

HISTORY
ISSUE

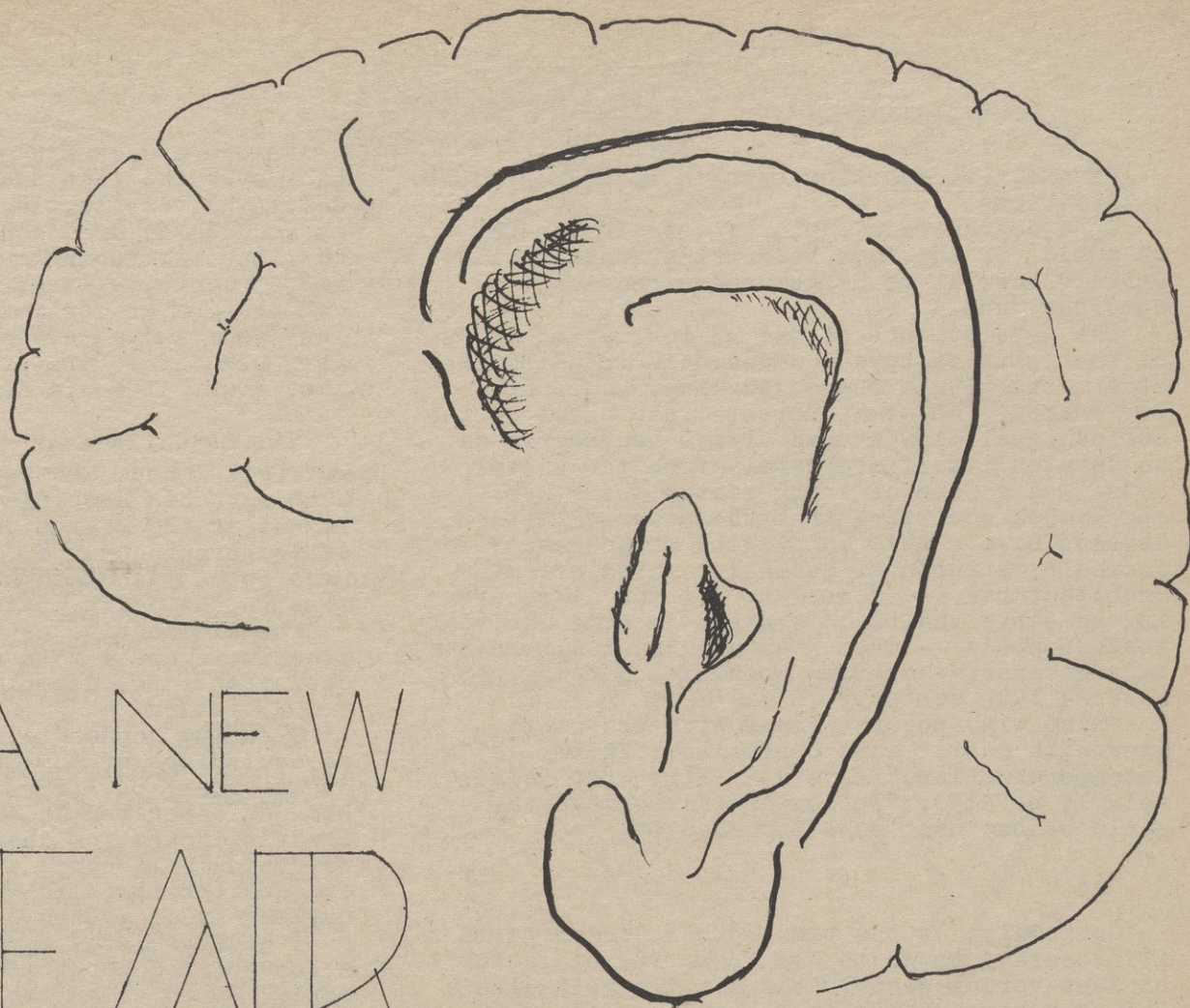
AVANT GARDE OF
THE SIXTIES

ERNST BACON
ON THE ESTAB
LISHMENT

A NEW EAR

VOL 3 NO1

APRIL 1975



Last month was EAR's third birthday; this month is our third beginning. EAR first began in January, 1972 with an embarrassingly optimistic front-page promise of serious, probing articles to come-- embarrassing because more honored, alas, in the breach. Anne Kish and the present editor put it together in a burst of enthusiasm and cynicism-- enthusiasm for the numbers of contributions we felt would surely come from the music community, cynicism in the face of the sort of coverage and commentary that community was getting from the commercial press. EAR was thought of from the beginning as a true alternate journal, one which would print music news of too limited an interest for the daily newspapers, which would correct (or at least puncture) the all too often pretentious and self-serving criticism available to the Bay Area, which would raise questions about the inner workings of the musical Establishment. EAR would also serve to introduce local composers to its readers, to steer readers toward the more interesting concerts. In its first four issues, while Anne was helping, the emphasis was on literacy and the prose was fairly conventional. One composer was introduced in each issue-- Lou Harrison, with his "Precision Piece" for Arion's leap in the first; Tony Gnanzo in the second, myself (in my absence) in the third; Loren Rush in the fourth-- or were the last two the other way around?

EAR is published monthly except August by Charles Shere, 1824 Curtis St., Berkeley. Available at various Bay Area outlets or by mail. All unsigned and many signed articles are by the editor and are his opinion only.

Anne Kish left the country after the fourth issue, and Beth Anderson signed on in her place. There is no way I can tell how much Beth has done for EAR and for me: Ear would have drained away long since without her. Her interest was (is) in less traditional areas than mine, or rather is more finely focussed on less traditional areas. The fifth EAR mentioned this, pointing out that the reader was likely to find more Fluxus in the future, and it seems likely that that indeed is the way things have worked out. Graphic notation became the usual thing, to the extent that standard notation became extremely rare in EAR. Likewise less traditional prose style prevailed, with contributions from Jim Nollman ("Axony," Interspecies music), unprepared "shorts" on correspondence art and rubber-stamp art, and the like.

Continued on page 2

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BEAT THE RUSH!

—continued from page 1

