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Jazz & Foreign Reaction

France

Darius Milhaud and Jazz

Milhaud's name is well known in classical music circles. He was a member of *Les Six* a French group of very influential composers in the early 20th century. Milhaud was one of the most prolific composers of the century. But his acceptance of American jazz elements in his music may not be as well known. The best example of his use of jazz elements can be seen in his jazz ballet *La Creation du monde* written in 1923.

Milhaud was born in Aix-en-Province on September 4, 1892. He showed an interest in music when at three years old his mother heard him play a song on the piano that he had earlier heard. But it was not until he was seven that he was given formal musical education and was taught the violin. At fourteen he played in his teacher's string quartet. Attending the Paris Conservatoire he became interest more in composition then playing violin. After about 5 years in the Paris community of the arts he made a trip to Brazil to be a secretary to his future librettist Paul Claudel. He stayed in Brazil for 8 months (Feb.1917 to Nov.1918, then returned to Paris. While he was away a new musical movement was taking place. Soon he was included in the "Les Six," a progressive group of French composers. From his influence of Brazilian rhythms his "Le Boeuf sur le toit" was premiered in 1920 in London. While in London in 1920 he heard an American band and began a lifelong infatuation with jazz. In 1922 he traveled to America and began 'haunting' the dance halls and entertainment establishments of Harlem. He recalls, "In some shows the singers were accompanied by flute, clarinet, trumpets, trombone, and a large percussion section, and piano. In two shows he attended he heard the songs "Sweet Georgia Brown," and "Mammy." He returned to Paris and in 1923 we had the premier of "La creation du monde."

The Creation of the World

This ballet is said to be the first example of 'Third Stream music (a classical piece influenced by jazz). Of the composition Milhaud said, "I had the

opportunity I had been waiting for to use those elements of jazz to which I had devoted so much study."

The piece was written some 2 to 3 years before Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." In "A Listener's Guide to the Recordings," we read:

"The classical feeling' of "Creation" is most obvious in the introduction, which has a way of sounding like a modern Bach aria as it takes shape over a slow, relaxed 'walking bass." (Sic: a term used by jazz musicians by a string bass player playing 4 notes per measure in 4/4 meter.) A solo saxophone, then, as now, an unusual component in symphonic ensembles (Sic – but not in jazz ensembles) strikes up a melancholy tune that draws an energetic rejoinder from a pair of trumpets and a side drum. Prodded further by glissandos from the trombone (Sic: another jazz element), the music twice rises to very loud and then sinks back to very soft. The buoyant sounds of a reinforced percussion section (side drum, tambourine, bass drum timpani) launch the first number of the ballet. There are overtones of Dixieland in this exuberant dance, and the handling of the wind instruments suggest that Milhaud was not unfamiliar with the art of the tail-gate band, the small outfit of instrumentalists who rode in the truck for Parades. (Sic: this percussion section is reminiscent of percussion sections in the jazz music of the 1920s that featured a huge percussive instrumentation). The instrumentation of this work is for 18 instruments.

A long descending run in flutes and clarinets leads into the misty rhythms of the second number. A solo flute recalls the melancholy theme first played by the saxophone in the introduction, and it is answered by a slow blues melody in the oboe – a tune that is also taken up by the French horn. A swift change of pace brings on a frenetic and cheerfully dissonant cakewalk of the minstrel days – a dance in which the piano and percussion play a prominent part.

The quiet postlude to this section is followed by the 4th part and anew syncopated rhythm of Latin American antecedents. (Sic: Probably from his stay in Brazil) The solo clarinet sees this choppy dance as a chance to demonstrate his acrobatic virtuosity in the higher register. An oboe briefly steps into his place as a soloist, but the ensuing exchange of melodic ideas is interrupted by a fierce "breakdown" of winds and percussion – wood blocks and metal blocks, cymbals drums and tympani. To paraphrase Milhaud: "Against the beat of the drums the melodic lines crisscross in a breathless pattern of broken and twisted rhythms. The concluding mood is romantic, even sentimental, and the final measures are a temblors echo (heard through a French distorting prism) of the famous entertainer's cadence best know as "good-eve-ning-friends" though in this case its significance must be taken to read, "Good-mor-ning-world!"

