

92. Bob Sheff  
 93. Paul DeMarinis  
 94. Juanita Oribello  
 95. Kate Sato  
 96. Mack Crooks  
 97. Peter Lopez  
 98. Jim Colgan  
 99. Maggie Payne  
 100. Marie Schiano  
 101. Joan Feldman  
 102. Jonathan Doff  
 103. Russel Frueling  
 104. Anne Crowden (Sonoma?)  
 105. (Jim Rosenberg)  
 106. Eleanor Miller  
 107. Joanna Brouk  
 108. Linda Collins  
 109. Denise O'Neill  
 110. Donald Aird  
 111. Tom Turner  
 112. Walter Winslow  
 113. Jane Wilkinson  
 114. Elaine Bearer  
 115. Ann Sandifur  
 116. John Bischoff  
 117. John Burke  
 118. Jack Briece  
 119. John Chowning  
 120. Leonard Yen  
 121. Randall Wong  
 122. Anthony Barbera  
 123. Jeff Doff  
 124. Robert Dickow (returning this fall)  
 125. Richard Friedman (gone to London)  
 126. Marc Grafe  
 127. (Peter Gordon)  
 128. David Gitin  
 129. Glenn Glasow  
 130. Gerald LaPierre  
 131. Neil Murphy  
 132. Herman LeRoux  
 133. Howard Hersh (Where?)  
 134. Martin Bartlett (?) Vancouver  
 135. Don Walker  
 136. Will Johnson (Sonoma) Petaluma  
 137. William Maraldo (Where?)

...are just a few of the people overlooked in the CDBAHBAC (see page 2)

Ernst Bacon winds up. The editor winds down on conservatism. Hugh Cebious puts in two cents' worth on music criticism. Bonnie Barnett meditates on her triangle. Robert Mackler varies the Eroica. Martin Bartlett talks back. We thank Martha Henninger for her help. The calendar returns. More directory.

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This is not the place to make any sweeping pronouncements about the future of European art... It seems to me possible, however, that the future of European art may lie in a kind of informed conservatism. An important element of informed conservatism already exists within the mainstream of modern art. The classic example, for me, would be Bonnard. It seems a little strange to think of Bonnard as a contemporary of Mondrian. Yet for all the apparent conservatism of his idiom, Bonnard is clearly one of the great painters of the period. His conservatism is not the uninformed conservatism of the reactionary, it is a conservatism chosen with a full knowledge of the alternatives. Bonnard's choice must have been based on the knowledge of his own abilities rather than upon fear of change or ignorance. His originality consisted in being quite capable of adopting visual innovations although working within a basically traditional idiom. A comparable figure in the world of music would be Ravel; when one is reminded that *Le Tombeau de Couperin* was written at a time when, elsewhere in Europe, experiments with tone rows were forging a whole new idiom.

This is the CONSERVATIVE ISSUE, in honor of the Bicentennial, and is edited by guest editor Hugh Cebious, who has published criticism in the San Francisco Chronicle, Opera News, EAR, the U.C. Graduate Student Journal and elsewhere, and who has just been awarded a Music Critic's Association fellowship to the Tanglewood Festival, whence he will report in September's EAR. There are those who think all West Coast EARS are conservative, but that's another (to page 5)

# EAR

## Opinion

JULY/AUGUST 1975 V<sup>OL</sup>. 3 N<sup>o</sup>. 4.5

After three years of publishing EAR, it occurred to me last month to mail out a form letter to lapsing subscribers. I don't like form letters, but they're practical. At least one recipient thought she had received a personal letter, and wondered why it seemed so distant: this is my apology to that person. Another reader suggested, in response to my reminder that EAR does not quite pay for itself, and that I have to make up the difference myself, that she wouldn't mind paying \$7 a year if that would help. It would, of course, but it wouldn't be fair. What we need is more subscriptions and a few more ads, and if you can bring them in, that will help a lot.

### S U B S C R I P T I O N   B L A N K

to Charles Shere, 1824 Curtis St.,  
Berkeley, CA 94702

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B E A T   T H E   R U S H !

# ADVICE

by ERNST BACON

The Artist and Critic

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 unction 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, Mencken, Downs, Redfern Mason, G. D. Gurn, 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 ennoble music through homage, by trying to "look kindly through the composer's eyes," in C. M. Weber's words, "by unraveling his secrets, and revealing him to himself."

