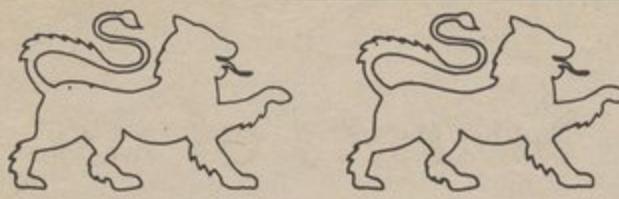
Sound imagining is accomplished through the use of various questions designed to trigger auditory fantasy.

Individuals are then asked to share what was heard inwardly, with the members of the group using any means to describe the experience. Conditions for listening to present sounds are intended to expand awareness of the auditory environment, both within and without of the individual.

Auditory memory is also triggered by questions and then there is a group sharing of these memories. Some of the meditations involve body movement as well.

Healing can occur in relation to the above activities when 1.) individuals feel the common bond with others through a shared experience 2.) when one's inner experience is made manifest and accepted by others 3.) when one is aware of and in tune with one's surroundings 4.) when one's memories, i.e. values, are integrated with the present and understood by others. In process a kind of music occurs naturally and unselfconsciously. Its beauty is intrinsically the effectiveness of its healing power. It belongs to the people who make the music by participation and sharing.

Indian



THE NEW MUSIC ENSEMBLE

John Adams, director

EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC FROM ENGLAND

Cardew, Wild Lilies Bloom Red As Flame

White, Autumn Countdown Machine

Hobbs, (new work to be announced)

Gavin Bryars, Jesus' Blood Never Failed Me

The Sinking of the Titanic

Experimental music from England will be featured on the program, and special guest composer, GAVIN BRYARS, will assist in performances of his own and other works written especially for the Ensemble by some of the leading composers of the English avant-garde.

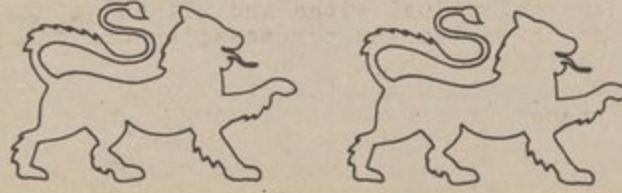
Conservatory Recital Hall

1201 Ortega Street, San Francisco

Thursday March 21 8:30

Friday March 22 8:30

\$1.00



Annex Players offer avant-garde

The Annex Players are offering Boston a promising showcase for contemporary and avant-garde music. In a preview last Sunday night at the Museum School, they presented a program of modern British and French composers in a thoroughly informal atmosphere that helped remove much of the pretentiousness that seems to surround such concerts. The brainchild of three men — Tibor Puszta of the New England Conservatory, Oliver Knussen, a young British composer, and Harold McAnaney — the Annex Players are made up of various musicians, mostly students at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Their goal is to present a series of programs to help expose the public to the composers of today. They would like to reverse the current trend whereby contemporary music is performed only at obscure college concerts attended by the music faculty. It is a commendable goal, deserving praise and support.

Also meriting praise was the high caliber of the selections and performances at Sunday's preview. The group played Simon Bainbridge's "Wind Quintet," composed in 1971 and noteworthy for its intricate sonorous textures; Sir Michael Tippett's delightful incidental music for Shakespeare's *The Tempest* entitled "Songs for Ariel;" Harrison Birtwistle's "Refrains and Choruses;" Poulenc's "Sonata for Flute and Piano;" and Messiaen's "Canteyodjaya." This last piece, an avant-garde piano work, was the premier composi-

tion of the evening. It was violent, almost savage music, relentless and compelling. Only its recurring thematic material and quasi-rondo structure, which provided familiarity among the turmoil, kept the listener from being overwhelmed by its power. An exceedingly difficult piece, it received a superb rendition by Guly Adjoondani. Also worthy of note were the performances of Kathy Edmonds, the soloist on Tippett's "Songs," and Peggy Freeman, the flautist on the Poulenc.

The most unusual composition of the evening was the "Variations on Five-Card Draw" created by Harold McAnaney. This was "happening" music in that cards were randomly dealt to the players, who then followed certain procedures in "playing their hands." More a game than a musical work, it nonetheless produced interesting interactions among the instruments and was great fun to play and watch.