So, once again, "La Creation du Monde" does not qualify as jazz; it is not improvisational; although syncopated, it does not swing; and its 'blues notes" (flatted 3rd, 5th and 7th) are employed somewhat rigidly and in a formulaic manner. Nonetheless, in addition to being a popular and time-tested ballet score, it is a delightful concert piece, and it represents the introduction of the principle in what was to become a continuing courtship between classical music and jazz". – J. Robert Bragonier

In this essay we can see the elements of jazz that were included in the style of this piece. Many people think that jazz must be improvised and that improvising was the only thing that makes a piece of performance jazz. They do not consider any written music, such as big band arrangements, jazz. I do think that jazz can be written and played. Jazz had become a style and not just an improvisational technique. We know that improvising was used in music since its beginning and each era of music contained this technique, some more then others. Early jazz had no solo improvised sections but what was termed 'collective improvising' that did not conform to any rules of counterpoint. Milhaud used many styles of jazz and various instruments that were associated with early jazz. He also used different styles of jazz influenced techniques – cakewalks (which the familiar rhythm of 8th, quarter and 8th rhythm pattern was indeed a syncopated rhythm) and his attempt at Dixieland jazz. But as jazz is said to 'swing' classical attempts do not seem to include this element. Marches have a steady rhythm with little use of nuances in rhythm. We see this in other classical works the use of jazz; as in the French jazz trombonist Vauchant's writing and origin of Ravel's trombone solo in Bolero - which doesn't 'swing.' When jazz became popular and everyone wanted to have it played at dances outside of New Orleans, we find the beginning of written jazz so that regular dance orchestras could play this new concept of dance music. It might be pointed out at this time that jazz at its beginning was dance music without improvised solos.

Milhaud's instrumentation: 2 flutes, oboe, 2 clarinets, bassoon, alto saxophone, French horn, 2 trumpets, trombone, timpani, 1 percussion, piano, 2 violins, I violincello and I string bass.

In his autobiography, Milhaud gives an account of writing the piece:

" As soon as I came back from the United States (in 1922), I got in touch with Femand Leger and Blaise Cendrars, with whom I was to work on a new ballet for Rolf de Mare. Cendrars chose for his subject the creation of the world, going for his inspiration to African folklore, in which he was particularly deeply verse. We would set out from the little restaurant in the rue de Belleville, famous for its tripe, where we had had dinner, and make our way to the rue de Lappe. From every café came the sounds of the accordion, sometimes accompanied by the clarinet, cornet, the trombone, or the violin. Men wearing caps and soft-colored shirts, with a bright-hued muffler wound round their throats, danced with their pleasant-faced girls, so well trained that they would never consent to dance with anyone else. Their 'man' paid for the right to dance, handing the money to the lessee of the dance hall, who went about among the couples constantly repeating the words '"Passons la monnnaie! (Pay up, please!), dropping the coins into a broad pouch she wore slung round her shoulder…During our explorations Leger, Cendrars, and I were working out the details of our ballet. Leger wanted to adapt primitive Negro art and paint the deep-curtain and the scenery with African divinities expressive of power and darkness. He was never satisfied that his sketches were terrifying enough. He showed me one for the curtain, black on a

dark brown background, which he had rejected because it was too bright and 'pretty-pretty." He would have liked to use skins representing flowers, trees, and animals of all kinds, which would have been filled with gas and allowed to fly up into the air at the moment of creation, like so many balloons. This plan could not be adopted because it required a complicated apparatus for inflating them in each corner of the stage, and the sound of the gas would have drowned out the music…At last in La Creation du Monde I had the opportunity I had been waiting for to use those elements of jazz to which I had devoted so much study. I adopted the same orchestra as used in Harlem, seventeen solo instruments, and I made wholesale use of the jazz style to convey a purely classical feeling.