But of late critical statemanship 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 filologist, 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." (to page 7)

## THE COMPLETE DIRECTORY OF BAY AREA & HONORARY BAY AREA COMPOSERS)

Names are in irrational order

1. Charles Shere
2. Bob Hughes
3. Janet Danielson
4. Lou Harrison
5. (Robert Erickson)
6. (Pauline Oliveros)
7. Robert Ashley
8. Loren Rush
9. Harold Farberman
10. Andrew Imbrie
11. Valerie Samson
12. David Sheinfeld
13. Terry Riley
14. (Doug Leedy)
15. Richard Felciano
16. (Charles Boone)
17. Javier Castillo
18. Janice Giteck
19. Richard Dee
20. Ernst Bacon
21. Peg Ahrens
22. Joaquin Nin-Culmell
23. Herbert Bielawa
24. Heuwell Tircuit
25. Jeffrey Levine
26. Fred Fox
27. Eleanor Armer
28. Don Cobb
29. Charles Cushing
30. Roger Nixon
31. Robert Gartler
32. Jules Langert
33. Julian White
34. Robert Basart
35. John Swackhamer
36. Charles Amirkhanian
37. Tony Gnazzo
38. John Adams
39. William Denny
40. (LaMonte Young)
41. Robert Mackler
42. Leland Smith
43. Jerome Neff
44. (Gerhard Samuel)
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46. Phyllis Luckman
47. Bob Bozina
48. (Robert Moran)
49. Paul Robinson
50. Allan Shearer
51. Cordell Ho
52. Olly Wilson
53. Tom Constanten
54. Wayne Peterson
55. (Beth Anderson)
56. Warner Jepson
57. Martin Bresnick
58. Kirk Mechem
59. Erv Denman
60. Paul Kalbach
61. Neil Rolnick
62. Betty Wong
63. Hsiung-zee Wong
64. Virginia Quesada
65. Ingram Marshall
66. Patricia Kelley
67. Barry Taxman
68. Jordan Stenberg
69. Phil Harmonic
70. Mel-Eric Morton
71. Alden Gilchrist
72. Alden Jenks
73. Peter Sacco
74. Ed Bugger
75. Paul Dresher

Charles MacDermed 76.  
Tom Buckner 77.  
Doris Rosenfield 78.  
Bill Mathieu 79.

*your name here!*

Allen Strange 80.  
Dane Rhudyar 81.  
Don Buchla 82.  
Art Lande 83.  
Roland Young 84.  
Paul Dresher 85.  
Michael Martin 86.  
Jim Nollman 87.  
John Dinwiddie 88.  
Mike Nock 89.  
Stephen Elliot 90.  
Howard Moscovitz 91.

(to page 7)

# What now? What the Experts Said

The trend is  
what matters, by Hugh Cebious

Ernst Bacon's comments on criticism ignore one issue: the use of the thing. If we could do without it, surely we would: at least in this area, most music critics have little to recommend them apart from their function. But what precisely is that function?

The chief value of any criticism is its ability to relate the present to its historical context, to examine the present in terms of its significance to tradition, to speculate on the present turn the arts are taking, on the possible social and historical reasons for the present state, and on the probable direction of things to come.

Criticism, in other words, is a department of the study of the present--the historical present, which includes the immediate past and future--and requires an awareness of the forces other than its own discipline which affect it.

Music criticism must be continually directed toward the composition, the score. The critic's responsibility when reviewing a performance of the Hammerklavier is to consider the performance as it represents the score--and as it represents the tradition of Beethoven keyboard performance. These are matters of specialized study, perhaps outside the immediate interest of the average concertgoer, but important to composers and performers alike, and consequently central to the performance experience.

Even if these matters are only marginal to the interests of many concert-goers, however, they inescapably inform--or should inform--that particular branch of criticism expressed in the daily papers. Readers of newspaper criticism need to know reliably what a given performance or composition was like: they read a newspaper to attend events vicariously. Critics should then develop reliably consistent biases if their reviews are to be helpful to their readers. "Objectivity" is impossible, but description can be written which is concerned not with the critic's style or personality but with the impression made by the event in question: this sort of description can develop a useful backboard for the reader to bounce his own personal judgement against.

New music must be judged on its intrinsic merits--but weighted on the basis of its relevance to the values expressed by the musical tradition at the historical moment. New developments, whether a reaffirmation of tonality, quotations of earlier composers, or further reliance on technological interests, must be examined for their inherent worth: do they contribute further to the growth and development of the tradition? Is their immediate appeal to a transient taste? Do they represent easy solutions to historical problems--the

crisis of tonality in 1910, for example, or the "problem" of the late Beethoven quartets--or do they acknowledge these historical brier-patches and continue the attempt to establish a path through them?

And beyond the immediate questions which grow out of the art itself, criticism needs to be aware of social issues as they impinge on composition and performance. Does public funding really affect the arts beyond the financial balance-sheet, as Charles Shere suggests elsewhere in this issue? What of the social function and responsibility of the symphony orchestra, the opera, the ballet? What is the place of chamber music in a community which must also express the values of other musical sub-cultures?