"Music," in short, was taken in its broadest implications.

To a degree this could be done in the name of music for the same reason that, ultimately, perhaps now, it no longer seems necessary to continue thus.

The developments of the musical avant garde of the 'sixties have succeeded in infusing the other arts with a new musicality. Sculpture, for example, in some quarters, has asserted the musical qualities it has always had so far as to detach itself completely from the visual arts. And a form of instrumental music has approached sculpture from the other direction, developing a static complexity whose beauty is formed by structural qualities which are more architectural -- "abstract," if you like, even in the sense that Bach's music is more abstract than Chopin's -- than they are "musical" in the narrow sense, -- meaning songlike, dancing, in short -- 19th century.

"Rise with poetry; stand with propriety; grow with music" says Confucius. "Poetry is interpenetration," says R.H. Blyth (in *Haiku*, vol. I, p. 315). "To compose is to make the world become one" says Stockhausen.

* * *

Curiously, at the time Beth Anderson feels it necessary to go to New York, there's a lot of East-versus-West in the air. There's also a lot of moneygrubbing in the air -- perhaps because of the felt approach of a depression, but more likely the outgrowth of too long and unrestrained (and artificial) a period of prosperity.

Artists everywhere, like everyone else everywhere, are concerned with their "rights" -- forgetting that they have only what rights they arrogate to themselves. (No matter how enlightened a system we develop for the distribution of political power and material goods, nature will go on being quite impartial, disinterested in our little success. The God who loves the sparrow must also love the typhus, Blyth points out.)

Healthy art must come from relaxed, dutiful and complacent artists. A starving Bartok, a hassled Mozart can exceptionally create in the worst of circumstances, but there is truth to the old-fashioned notion that suffering can (perhaps must) precede the development of character deep enough to create high art. J.W.N. Sullivan develops this idea convincingly in his Beethoven: *His Spiritual Development*. We have identified this notion too closely with the romantic temper in the last two centuries, and it is because of this that the notion seems out of date. What is out of date is the identification we make, thinking of Werther as the embodiment of it (or Berlioz, or Wagner). Basho and Christ are equally embodiments of the notion, for the whole concept of enlightenment as rewarding (or, better, simply following) "suffering" rests on the romantic temper brought to fruition.