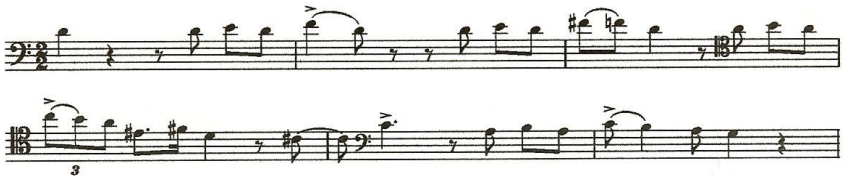
I wrote La Creation in the new apartment I had just taken at 10 boulevard de Clichy…through the open windows came the blaring of the Limonaires, shots from the shooting-galleries, and the growls of wild beasts from the menageries, for the fete de Montmartre had been in full swing since the beginning of June.

A few weeks afterward the Ballets Suedois gave the first performance of La Creation du Monde…The critics decreed that my music was frivolous and more suitable for a restaurant or a dance hall than for the concert hall. Ten years later the selfsame critics were discussing the philosophy of jazz and learnedly demonstrating that La Creation was the best of my works."

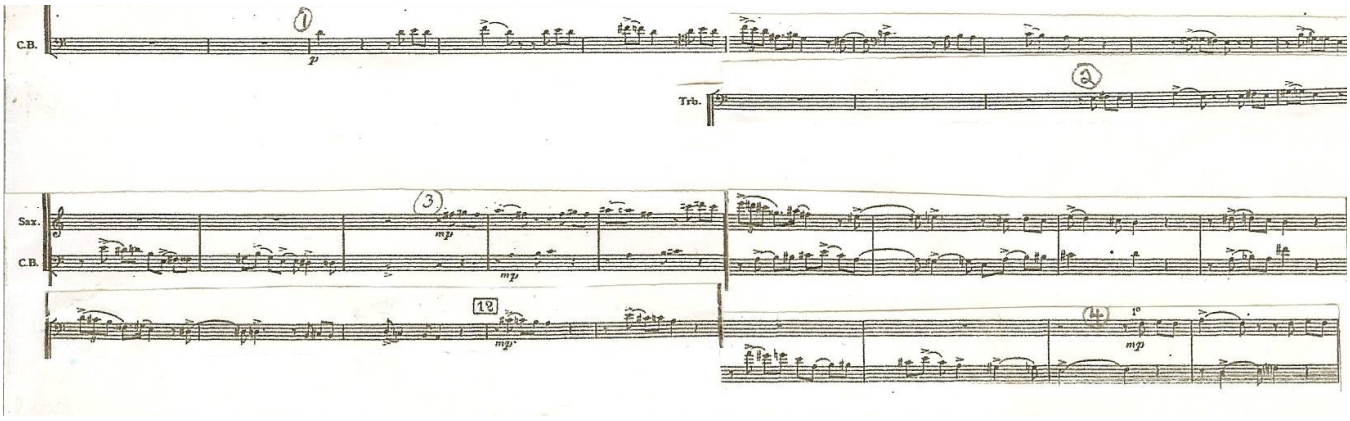
Divided into six sections

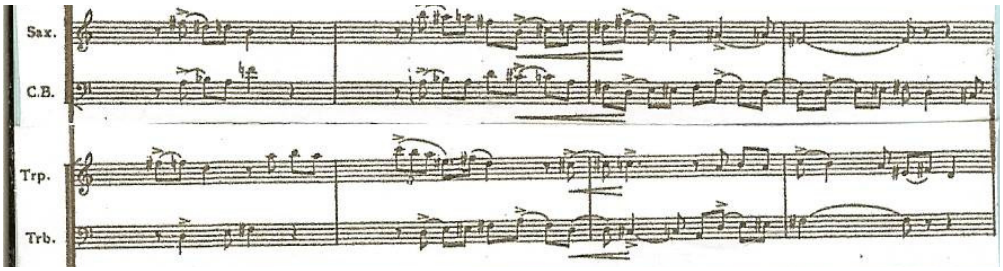
1st section - features a legato solo with the saxophone.