The Annex Players intend to repeat this preview for their first public performance on Sunday evening, March 5, again at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts. They hope to continue presenting such programs as long as the interest and the money (which is desperately short) hold. Each should be a marvelous way to meet contemporary music; don't pass it up.

— JACK A. ROVNER

HAROLD McANANEY
is in town to set
up a west coast
base for the Annex

Players. WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA!

season

⑨

The S.F. Conservatory Players will present the SPRING CANDLELIGHT CHAMBER SERIES, seven Friday evenings of chamber music at Old First Church, Van Ness and Sacramento St., at 10:00 P.M.

March 1: All Baroque

March 8: Bach, Beethoven, Brahms

March 15: French Evening

March 22: The 18th Century

March 29: to be announced

Music for people who like Music.



*Piano and Voice Lessons
Beth Anderson*

654-1378

Sinfonia Alvarado

Ron Daniels

University of California Chamber Singers

Ralph Vaughan Williams, Serenade to Music

Carl Maria von Weber, Der Freischutz Overture

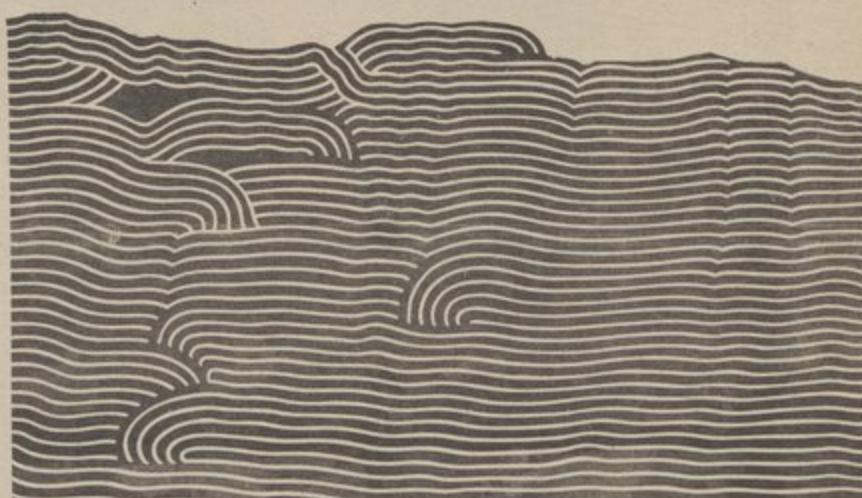
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Masonic Funeral Music

Antonin Dvorak, 4th Symphony

Saturday, March 16, 8:00 p.m. at

Trinity Methodist Church, Dana & Durant, Berkeley.

By donation.



fine music and books the musical offering 2433 durant
avenue berkeley 849-0211

©Getting a Grip on What You Are

Well, in January we tried out for a concert at a Large University in the Bay Area. Needless to say, we didn't make it: only two pianos were available, not three or (preferably) four. The judges, assuring themselves that they were in for something really outrageous when we appeared for the audition, were instead affronted with soft, unassuming pieces some even in F minor. Well the most shocking thing is when complacent people do not have their preconceptions reinforced. They expected some wild avant-garde music and got Satie, etc. (Satie is indispensable at this point in history: he always shnoys).

So, in February we gave a concert: Piano Music the Whole World Hates. We did The North Vietnamese National Anthem, Three Winter Potatoes (Cirdeux), Rêverie du Pauvre (Satie), Klavierstück 3 (Stockhausen), Mazurka Op 7 No 5 (of course Chopin), Bassotti, the exquisite Harmonies from Satie's Carnet d'Esquisses et le Croquis, Webern Klavierstück, Prelude (Ravel), some Pousseur, Caresses (Satie), Just a Closer Walk With Thee (A Negro Spiritual arranged by David Carr Glover), Berio's beautiful Wasserklavier and Spanish Gypsy Dance by Dent Mowery (using the ossia ending!). It lasted a half an hour. Rob Lind did the solo in the Negro Spiritual. You must know that people laughed, sometimes they clapped, sometimes they were mad: not unlike life. Some postponed flights to LA, some came from LA to hEAR. Even under the strain of the whole thing taking place in the music department at this Large and Famous University, everyone had a good time even though music is so terribly serious; as I know, you, dear reader, will agree.