(Brought to fruition: Werther is a truncated development. Goethe's ideal was after all one of equilibrium, participating equally in the "romantic" and the "classical" tempers.)

Anyhow, art has very little to do with getting paid, or recorded, or recognized, or even getting down to work. Blyth says, "Poetry is not the words written in a book but the mode of activity of the mind of the poet." Art, in short, is doing your work and minding your business, among other things -- and doing it in a way as to relate the little life to the larger one.

And music, to me, is the quintessence of Art, embodying it beyond words, beyond representation, beyond sentiment and pathos. And all kinds of music -- old, new, graphic, Guidonian, vocal, instrumental, participate in the same principles.

So where does EAR go from here? I look back over the last two years and find both a lot and very little. We need to continue to introduce the area's composers. We need to continue publishing music. EAR has presented two concerts, a wonderfully successful one in celebration of Gertrude Stein's centennial last year and a remarkably unsuccessful (but very beautiful) one of graphic scores, also last year. It would be nice to see that continue.

The Establishment needs to continue being watched. I hope and expect Fikret Yussuf to return with his Rectified Reviews. Such important issues as the Elayne Jones affair (the timpanist denied tenure by the San Francisco Symphony) need to be discussed more objectively than they were in the daily press.

The alternative establishment needs watching, too. There are six or seven orchestras in Berkeley alone, for example, all wanting funds, space and attention.

Clearing houses need to be developed. We need an equivalent of the Donemus organization which distributes, publishes and publicizes Dutch music, as described in EAR 5. We also need a clearing house for chamber music, one which maintains a library, a directory of musicians and auditoriums, and which coordinates existing chamber music groups.

I have resisted every effort to turn EAR into a nonprofit corporation eligible for foundation money. To an extent this has been mere laziness, but it has also been principled -- outside money brings strings, if only to the extent of reducing an organization to turning grantsman.

On the other hand, I wear a number of hats, and they take time. Teaching and writing leave little time for private matters and my own composing, let alone for so eccentric a hobby as this newspaper. So it's imperative that readers help. It's amazing how many musicians have told me of items they'd write up, and how few of them have been forthcoming!

* * *

In the next few issues, then, you'll probably be seeing such items as a reprinting of Ernst Bacon's "Advice to Music Patrons," an impassioned and accurate overview of the musical situation today; a series on the 20th century American string quartet; occasional interviews from my own files, like the Stockhausen one in this issue; and (always) articles about regional composers including catalogs of their music.

I hope not too many of the items will be from my own typewriter -- partly because (appearances to the contrary) I am not an egomaniac and the reader deserves better, and partly because it's just too damn much work.

However: EAR is not in a position to pay for contributions. EAR breaks even, but has never paid staff -- neither Beth nor I (nor Anne) has ever made a dime off the paper. It may be wrong to continue like that, but somehow money seems to me to thrust the wrong motivation into the thing.

Contributions of material are welcome. All copy should be camera-ready -- neatly typed in black on paper which will not reject rubber cement. Margins should be set to produce a column of this width. Copy should be single-spaced.

Copy may be edited according to my own standards -- which, I'm afraid, rule out four-letter words, because I'm old-fashioned. Some legalistic reasons go into editing, too. Otherwise just about anything can and has appeared, and I'm not hung up on linear prose styles.

EAR needs advertisers, to pay the printer. EAR needs subscribers, to put the operation on a stable base. Apart from that our needs are small: we've kept going because a few people think we should, and no doubt we'll continue until we stop.