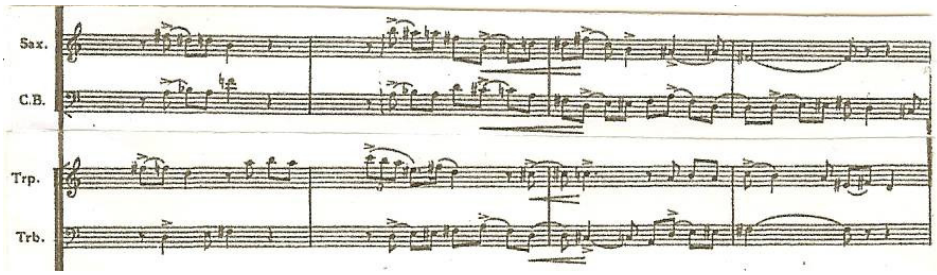
2nd section – jazz fugue played by bass, trombone, saxophone and trumpet.



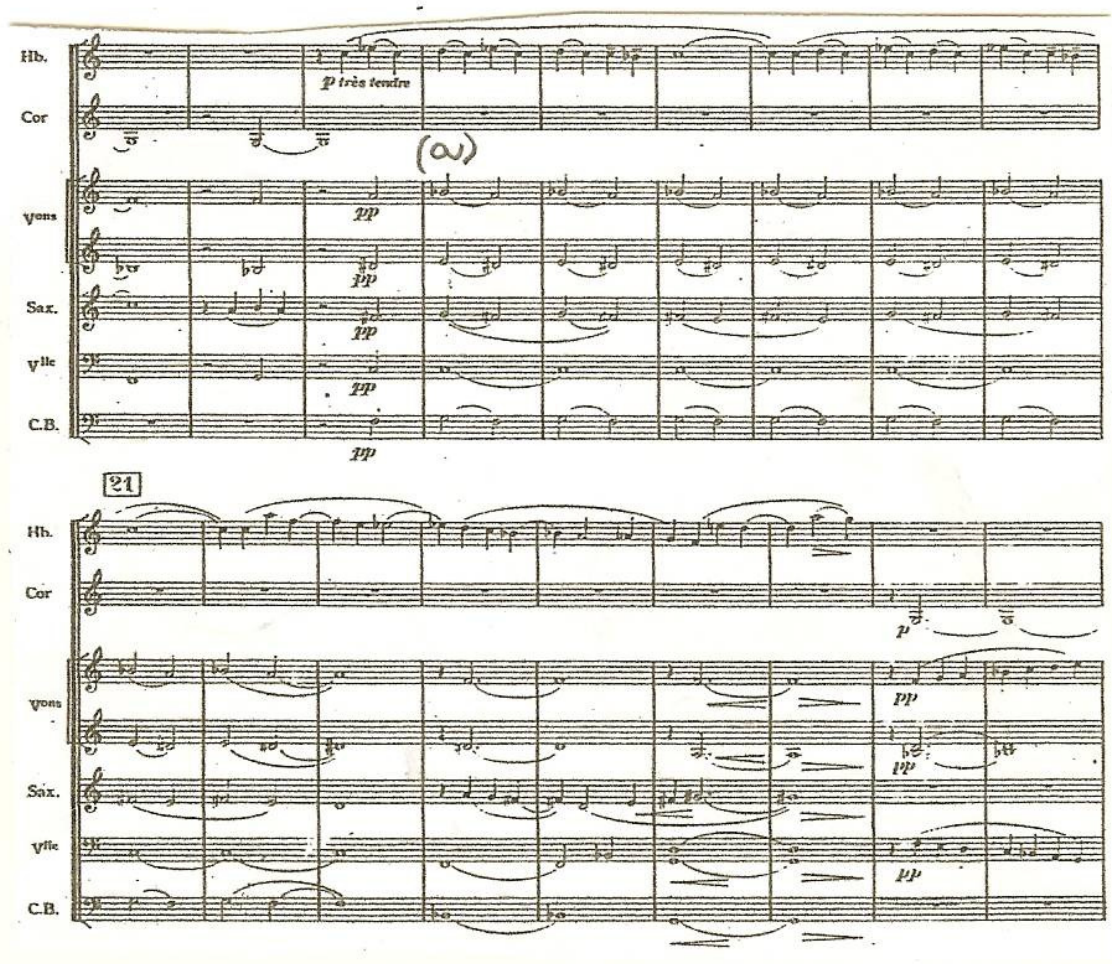
The exposition: 1)bass, 2) trombone, 3) alto sax, 4) trumpet