In addition to all this, of course, there is the question of the critic's own style, of his craft. Critical writing must be clear at the risk of giving up allusiveness--a point overlooked in my colleague's comments on conservatism in this EAR. The language is a precise and suggestive instrument, and its use, certainly in public media, confers a responsibility on the writer.

If, as we suggested above, there can be no "objective" criticism, whence comes the critic's authority? From his intelligence, his equanimity, his good will, his "professionalism." The critic who detracts is not to be trusted: his purpose is better accomplished by giving his readers their own material for judgement. The critic who asserts betrays himself as either opinionated or pedantic; only the most superficial readers, those who least rely on their own judgement, are impressed--however many may be amused.

The critic should know what he's talking about, of course. Quiet competence is recognizable, even in a daily newspaper. Unprepared, however, the best intentioned critic can be mistaken, and can mislead his readers. Disagreement should be acknowledged and answered: continued avoidance of it stifles growth and learning. It's too bad that most daily newspapers don't offer a format for second thoughts, for dialogue. The San Francisco Chronicle, for example, offers its music critics an occasional daily column for editorial-like pieces, but even there the opportunity for reflection on critical, not musical concerns, is rarely exploited.

Perhaps the critic's most irritating problem is the establishment of his own craft as an honorable, even useful one. "Re-establishment" would be a better word: there are historical precedents, as Mr Bacon has pointed out--beginning with Schumann, and coming down to such present-day writers as Andrew Porter, who makes the New Yorker an important music journal. But the craft requires dedication, reflection, a musical sensibility and intelligence--and restraint, preferably to the point of self-denial.

## TO A MUSIC CRITIC



### PIECE

for kenneth and pauline

Three people sit in a triangle. Locate a comfortable pitch whereby each person can produce a strong, resonant tone.

Focus clearly on the point that is equidistant in the center of the  $\Delta$ . Each one should see that point and reach out and articulate that point with his/her hand.

First send your breath to that point. Then direct pitches toward it. At first all three should send the same pitch (the one determined just after being seated). Movement away from this unison is possible.

The process is one of getting centered, finding your own resonance, and then listening. Through this intense attention directed toward the energy interchange of the three frequencies at the center of the triangle a whole, microscopic universe of sonic transformation becomes revealed.

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(BMB adds that readers can tune in to the tremendous amount of thought going on about the New Age and how to help usher it in by reading Arthur Rosenblum's UnPopular Science, "an unnatural book about natural phenomena," published by Running Press, Philadelphia. Now they owe me a copy.) -- ed.

## 4. FIVE PIANO PIECES after HANDLER of GRAVITY

© CHARLES SHERE  
1975

1. *d = ca 60*

Very fast  
staccato, pp-mp, some mf accents

2. *d = 88 ca.*

3. *Molto Rit...*

4. *dolce*

FIVE PIANO PIECES after Handler of Gravity is the most recent manifestation (did someone say "infestation"? ) of a piece composed in 1971 as a part of an opera in progress. That piece, HANDLER OF GRAVITY, is scored for organ with optional parts for chimes and glockenspiel, and was performed that year at Mills College. In 1972 it was orchestrated (3-3-3-2/4-2-3-tba/hrp-timp-perc/strings) with the title SOIGNEUR DE GRAVITE; in 1974 it became TENDER OF GRAVITY for flute (-picc.), oboe (-English horn), clarinet, bassoon, harmonium, violin, viola, cello and bass, in which guise it was played at a concert at 1750 Arch. Now it's a piano piece. Copies of any of these versions may be ordered from EAR PRESS, 1824 Curtis St., Berkeley, CA 94702, prepaid as follows:

FIVE PIANO PIECES: \$2.00  
HANDLER OF GRAVITY: 5.00 (12x15, legible)  
2.00 (7½x9½, study)

SOIGNEUR DE GRAVITE: \$ in press  
TENDER OF GRAVITY: in press

EAR prints a great deal of its editor's music because it is readily accessible. If you would like to see other scores by other composers, feel free to send them in - copyright them yourself first, with the circle C brand, and please remember our size limitations, and make sure they're legible - black on white.

To protect future rights, put a circle c, your name and the year at the beginning of the piece, thus: © Alban Berg 1975. To protect your rights in South America, add the three words "all rights reserved". This advice comes from Hamish Sandison, of Bay Area Lawyers for the Arts, 2446 Durant, Berkeley (848-2080), who stand by to help you. A future EAR will carry an article by Sandison on copyright, possibly on BMI & ASCAP as well.

# Zero Plus Zero

issue. As Christopher Finch remarks in the above-quoted passage from his Penguin book on the English painter Patrick Caulfield,<sup>1</sup> there is an originality which consists of making personal work out of existing materials, and that originality is as central to the continuing (and furtherance) of the musical tradition as is the originality of the experimenters.