-- Charles SHERE

Why is CALVIN SIMMONS' face hanging here? Because he put together January's great Mozart Marathon. Taking the idea from Renee Grant-Williams' 24-hour Messiah of last December, he sold Kurt Herbert Adler and the Opera Company on the idea, put together an orchestra, got all sorts of soloists (including Elisabeth Schwarzkopf!), booked the Curran Theatre and kept it up for 12 hours. A product of the San Francisco Boy's Chorus (like Charles Darden, just appointed Conducting Assistant in Cleveland), a protege of Adler's, an experienced opera coach who can start accompanying at the piano just about any scene of any standard opera at the drop of a throat-clearing, conductor with Western Opera Theatre, he has had a musical education right out of the 19th century German book. Now we're losing him: he's assistant conducting with the Glyndebourne Festival, taking Cossi on tour of a dozen European houses, and will spend the other half of the year in Los Angeles with the Symphony. Too bad; we could have used him. Oh yes: he is, in spite or because of his gifts, a great guy, too, with a splendid sense of humor and a quick and keen assessment of just exactly what's going on. You don't put a whole lot past him.



You should know that PAUL KALBACH will present a new work, LASSOED RAINBOW, at the Palace of the Legion of Honor from April 5 to June 22. The work presents eight electromagnetic mantras, one for each color and one for ultra-violet. One of the eight mantras will also be available at the De Young Museum from March 21 to June 22. It's all a part of the area-wide rainbow celebration sponsored by the De Young. Paul was associated with the EAR concert & exhibition of paintings and drawings as music last spring, and is a visual artist-composer-electronics man.

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(Settings of four of Lorca's death-poems.)



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(642-2561), all Macy's stores, and major ticket agencies.

EAR 13 printed Ernst Bacon's remarkable essay in an extremely confusing format which must have discouraged most readers from reading it. With this issue we begin a republication of it, serialized this time. Mr Bacon's remarks will strike many as conservative, with their plea for values which have often little in common with a Bicentennial Age. But at a time when far too few are concerned with first principles they bear repetition.

"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 unmoneyed individual whose dedication to an art opens the willing purses of affluence (as was Harriet Morroe 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 virtuosos 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 rurally 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.

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

Further instalments will include sections on "Civic Institution," "Opera, Our Cultural Artist and Critic," and "How a Major will appear in the next two or three conclude with a profile of Mr Bacon. We invite comments on this essay, and space permits.

Undoctored, the fraternity of higher education could not teach in a modern state university.)

Doctored, he will have spent his best years in than not antagonistic or damaging to his true artis

Un-"managed," any public career is out of the "managed" requires either large moneys or the very through management.

Un-unioned, he is checked in every direction; performing even his own music where unionized colle

Unioned, he is slave to the absolute dictation (the residue of J. Caesar Petrillo's unopposed, mus reign - somewhat ameliorated of late), for whom qua

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

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

If his self-respect or his purse preclude "sell way, he must withdraw from the field and play traitor nature communicative, not monastic.

What is left?