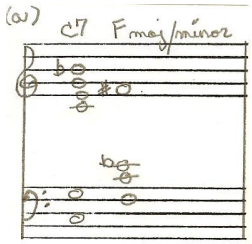




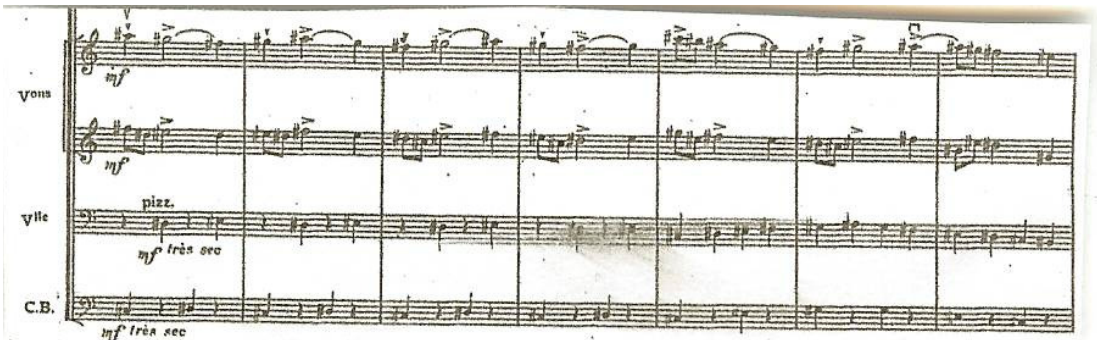
3rd section – returns to opening melody, played by flute against the melody from the 2nd section played by cello which leads to a 3rd tune, a blues, played by the oboe. We see the use of the flatted 3rd and 7th.



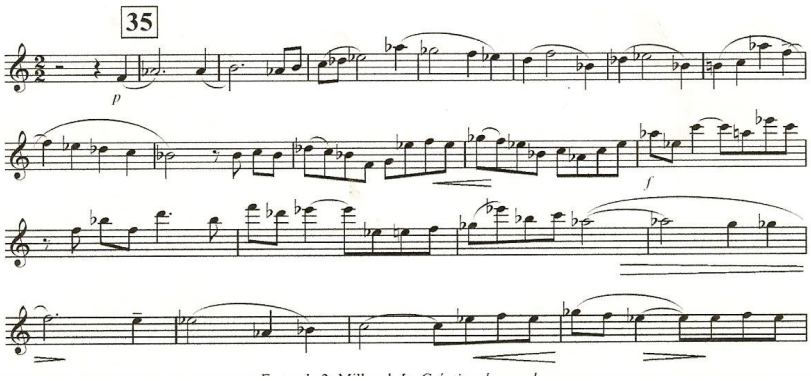
The chords below the blues derivatives of C7 and Fmajor/minor augmented



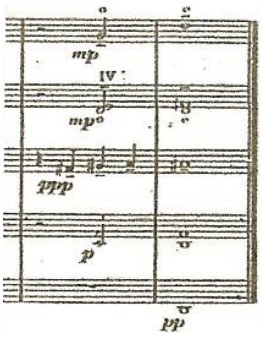
4th section – two violins against a bassoon in the style of a cakewalk. The traditional cakewalk rhythm is usually 16th, 8th and 16th which is a syncopated rhythm.