The great problem with the concept of conservatism these days is that it has been confused with reaction. The conservator is not (necessarily) a Tory, fascist, mossback. In fact an honorable and healthy strain of American liberal intellectual is conservative: Emerson and Thoreau come to mind immediately--and Ives. This is a key to a fascinating part of the makeup of Elliot Carter: his 'conservatism,' his willingness, in fact determination, to mind his own business and write for himself. After trying unsuccessfully (of course) to please the audience (they won't be pleased, as a general rule, unless courted hard by a piece like *Appalachian Spring*), in Carter's words, "I worked up to one crucial experience, my First String Quartet, ... in which I decided for once to write a work very interesting to myself, and to say to hell with the public and with the performers too..."<sup>2</sup> Surely the attitude of a conservative man. (And one to be examined later, in the next instalment of our series on the American string quartet--an instalment to be called "Ives, Carter, Crumb.")

"It seems to me that tradition provides not only a way of carrying on but also a way of turning away. People not basically aware of the tradition by which they are automatically conditioned are always the most traditional--in just the perjorative sense they are so painfully anxious to avoid. I realize that what I am trying to do in music always remains in a 'restricted frame,' in that I try to write music that will appeal to an intelligent listener's ear and will be a strong enough expression so that the listener will be drawn to hear and grasp this music when it is presented by a performer who finds it gratifying enough to play effectively. It may take years for the listener to be convinced, but I believe that my training and experience as a composer enable me to prejudge a possible future listener."<sup>3</sup>

"[The First Quartet] really set the guidelines of what I wanted to do, and from that point on I decided that I was a composer with a training that had given me the idea of what a public could be, and had taught me to listen to the music I heard in my head the way a possible public might listen to it if it were played in a live situation. This was exactly my idea of what a composer's training really is, or certainly should be in every case. Of course it might not be the public existing at the present time--but if a composer's training is any good, he has the ability to hear his music as another person would hear it."<sup>4</sup>

It will be argued that what Carter is discussing is objectivity, not conservatism. But his view of objectivity (and this word should always send a reader to R.H. Blyth's great *Zen in English Literature*, ch. 5)<sup>5</sup> rests on the notions of training and communication, and both those concepts assume the presence of a tradition.

John Cage: "History is the story of original actions... Why are people opposed to originality? Some fear the loss of the status quo. Others realize, I suppose, the fact that they will not make it. Make what? Make history... That one sees that the human race is one person... enables him to see that originality is necessary, for there is no need for eye to do what hand so well does. In this way, the past and the present are to be observed and each person makes what he alone must make, bringing for the whole of human society into existence a historical fact, and then, on and on, in continuum and discontinuum."<sup>6</sup> (Boldface added.)

Elsewhere (in italics): "Beyond them (ears) is the power of discrimination which, among other confused actions, weakly pulls apart (abstraction), ineffectually establishes as not to suffer alteration (the 'work'), and unskillfully protects from interruption (museum, concert hall) what springs, elastic, spontaneous, back together again with a beyond that power which is fluent (it moves in or out), pregnant (it can appear when- where- as what-ever [rose, nail, constellation, 485.73482 cycles per second, piece of string]), related (it is you yourself in the form you have that instant taken), obscure (you will never be able to give a satisfactory report even to yourself of just what happened)."<sup>7</sup>

Ears: sounds, vibrations; discrimination: intellect, training; beyond-that-power: -- what? Subjective; objective; transcendent. Tradition is the mediator. You have to consider, when you deal with the mediator, as you inevitably will have to, Blyth's categories of Subjective subjectivity, Objective subjectivity, Subjective objectivity and Objective Objectivity. Tradition--what Ives would think of as Emerson's Over-soul--mediates between the second and third categories: just in time:

(For musical analogues of these Four Categories, try the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," Schubert's *Schöne Müllerin*, "Der Abschied" from *Das Lied von der Erde* and -- The Art of Fugue, say, or Webern's Symphony, first movement.)

\* \* \*

A few afterthoughts to this incoherent musing on tradition and conservatism--afterthoughts sparked by further reading of Carter and spurred by Hugh Cebious's piece on criticism, which justly chastises my all too often undisciplined writing.

Carter is greatly concerned with continuity within his music. It seems to him, he writes, "that for a work to be convincing there has to be a large frame established in which... the 'rules of the game' are presented. The deviations from the expected norms then must fall within this frame... while I believe that music should be continuously surprising, I believe it should be so in the sense that whatever happens should continue an already-perceived ongoing process or pattern, in a way that is convincing and yet also a way that the listener himself could nonetheless not have predicted before it actually happened. Thus my business as a composer, once I set something going, is to be sufficiently aware of the probable predictive expectations of the listener... to be able to fulfill his expectations always in a way that is both surprising and convincing."<sup>8</sup> (to page 6)

"The basic problem is that analysts of music tend to treat its elements as static rather than as what they are--that is, transitive steps from one formation in time to another."