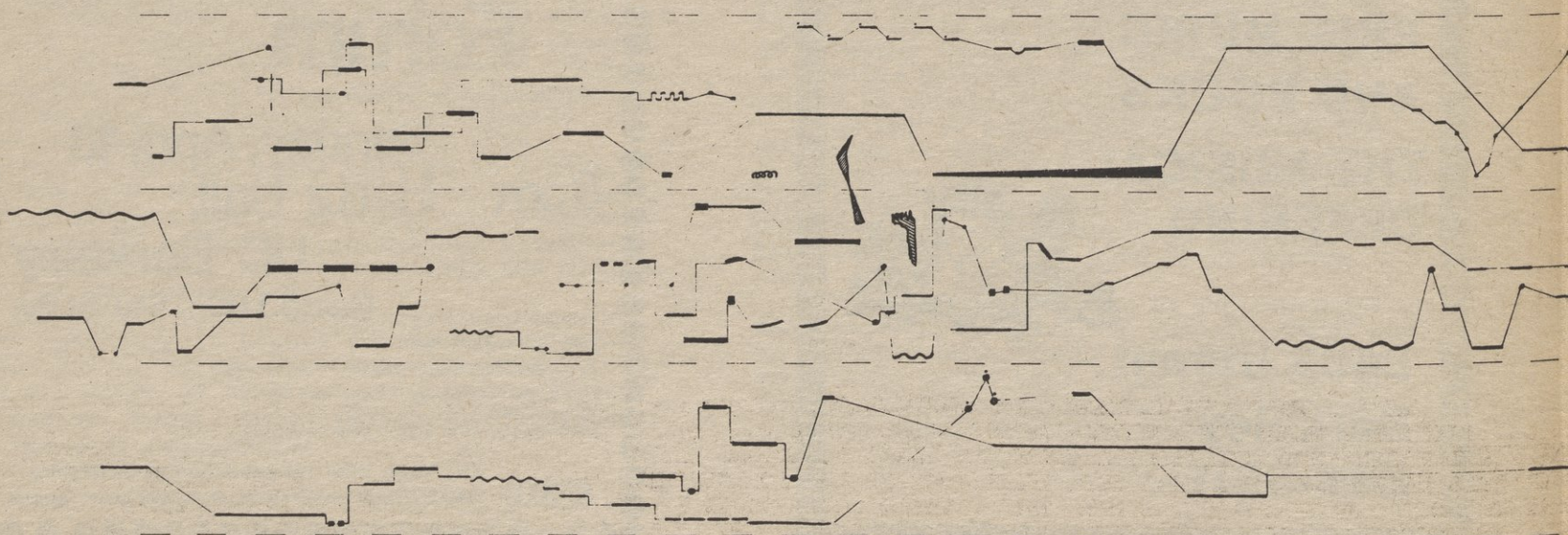
- The patron. Even in the art's better days (no size, and "perfectionism" with spirit, affirmation, beauty), patrons were essential. They are honored to proteges. But the old patron relied on his intuition intimates in finding genius. He made mistakes, but Better an occasional misfire than the pessimism gene the face of need. He did not entrust his benefactor oriented institutions, nor spread them about in egal support of unproven promise. He sought fulfillment. art as in his food. He recognized the aristocracy o with little, instead of little with much. It took i He knew the man, as well as his art, not presuming t other.

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

Compare, if you will, Mrs. Harold McCormick's ch to cover the old Chicago Opera's deficit of but a year stipend to Tschalkovsky, (totalling less than a tenth shed an exhausting teaching schedule for a few years, Not to belittle the former, one bows to the memo Metropolitan Opera, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the J their like (often their equal) in many cities are adm support. But what would they be without the masters? made genius, or was it the other way around? Is the Shakespeare, the laboratory than Pasteur, the cathedr Whitman, "How dare you place anything before a man?" minded, so mass-minded, so majority-minded, yes even forget the man who stands alone, who differs, who tak is as well as does, whose superiority is personality, recognize him, where others have not, is a special gl the means to overcome the hostility, the envy, the je (even of the radicals) of his profession raises the b

We need our great institutions of the arts. I a But their support should come from the state (nationa in all other civilized nations. They are as important they are education, the crowning fruits of the humani of what is spent in music patronage, spent in Congress have state support of the performing arts.

One great performance is worth a hundred lectures stood" or not, so long as it is felt. And what emotio textbook, a lecture, or a seminar arouse, by compariso



tions on "The Symphony as Cultural Stepchild," "The Career?" These sections consecutive EARS, and will and a list of his works. d will print rejoinders as

n excludes him. (A Schubert

n "research," more often stic bent and development.

question; though to be reputation he seeks to gain

prevented from recording or eagues take part.

n of a tyrannical prefecture scale-bound, thirty years' ality means little or nothing.

an arrogant, irresponsible

at a significant post, being

ling himself" in the approved or to his art, which is by

ot to confuse present money, and the health of frank today, along with their on or on the counsel of he made them out loud. erated by wastefulness in ons to impersonal, statistic-lititarian prodigality in . He paid for his likes in of genius. He achieved much involvement and mutuality. to judge one without the

n anonymity. As custodian in the lustre of dedication, finally, to quote Turgenev,

heck of a half million dollars ar to Mme. von Meck's modest n as much) enabling him to , and write his greatest works. ory of the latter. The Juilliard School, and all mirable and deserve every ? Was it institutions that library greater than al than Jesus? Said Walt We have become so corporate-minority-minded, that we tes nothing for granted, who no less than invention. To ift too; to endow him with ealousy, the conformity benefactor to unique heights.