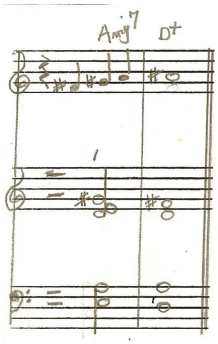


5th section – solo for clarinet, accompanied by piano, strings and percussion, with a return to the 1st section and with rhythmic accompaniment.



6th section – includes part of 3rd, 1st and 2nd tunes with the flute using a flutter-tongue technique. The piece closes with the use of a blues chord. This ending is the cadence used by the jazzmen he heard in Harlem – "Good evening friends."





I often wonder what it would sound like if the solos, instead of just an imitation of a jazz solo, were actually improvised!

The composition has been described as "among the most original uses to which the Baroque form has been put; a jazz prelude and fugue. This is not a 'jazz' composition but a composition that uses jazz elements. The two elements that Milhaud does or cannot use is improvised solos and the rhythm of swing, and he uses the other elements in a classical way not the way perhaps that a jazzman might use them. We do find glissandos and syncopation and the use of the alto saxophone an instrument closely related to the jazz of the 1920s. We find no banjo part!

Milhaud, in 1940 migrated to the US and for the next 30 years taught at Mills College and in Santa Barbara. He finally returned to France to assume a position as a professor of composition at the Paris Conservatoire. He died in 1974.

.

During the 1920s jazz was evolving into an art music and while it was having a hard time being accepted as such in America, in Europe it was recognized as something new and valuable to European composers, especially in France, and especially with Milhaud. It was written that "M. Darius Milhaud with his *Caramel mou, Shimmy pour Jazz-Band (clarinette, trombone, trompette, jazz, chant on saxophone on violin a defaut, et piano),* is out for something new and vital, for folk-music in the making, not for museum pieces and ancient parlor tricks. …It is good to see Jazz recognized in Europe as something more than the barbarism committed in its name, while we who should be proud of having originated it. Let misanthropic joy-killers spoil our party. …but save and cherish

Jazz for what is best in it." (This appears in an issue of the Musical Quarterly in 1922.)

1922 – Musical Quarterly

At any rate, M. Darius Milhaud with his "Caramel mou, Shimmy pour Jazz-band (clarinette, trombone, trompette, jazz, chant ou saxophone ou violon a defaut, et piano)," is out for something new and vital, for folk-music in the making, not for museum pieces and ancient parlor tricks.

1923

Milhaud came to America in 1923 and in an article in the **January 4, 1923 Musical Leader** he remarked about American Jazz. Within the article asked the question: "how could American avoid the influence of the countries of the old world inasmuch as we were all descended from European forbears? Milhaud answered this in a most unexpected manner:

"The influence lies much deeper than the blood of the older countries. It is that thing which is of the soil and which even now is so powerful that it has crossed the sea and pervaded the whole of France. That is your "*Jazz Band.*" France was tired of that filmy, indefinite atmospheric, melting thing. It was ready for something with the strong pulse of the present day. The jazz band came. It struck us in the face like a cold fresh stream of something we needed to freshen up life. Oh, be sure, the jazz band is doing mighty work. Certainly I do not mean that its banality, its vulgarity must come with it – Chopin has shown what could be done with a simple waltz, a polonaise, a mazurka. Also remember what Schubert did with the waltz and what others have done with the polka. See what Debussy did with the "Cake walk"; in fact, there are so many examples that I do not even have to go back to the day that Dvorak came to America to find the Negro themes for his "New World," and what your American "Rag-time has done is also history."