Well, you all must know that we will be covering the concert of New Music given in late March at a Certain Large and Famous University in the East Bay. This music is purportedly written by the students in composition seminars at the aforementioned Large and Distinguished University, and we can be sure it will be marvelous considering the Famous and Distinguished Proponents of New Music who populate the faculty at this Large and Famous University that is so well known for its continuous support of Vital and Creative performances of New Music and Its Intelligent and Inspiring Composers and Their Students. We know that it will be a goodie in other words. Don't hold your breath but it will probably be reviewed in April.

Also everybody should stay up to hear Gandy and Susan Sunday nights on KPPA (right after Lesbian Air/Fruit Punch). They're really Communicating (unlike the so-called people with their Wagnerian four-electronic studio egotistic/infantile, ineffectual/intellectual artistic i.e. oppressive messiah oratorios when Chinese Youth Voice is not allowed its time.)

and this month's thought to ponder:

Ces deux tableaux peuvent d'abord être considérés dans leur fondrière opposition. Ils peuvent aussi être considérés dans leur relation. C'est-à-dire qu'on peut y voir, préfiguré, le mouvement d'échange qui pourrait se produire quelque jour, entre les classiques et les modernes. Il s'agirait de considérer, non plus deux démarches égales et de signes contraires, mais un cycle qui peut être figuré ainsi :

MUSIQUE ABSTRAITE MUSIQUE CONCRÈTE
1
2

La flèche 1 figure la réaction possible des expériences de musique concrète sur l'imagination d'un musicien se contentant d'employer l'orchestre habituel. On pourrait même dire que, l'imagination en défaut, le musicien emprunterait au hasard des trouvailles concrètes, comme des points de départ de sa réflexion. La flèche 2 représente, pour le compositeur concret, l'apport préalable des moyens classiques. Enfin, l'usage simultané des deux domaines et le fonctionnement normal du cycle apportent, éventuellement, à d'autres types de compositeurs l'aller et le retour devenu organique de l'imagination au hasard, des sons habituels aux sons nouveaux.

translations available from

J. 1616 1/2 La Vereda
Berk. Calif. 94709

JAN PUSINA WILL PERFORM MUSIC IN A 3 DIMENSIONAL SPEAKER ARRANGEMENT INVOLVING THE INTERACTION OF ELECTRONICALLY GENERATED TONES AND FEEDBACK SOUNDS. THE CAT'S PAW PALACE, 2547A-8TH ST., BERKELEY. 8:30, MAR 2

Chris Brown/ (408) 475-1357
Carl Fravel/ (408) 427-0824



Carl Fravel and Chris Brown are composing and performing a piece which lasts some 58 days, from February 2 until April 1, 1974. The piece consists of a series of "pulses" performed at times which have been calculated so that there is a regular decrease, by the ratio 60:63, in the length of the intervals between successive pulses. Each pulse is placed in the context of a larger performance. For more information, see the "Quicken 60:63" poster distributed around the UCSC campus, or visit the open journal of the piece being kept in the Music Building at Performing Arts, UCSC

Tues., Mar. 5, 8 p.m., Memorial Church: Alea II, the Ensemble for New Music, Martin Bresnick, dir. Music of Jenkins, Adams, Bresnick, Stockhausen, Duckworth, Heinke. Free.

AXONY

by Jim Nollman

"The statue sang. I heard the sound clearly, but did not quite understand the words. The whole thing was, of course, a hallucination. I saw nothing else of interest today."

-peer gynt-

Read on, and you will hear how all was in suspense, all calm and in silence; all motionless and still,

There was not yet man nor animals, flowers nor stones.

There was nothing separate, nothing to join together; nothing which could make a sound, nor anything which could move in a direction.

There was neither earth nor sky, fire nor water. Only the vastness of space and the eternity of time existed.

HURACAN: the sound of god not yet sounded, existed silently in the heart of heaven. And thus it was called.

And so it came to pass that the sound of god, HURACAN, was sounded from the heart of heaven.