am the last to forget that. al, regional, or local), as t as education. Indeed, ties. Were only a fraction ssional lobbying, we would

s, whether it is "under-on or dedication will a on? Youth - yes, age, too -

is tired of absentee afflatus, or second-hand revelation. Why prepare people for non-doing, when doing is the only real satisfaction, besides being less expensive?

Happily, we are not about to give up our many orchestras, or even our few operas - but we have just about abandoned our lieder-recital, forgetting that song is the very root of symphony, and surrendered it to the plastic custody of the recording (does anybody imagine that football would live on TV alone, without real games?) Since Jefferson, we have not had a President conversant with, and dedicated to, the arts. President Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy were friendly to them and raised our hopes, but the only tangible result was WPA, a relief program that withered with the return of an artificial prosperity, largely induced by preparations for war. As for Congress and the Legislatures, how many representatives have we had who recognize the performing arts as an integral part of civilized living, necessary even for the non-participant for their enlightening, stimulating, and solacing influence?

It is generally believed that giving is easier than getting - understandable in an environment that so favors acquisition per se. America has had great philanthropists, yet the state will soon tax them out of their benevolence. Now the patron distrusts his tastes in art (difficult enough in the present jungle of aesthetic anarchy). He dreads being taken for a sucker. He knows that the moment he opens his purse, he becomes prey to the sycophant, the charlatan, and the pan-handler. They fly to munificence like wasps to honey. If he overspends, he is thought gullible; if he underspends, miserly. He wishes to befriend greatness, not mediocrity. This is no easy course; for the superior artist will produce, rewarded or not, while the inferior produces only for money or position, and finds ample time to refine his solicitation. Begging, too, takes practice. Restating Benjamin Franklin:

"Believing that money will do everything for him, he turns out ready to do anything for money."

Between success and superiority there is little correlation. There are those who insist on being heard: in America, men like Frank Lloyd Wright, Leonard Bernstein, Hemingway, Roy Harris, Buckminster Fuller. But there are equally those who will not enter the ring if not invited: Thoreau, Miss Dickinson, Charles Ives, Poe, Melville (consider abroad Schubert, Purcell, Bizet, W. H. Hudson, Cezanne, Samuel Butler). What is usually taken for modesty - "hiding one's head in a bushel" - may not be modesty at all, but pride; that self-esteem that credits others with the perspicacity to see for themselves what a man has to offer. One man seizes and exploits opportunity to the full and another lets it pass, not recognizing it. A few had independent wealth: Goethe, Mendelssohn, Tolstoi, Byron, Cezanne, Proust, Gide. Some made sizeable fortunes: Rubens, Handel, Rossini, Verdi, Strauss, Stravinski, Dumas, Shaw, Puccini, Corot. More were poor; none more tragically than Mozart, Schubert, Hugo Wolf, Moussorgsky. Whitman could get no publisher to accept his Leaves and had them printed out of his own meagre salary as a clerk. The result was a deluge of villification. Only Emerson saw the power in these early poems. Emily Dickinson, although her father frequently hosted T. W. Higginson, editor of the Atlantic, then the nation's foremost literary journal, never saw a line of her verse in print. Melville, after publishing Moby Dick, possibly the greatest sea tale since the Odyssey,

was so traduced by the literary world that he spent the next decade or two examining passengers' luggage at the custom house. Charles Ives, though prosperous in the insurance business, was ignored during his active years by all the major symphony conductors. Now they all vie to perform and record his music. San Francisco had a notable group of painters during the Depression. Word of this never travelled to the East, where alone it counts, and the very names are today forgotten. How long must a man be dead to come alive in our annals? Post-humity has been known everywhere, but nowhere has it flourished as in this richest of all countries.