These remarks are addressed to the nature of musical "moments," "events" within the structure of a musical composition. (And Carter goes on to state explicitly that his concern is not merely with "teleological," story-telling musical narrative: the implication is that it applies equally to Cagean music as perceived by the hearer.)

"To compose is to make the world become one," Karlheinz Stockhausen has said. "Das ist die eigentliche Polyphonie!" responds Mahler,<sup>10</sup> listening to bands, choruses and street noises converge, Ives-style, from the top of a mountain --and, yes, the exclamation does recall Jakob Schmidt's contented remark in the city of Mahagonny, while listening to a cathouse piano: "Das ist die ewige Kunst!"

But the social value of music is precisely that it can express the dialectic of non-verbal communication--and in a time when too many values are quantifiable, this aspect of music deserves to be considered more attentively than it often is, even by composers themselves. What musical moments are within a composition, that can musical compositions be considered within the continuous (but non-teleological!) tradition of musical history.

This is not to require that all composers know and consider the point intellectually. Art proceeds intuitively as often as deliberately. But the function and use of

tradition, and the value of its conservation both to society and even to one's own artistic and professional work, should be considered before manning the barricades against it too vehemently.

\* \* \*

notes

- 1: Christopher Finch: *Patrick Caulfield*, Penguin New Art 2, p. 51.
- 2: Allen Edwards: *Flawed Words and Stubborn Sounds*, a conversation with Elliot Carter: Norton, 1971, p. 35.
- 3: *ibid.*, p. 77.
- 4: *ibid.*, p. 36.
- 5: Blyth's book is published by Hokusaido Press. A paperbound edition by Dutton is now out of print.
- 6: John Cage: *Silence*; Wesleyan University Press, 1961, p. 75.
- 7: *ibid.*, pp 14-15
- 8: Edwards, *op. cit.*, pp. 87-88.
- 9: *ibid.*, p. 90
- 10: quoted *ibid.*, p. 102n.



Robert Hackler, whose piece for two cellists was mentioned in last *YEAR*'s EAR, writes of a new piece: *Variations II (Eroica)* for any number of orchestras, each of which, at its own time, plays the second movement of Beethoven's Third Symphony. He suggests five or six groups for a performance at the Oakland Coliseum. (It might be preceded by a string quartet reduction of Richard Strauss' *Metamorphosen*.)

This reminds us of our own *Epigraphes Nouvelles entre blancs et noirs*, set for several pianos. A number of pianists play various Debussy preludes, overlapping at their pleasure. The pianos must all be in tune with one another.

Dear Charles, Dear Beth,

I read your notices of my prize in the recent issues of EAR. In EAR West, Charles refers readers to an interview written by Paul Hertelendy in the Oakland Tribune; in EAR East Beth quotes from a press release issued by Stanford University. As both the press release and the interview have numerous inaccuracies, both in simple fact and in quotations attributed to me, I thought it would be well to ask you both to print the few lines that follow, just to set the record straight.

I have been guilty of a massive naivety in speaking to presspersons, and can see now why one might want to kidnap the editor's daughter just to make sure people actually print what you say...

Although Stanford University has a long and infamous history of disposing of teachers politically hostile to the prevailing ruling class (beginning with E.A. Ross in 1901, through Thorstein Veblen, Paul Baran, and, most recently, Juan Flores and Bruce Franklin) my own departure has nothing whatever to do with those political considerations. I was not in the 'tenure track,' but had a terminal contract as a lecture which simply terminated. It is true that I participated in demonstrations against the University, especially concerning its involvement in the Vietnam war, but I did not (as the Stanford press release seems to indicate) wish to move the University to a position of 'liberalism.' We'd hoped to actually change the ruling class nature of the University, both in its student body and in the larger community it serves. The struggle continues.

The Rome prize itself reflects the nature of the American Academy in Rome's history as a refuge in scholarship for generally wealthy individuals who would be in a position to personally subsidize the insufficient funding afforded by the Academy. During my interview I was told that if I did not have ready several thousand dollars of my own to fall back on, I should consider turning down the prize. (Perhaps the poor should not even apply?) I am still repaying indebtedness incurred by my Fulbright Fellowship to Austria in 1969-70.

In criticizing the Bay Area as a 'cultural center' I meant to specifically fault those establishment institutions such as the San Francisco Symphony, Oakland Symphony, etc., which trade and cash in on their reputations as centers of 'culture.' One may certainly add A.C.T. to the list, which could go on for some length. None of these organizations begin to fulfill their responsibilities to new art or the community of people that creates it. Charles Shere's list in the last EAR west is just one piece of evidence. (Reference is to the list of 91 bay area composers--ed.) The others are numerous, beginning with the whole absurd Yerba Buena debacle and the construction of a new Opera House.