The first age ended. HURACAN, the sound of god declared divinity and all the vastness of space and time shuddered in the darkness.

The sea was formed to echo the sound of god through all eternity. There was only immobility in the darkness in the night. There was nothing yet standing, only the calm and placid sea.

Tepeu the creator, and Gucumatz the maker were in the sea surrounded by light. The two were formed, of the word, and from the word of god, HURACAN, and thus it is called.

Tepeu the creator and Gucumatz came together in the darkness in the eternal night. They meditated, they deliberated, they agreed to make the light and the dawn. They decided to fill the vastness of space with substance.

And they pondered what to create to forever provide them with food and sustenance.

The second age ended. Tepeu the creator, and Gucumatz the maker united in the heart of heaven, HURACAN, the sound of god.

And thus it is called.

Let it be done! Let the waters recede to be filled by the earth! Let the earth become solid and display all the color of creation! Let there be light in the sky and on the surface of the earth. Let the light show the color and richness of substance. Earth, they spoke, and instantly it was made.

Like a mist, like a cloud, and like a cloud of dust was the creation; when the mountains and valleys were formed and the flow of water was divided to run freely between the hills. And as the mountains formed, so the groves of cedar and pine, buttercup and daisy put forth their roots deep into the surface of the earth.

The guardians of the forest and the spirits of the mountains appeared. First the small animals appeared, the crab and the wasp; and then the larger animals, the deer and the wolf. First one animal would exist, and then the next was created from the first, until all the moving creatures were formed on the surface of the earth and under the waves of the sea.

Yet no creature was able to sound HURACAN, to worship the heart of heaven, and provide them: Tepeu the creator, Gucumatz the maker, with food and sustenance.

The third age ended. Tepeu the creator, and Gucumatz the maker knew that there would not be glory and grandeur in their work until the one was made who would provide, and sing the sound of god through eternity.

Man they spoke, and instantly it was done. And so it was that they made the work perfect.

Friday March first there are two terrific concerts to go to and be with and I can't think of anything to end with except a preposition. Lou Harrison is doing his music at St. John's on College in Berkeley at 8 pm. Also, that night the Annex Players from Boston are doing a new music concert at the San Francisco Art Institute at 7:30. A good night for sound.

Linda Ann Collins will give a harpsichord concert March 31 at 4 pm in the Mills Chapel.



out now!
new improved **SUBSCRIPTION BLANK** same old price
to: B. Anderson, 991 39th St., no. 1, Oakland,
Calif. 94608.
Here's my \$6.00! Rush me an **EAR** every month for
the next year, if you can keep it up!
I am a composer — singer — listener.

name _____
address _____
city and ZIP CODE!
no zip, no subscription:

"Yes, this is exactly what we wanted"

EAR — a monthly, published and edited jointly by Beth Anderson and Charles Shere. Address all correspondence to: EAR B. Anderson, 991 39th St. apt. 1, Oakland, Ca. 94608. Make checks payable to EAR.

You're invited to TAKE A FRIEND to the big, free **EAR CONCERT** Thursday, Feb. 28, 8 pm at Intersection (upstairs) 756 Union Street in San Francisco.

The graphic scores were produced by Charles Amirkhanian, Beth Anderson, Cheryl Bowers, Tony Gnazzo, Bob Moran, Howard Moscovitz, Charles Shere and others.

The sound sources will include voice, harmonium, small percussion, tapes, and the **EAR STRING QUARTET**.

Pieces published in **EAR** are available for performance, but performers are advised to contact the composers, via **EAR** if you like. Articles and visuals should not be reprinted without permission from the contributors, whose names are available from **EAR** (654-1378). It's very flattering to see one's work turn up in various commercial places, but many of our contributors would require payment for the commercial use of their work. Others would enjoy the courtesy of granting permission.



→ Phil Harmonic & the Nu-Tones* cordially request your appearance for the
premiere performance anywhere by THE ROLLING TONES

→ Saturday, March 2, 1974 - Co-Op Natural Foods Store, 1581 University Avenue,
Berkeley, California, 9AM - 5PM.

* featuring your faves: "Blue" Gene Tyranny, Fred Rose, Whitley, Fey Clear,
Rickyold, Betty Cracker & the Crackerettes.....