Meanwhile, every maestro from far away places is acclaimed as the redeemer of our music. Not that I don't admire first-rate conducting. But it is said that the king of modern conductors, Toscanini, once warded off a deluge of eulogies, after a stupendous reading of the "Ninth," with the remark: "Yes, but if I could only write one beautiful song." He knew, as Dr. Johnson expressed it, that "the chief glory of every people arises from its authors."

Summing up what patrons ought to consider: orchestral direction without outside commitments to management or to other orchestras (would you have Chicago's mayor take on Boston and Los Angeles too?) private support of the individual man of genius; the primacy of music-making over scholarship and methodology in higher education; governmental support of the performing arts; the rights of the American to compete for major responsibilities of direction; the separation of regional from Manhattan control of all branches of the art and its business; regional publication of music and records; a regional music journal (not slanted toward advertisers); above all, the will to build, rather than buy. Let the patron not stand above gratitude, possession, and dedication. Let him not overspend on unessentials; not even on essentials. Let him take heart from an Olympian master, Beethoven:

"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."

NEXT MONTH: RICHARD YEE ON CHINESE OPERA. ERNST BACON CONTINUES HIS ADVICE. WE BEGIN A CANVASS OF COMPOSERS ON THE POSSIBILITY OF THE STRING QUARTET. AVANT GARDE OF THE SIXTIES CONTINUES WITH A FOND LOOK BACK AT THE THIRD ANNUAL FESTIVAL. A REPORT ON THE OPENING OF A NEW CONCERT HALL AT SAN DIEGO, AND A REMARKABLE NEW ORCHESTRAL WORK BY ROBERT ERICKSON IN WHICH TONALITY COMES BACK IN FRESH NEW CLOTHES.

343

Violini 1 2 3 4

Viole 1 2 3

Violoncelli 1 2

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- 6 MOZART PIANO SONATAS Pt. 5, Robert Krupnick, Pianist
- 11 MOZART PIANO SONATAS Pt. 6
- 12 MARK KROLL, Solo Harpsichord
- 13 MARK KROLL, Solo Harpsichord
- 18 BEETHOVEN'S DIABELLI VARIATIONS Lecture & perform. Konrad Wolff
- 19 VERA ASTRACHAN, Pianist - Works of Brazilian composers & others
- 20 FREE SENIOR CITIZENS PERFORMANCE at 2:30 - same program as evening
- THE CYPRESS ENSEMBLE - oboe, cello violin & viola
- 25 THE DENNY ZEITLIN TRIO with Tom Buckner, Vocal. At the S.F. Museum of Art. S.F. \$3 & 2.50
- 26 CHAMBER ENSEMBLE - Bach, Brahms & Poulenc
- 27 MARGARET DILLING, Pianist - Bach, Brahms, Messiaen & Chopin

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Jeffery Levine has been in the Bay Area since 1972, first at U.C. Berkeley where he co-directed the Berkeley Contemporary Chamber Players, more recently at Cal State Hayward. A bassist, he has been playing in the Oakland Symphony Orchestra; he has also played in the Les Elgart Orchestra, in Gunther Schuller's 20th Century Innovations Ensemble and Arthur Weisberg's Contemporary Chamber Ensemble (with whom he has appeared on Nonesuch recordings of new music), and a number of other ensembles. He was a Fromm Foundation Fellow at Tanglewood in 1965 and '67, when he was commissioned for a chamber work; a Fulbright Scholar in Italy in '68 and '69, and studied at the Accademia Chigiana in Siena in 1970.

He has studied composition with Gunther Schuller, Mel Powell and Franco Donatoni. His compositions include the following:

- 1967: String Quartet; Chamber Setting #2
- 1969: One, Two, Trio (string trio)
- 1970: Form* for two pianos; Parentheses* for 1 to 8 string instruments
- 1971: Cadenza* for solo piano; Piano Concerto
- 1972: Clarinet Sextet
- 1973: Harpsichord Quartet* (with vln, fl, cl); Peaceful Vision for solo piano; Trigonon (2 vlms, vla); Pantomime I for solo percussion
- 1974: Opera Nove (in collaboration with 8 other composers); Divertimento for 10 solo strings.