The San Francisco Papers, the Examiner and particularly the Chronicle, have proved over and over again that they are incompetent to review, and dangerous to the health of new music. In that regard especially, I'd like to express my solidarity, as director of Stanford's new music ensemble Alea II, with Howard Hersh, Bob Moran, John Adams, Bob Ashley, Ivan Tcherepnin, Allen Strange and all those others, known and still unknown directors and performers of new music in the Bay Area. Despite several years of ignorance, mischief, and venom from those 'major' critics, they have kept on making and playing new music. A list of the premieres by the above ensembles ignored or damned by the 'critics' would demonstrate that there is a home for new music here, despite the best efforts of our local 'cultural institutions.'

I do not imagine that things are much better in the east, though the population density and a 'tradition' may help, in some ways, to put like-minded people in contact with each other. Still, the problem of 'culture' and whom it serves will remain, as long as economic injustice remains and divides us from our 'culture' and ourselves.

The two EARs, east and west, are a hopeful sign, especially when we recall that hearing is a creative act, one that can help to change our world.

Best to both of you,  
keep on working,  
Martin Bresnick

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, 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 Nikisch, 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 unessential, and there will remain more than enough for the essentials. Unhappily, the unessential 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."

*A sample of many letters sent to papers on public issues. I never know which take root, save with the Times' that has the country to let me know. I always start 1 per week and figure a 75% mortality.*

(ADVICE TO MUSIC PATRONS was reprinted in EAR 13 (March 1974) in rather a garbled version. We have reprinted it in three instalments in the last three issues. Bacon, who lives in Orinda, is a composer of conservative leanings, a prolific writer particularly of vocal music who produces almost an equal amount of work in prose—much of which is expressed in the form of letters to the editor of various newspapers. He says of himself: "I have felt no need to depart very far from the 'King Is English' to find scope for personal or 'original' statement... My affinities are not primarily with the noted 'experimenters'... such as Schoenberg, Webern, Berg, the later Hindemith, etc, but rather with Prokofiev, Rachmaninoff, Villa-Lobos, Bloch or Britten... Some people have called me 'eclectic', which says, in essence, that I honor my musical ancestry; that I do not have to break laws to be relatively independent. The Opposition, to which I surely belong, cannot cause me to agree with its formal dictates, which are, as often as not, a matter of fashion."

Bacon's FABLES for orchestra and narrator is scheduled to be performed next February by the Oakland Symphony.)

138. Ricklen Nobis
139. Henry Onderdonk
140. Wendell Otey (?)
141. Allaudin Mathieu (?)
142. Zes Tikey (?)
143. Lars Alderwood (?)
144. Jim Paltridge (?)
145. Larry Parque (not really Bay Area)
146. Leonard Ratner (?)
147. William O. Smith (Where?)
148. Eugene Turitz (Where?) ...
149. Peter Veres ("")
150. Sheila Booth (Half Moon Bay)
151. Vera Preobrazhenska
152. Alva Henderson
153. Anthony Cirone
154. F. Ahrold
155. George Barati
156. Dan Orsborn

And now, since nothing is ever complete without its explanation, a few words about the Complete Directory: for last month's EAR I listed about sixty composers just off the top of my head, then called C. Amirkhanian for another dozen, then Eva Soltes for 15 or 20 more. Since then Valerie Samson (whose piece for violin and piano, after Helen Frankenthaler, is one of the most promising pieces I've heard lately: I hope we can put a little of it in our next EAR) has sent another 50, and another hand added a few more. The Complete Directory is, of course, not complete: no list ever is. But it's a start, and since last month the S.F. Symphony has decided to bring its own list up to date — for what purpose one can only guess. EAR wants a directory with addresses, but has very few of them to date; please don't ask us for them. If you see your name here, and you're not a composer, let us know, and vice versa... What's a composer? That's the subject for another sermon, another EAR.

-- ed.



## Letters to the Editor

### America Today—A Guided Tour

#### To the Editor:

What do we get for our income-tax dollar?

To be sure, we still live in a constitutional republic, with elections and representatives; we have an army, a police force, courts, jails, an educational system; we have roads aplenty, canals, dams and the like, also a vast army of public servants. But what then?

A defense system that further threatens our safety and survival with each new instrument of "protection." (How do you multiply the zero of obliterateness?)

A foreign policy that has aided a dozen tyrannies abroad and repressed as many reforms.

A tax system that burdens the poor and shelters the rich (the oil scandal is but one example).

A well-intended welfare program which forgets the distinction between need and parasitism.

A colossus of government employees. (Have the functions of the State Department, for example, multiplied since Washington's Presidency by 20,000, as statistics would indicate?)