(*published by Edizione Suvini-Zerboni, Milan)

At present Levine is at work on a ballet commissioned by the Oakland Ballet for performance this spring.

Except for Parentheses (1970), all Levine's music is in standard musical notation. He feels that the period of loose compositional process has run its course. He is uninterested in tonal or collage composition. Many of his scores look to be motivically constructed, somewhat like Bartok's quartet-writing although without his tonal base. Texturally there is a lyrical sense of line which may nod toward Boulez, offset by ensemble-writing which (at least in the Divertimento, 1974) may be more close to Xenakis--but Levine's music is consciously organized, in fact greatly precomposed, not "randomly" generated.

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Jeffery Levine's DIVERTIMENTO FOR TEN SOLO STRINGS was composed in 1974. Running about 18 minutes long, written to be played with a great variety of tone colors (col legno, pizzicato, sul ponticello--with normal bowing very rarely used), the work is meant to be played quickly and lightly. The piece is built on a four-note basic cell which is con-

tinually varied and expanded. Structurally it is through-composed. It is a virtuoso piece; scheduled for a premiere at next month's Royan Festival by an Italian ensemble, the performance was cancelled just as we went to press on account of rehearsal time being too short--any string ensembles out there want to take it on?

GUEST EDITORIAL

fiddle. If the word is, as the OED says, 'now only in familiar or contemptuous use', it is matter for regret, & those who defy this canon deserve well of the language. We all learn the word *fiddle* as babies, & at a later age when we find ourselves expected to understand & use another word for it we explain *violin* to ourselves as 'the same as fiddle'; it is a case of WORKING & STYLISH WORDS in which, unfortunately, the majority has yielded to the seductions of stylishness. Even now, *She fiddles divinely* (as compared with *playing the violin* in that manner) surely supplies a felt need; & as to the noun, a violin is a fiddle & a fiddle a violin, &, when an alternative is to hand, exotics like *violin* with accents on their last syllables should not be allowed to upset the natural run of English sentences.

-Fowler.

60s AVANT GARDE



Tom Constanten and Phil Lesh used to hang out together. They were both somehow associated with KPFA at one time, as assistants in the music department before Peter Winkler got there, certainly before I started working there in 1964. I met Phil when he played trumpet for a performance of "Camino Real" at U.C. Berkeley; later on I sat in on the composition class Luciano Berio gave at Mills, and Tom and Phil were there too. (Phil went on to give up trumpet and take up bass, which he played for the Grateful Dead; Tom went off to Las Vegas, got mixed up with the military somehow, and the last I heard was back in this area.)

By the time of the Third Annual Festival of the Avant Garde, about which more next month, there were already mutually exclusive groups of musicians working in new sounds of various types. John Chowning, Howard Herish and Donald Anthony had formed their Stanford-based group which specialized in Webern and the like. At one of their concerts at the Legion of Honor I asked them if they wanted to see scores. "Sure," they said, "as long as they're in a post-Webern style." They

also gave performances of Stockhausen, including "Refrain" and "Kontakte."

Steve Reich was driving a taxi in those days, recording conversations with his passengers for raw material. He had formed an improvising group, too. Georges Rey told me the other day that he played in that group, and so did Phil: I remember one time when we read through an early piece of mine, and it kept insisting on ending in C major, to everyone's consternation. ("In C" hadn't relaxed us all yet.)

Doug Leedy came along at about that time, and Steve, Terry and LaMonte headed off to New York. Robert Moran emerged as a significant part of the scene, first as a pianist, immediately afterward as a composer. The Tape Music Center pulled out of the Conservatory and set up shop at 321 Divisadero, a building shared with KPFA and Ann Halprin's studio; here Pauline Oliveros, Mort Subotnick and Ramon Sender produced a number of events culminating in the Tudorfest. In the next few issues we'll attempt a sort of historical survey of that decade.