A bonanza for all who would pillage the land and its soul, indifferent to future well-being and present sensibility—lumbermen, auto and road builders, oil, coal, power and mining potentates.

A bonanza likewise for those who have pre-empted the air waves and vulgarized what could be the greatest instrument of entertainment, culture and information since the invention of printing.

A court structure that delays justice till crimes are sunk into oblivion; that condones the foulest murder as dementia; that favors the lawyer over the person on trial; that is feared by the victim of crime no less than the culprit.

A lobby system that permits the manifold refinements of bribery and blackmail, a blight on legislative integrity.

An elective system so costly that only the rich or those committed to power and wealth can afford office.

A prison system that costs the taxpayer more per inmate than the average citizen's income and in which, through union objection, every useful, compensatory public service is prevented.

A Treasury that saddles our children's children and grandchildren with the largest debt in world history; that debases our currency to the eventual pauperization of all pensioners, retirees and older folk.

A war that will not stop, though loathed by enemy, ally and ourselves alike; whose cost and residue of hatred a century will not erase.

A barrage of unprecedented lying by men in high office, charitably termed "credibility gap."

How are we to feel then about giving our hard-saved dollars to a Government of which the guiding principle is waste, of which the leaders seem to have the courage only of their hypocrisy?

ERNST BACON,  
Orinda, Calif., April 10, 1972

'A long sinuous  
descent toward  
enfeeblement...'

Friday, Aug 1: Frank Zappa, Paramount, Oak., 8pm

Aug 1 Frank Zappa, Paramount, Oak., 8pm!  
Electronic music, Cat's Paw, 8:30  
Ernestine Riedel Chihuara, Tomoko Hagiwara: vln sonatas  
by Prokofiev, Franck; Old 1st, 10 pm

Aug 2 Zappa rpt at Paramount  
Jan Pusina electronics, Cat's Paw, 8:30  
Canin, Salgo & co play Mozart, Hindemith, Siegfried  
Idyll, Haydn 67; Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, 3:30

Aug 3 Zappa rpt at Paramount  
Canin, Salgo & co rpt at Masson  
Roger Nyquist, organ, Hertz Hall, 8 pm  
James Welch, organ, Memorial Church, Stanford, 5 pm  
Ann Hoffman, guitar: Villa-Lobos, Sor et al.; Church of  
Advent, 261 Fell St SF, 7:30

Aug 5 Chinese Classical music with Lui Pui-yuen & Lou Harrison; Old 1st, 8pm

Aug 8 Stanford Summer Chorus, Amer. & contemporary music; Dinkel-  
spiel Aud., 8pm  
The Ockeghem Choir, old 1st, 10pm

Aug 10 Josquin Missa Pange Lingua & Gabrieli, Schutz, Dowland:  
Church of the Advent, 7:30

Aug 12 Indonesian music & dance, shadow puppet: old 1st, 8pm  
Dane Ake: Sigh-Reen, Si-reen: university museum, UC Berk.,  
2 pm

Aug 15 NY Recorder Workshop, OMA 8pm  
SF Sym, Klaus Tennstedt cond. Beethoven 9th; Concord  
Pavilion, 8 pm

John Khor, piano: Haydn, Mozart; old 1st, 10pm

Aug 16 Cabrillo Festival opens (see box)  
SF Sym: Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Respighi etc, CP 8pm

Aug 17 David Wilkinson, Alan Bostrom: JS Bach, Boismortier,  
Couperin; Church Advent, 7:30

Aug 22 SFSym, de Waart cond: Brahms P Con 2, Sym 4: CP 8pm

Aug 23 SFSym, de Waart: Tell overture, Sym Fantastq, Marilyn  
Horne arias; CP 8pm

Salon music at Sheraton-Palace Hotel, SF, 3pm

Aug 24 Schola Sine Nomine sings Gregorian chant, Ch Advent 7:30

Aug 26 The Brass Band, OMA, noon (I think) (4pm, etc.)

Aug 27 SFSym, Ozawa, new piece by Kei Anjo, Toshi Ichianagi, Naazumi Yamamoto; Concord Pav 8pm

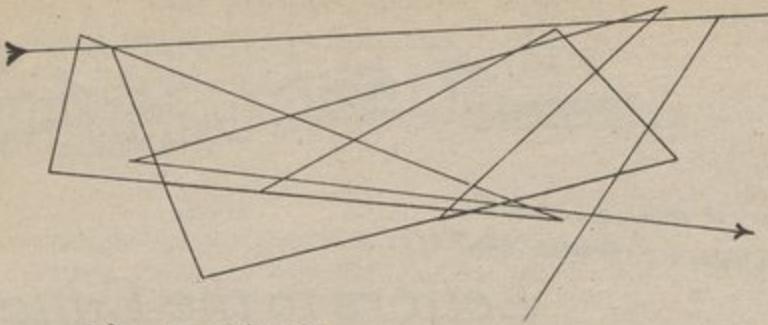
Aug 29 Fiedler, SFSym, Paramount, 8pm  
Marijene Malm, John Ponce de Leon, piano 4hands: Schumann,  
Debussy, Dvorak (but where?)

Aug 31 E. Thompson Bingley, organ, with chor; Tudor, Victorian  
& 20th c music, Church of the Advent

Sept 1 Baroque music, old 1st, 10 pm

Cat's Paw: 2547a 8th st, Berkeley Hertz: UC Berkeley  
Old 1st Church, Van Ness at what, SF OMA: Oakland Museum  
Church Advent: 261 Fell St, SF CP: Concord Pavilion

Recommendations: ↗ for repertoire, ↓ for performers



Solo with ambience.

(When you hear an intersection, begin. Proceed until you hear a  
change of direction. If you come to the arrow, continue;  
otherwise you'll run out.)

Every now and then, just in time, I'm reminded of why I don't trust non-profit status, grants, and so on. The second issue of *Intermedia* -- a new quarterly of scores, articles, poems, and so on, about which more elsewhere in another EAR -- mentions, in its lead piece, that it had wanted to print an editorial on the currently proposed legislation in California regarding the dissemination of State money for the arts, until its editors read their non-profit articles of incorporation to the effect that "No substantial part of the activities of this corporation shall consist of carrying on propaganda, or otherwise attempting to influence legislation..." "Right now," the editors of *Intermedia* feel constrained to explain, "we're dependent on tax-free money - until such time as we're not, we again discover that, no matter which way you turn, they control you."

A free press must be free, even if it's only an EAR.

## CABRILLO MUSIC FESTIVAL

Aug 14 music by Keith Jarrett, Louis Ballard, Garret List and Haydn, 7:30, Margarita's Can-  
tina (where's that?)

Aug 15 Corelli Concerto Grosso op 6/4, Cowell  
"Persian Set," Jarrett "In the Cave, In the  
Light", Haydn 98; Cabrillo, 8:30

Aug 16 Mozart Serenade 12, Gounod Petite Sym-  
phonie, List new work; Duck Island, Sta Cruz,  
2 p.m. At Cabrillo, 8:30, Ornette Coleman  
"Jojouka," Amirkhanian "Text-Sound" with vis-  
uals, Hughes "Cones" for orch., Marshall "Tour-  
ist Songs," List Orchestral Etudes, Gnazzo  
"Compound Skill Fracture."

Aug 17 Haydn 78, Milhaud Chansons de Ronsard,  
Jarrett "Metamorphosis," Schubert Sym. 3;  
Cabrillo, 8:30

Aug 21 Gary Smart "Diario de un Papagayo,"  
Nguyen Thien-Dao "Tuyen Lua," Berio Sequenza  
V, Bolcom "Commedia," Cabrillo, 7:30

Aug 22 Haydn Sym 7, List Songs, Mendelssohn  
Sym. 3; Cabrillo, 8:30

Aug 23 American Indian music with Louis Ballard,  
Cabrillo, 8:30

Aug 24 1-7 pm fiesta with puppets, Berkeley  
Chamber Singers, soloists, food &c; San Juan  
Batista. At 7:30 in the SJB Mission, Ballard's  
"Ishii," Haydn Mass in Time of War.

This is Dennis Russell Davies' second year as director of the Cabrillo Festival, which was established by Gerhard Samuel in 1963. It will be noted that a number of new works are being presented: the majority of performances are by contemporary composers, with just enough Haydn to sweeten the pot--at least that's probably the hope. A disappointingly small number of our own composers are represented, however. Davies is from Minnesota. The Aug 16 evening concert, his gesture to local composers, was arranged by Charles Amirkhanian. For the first time, no work by Lou Harrison is scheduled: a very disappointing break in tradition. (Lou's home is in Aptos, the location of Cabrillo College.) Keith Jarrett is a jazz/improvisational pianist-composer; Louis Ballard a Quapaw-Cherokee composer; Garrett List a New York avant gardist; Thien-Dao is Vietnamese. Is a little bit of radical chic in evidence?

"(It seems obvious to me that we have) nothing else to do but to grasp the global nature of our future if we're going to survive at all, let alone function with any grace. My own feeling is that this is where music and musicians come in because music and literature -- great music and great literature -- is at one and the same time extraordinarily local and absolutely universal... Musicians know the universal quality of humankind probably better than anybody... So let me simply say that in your music and in your lives as musicians, you will bring to the world what I think we all so desperately need: a sense of what's universal in humankind and a sense of what is absolutely beautifully unique in every individual..."

--William Sloane Coffin, Jr., in the 1974 commencement address at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music

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