The writer contended that Europe might use the jazz band influence but that if Americans did it, they would call down upon their heads no end of abuse of press and public.

"He is not fit for this life," answered Milhaud calmly, "who can not stand abuse and go along his way. Nothing great can afford shackles, the shackles of public opinion, the fear of the press, fear of oneself, flight! Freedom! Life! Light - that is the creed of Art."

Once more reverting to the influence of the composers of one period upon the next, Milhaud offered a most original idea in stating that Debussy had exerted little influence, but that Rameau, the fountain-head which logically produced Debussy, had influenced others who traveled along somewhat the same lines. "Debussy could not be imitated," he said, "because Debussy was perfection in his form and would not even imitate or repeat himself. It is a mistake to suppose that the "Six" was under this influence, for its day was already run…."

Milhaud was a champion of the American jazz style and while in America often talked about jazz. In the March, 1923 *Musical Observer* we find Milhaud speaking of jazz in an article entitled “Jazz, Says Darius Milhaud, is the Most Significant Thing in Music Today.” Below is this article:

MARCH - THE MUSICAL OBSERVER - 1923

JAZZ, SAYS DARIUS MILHAUD, IS THE MOST SIGNIFICANT THING IN MUSIC TODAY - We wish we could be present, if Darius Milhaud ever gets into an argument with any of the anti-jazz fraternity who feel that the country is going to the dogs, musically, because of jazz. Mr. Milhaud is one of the foremost composers of the new French school. We hear so much of the French influence on modern American composition that it is interesting to learn, from Mr. Milhaud, that American music is having a tremendous influence on the contemporary French school. But, lest our musical vanity suffer undue inflation, let it be understood at one that it is jazz which the Frenchman says is the most significant thing in music today. "Jazz interests us tremendously," say Mr. Milhaud. "We are fascinated and intrigued by the jazz rhythms and are devoting series study to it. There are new elements of clarity and rhythmic power which were a real shock to us when we heard jazz for the first time. It was in 1919, immediately after the war, that the first jazz band was heard in Paris. To us it was a musical event of genuine import. Music had long been under the domination of the Impressionist School. Poetry was the predominating element. Jazz came to us as a good shock-like a cold shower when you have been half asleep with .....It ...dance a la mode in their epochs. Chopin was inspired by the Mazurka, Bach by the Sarabande-always we find great composers responding to the traditions of the times. Why should we not look upon our present day dances as the source of inspiration for our new music?

"The jazz instruments and rhythms and melodic combinations should lend themselves remarkably to chamber music. My jazz sonata will have the orthodox three movements-allegro, Andante and finale. We are all very enthusiastic over this American music. All the melodies of the Blues are so well defined and melody is the prime essential in music.

"When I was studying composition, the students would always bring those enormous symphonic works to class. The master would say, "I should like you to write eight bars that could be played without accompaniment.' That is the real secret of music. All that lies above and below is merely technic. It is necessary to have the technic as rich and complicated as possible. But if there aren't eight measures you can sing without accompaniment, it is useless to have the most marvelous technic; for you will not have made music.

"I think the American composer will evolve something typically American and vital if he will turn his ear to the jazz inspiration, using that for his tradition and basis. Of course he will have to transform it-to mold it into the form he wishes. But I believe that will be the starting point for a new American school of music."

It is unfortunate that M. Milhaud's visit is so brief, but he has engagements in Denmark and Belgium which will not permit him to prolong his stay beyond

four or five weeks. However, his plans included many important engagements, at all of which he presented new works of the French school-many of them for the first time in America-some still in ms. for the first time anywhere. Some of them are his own compositions. He also lectured at several of the great Eastern universities-Harvard, Princeton, Vassar-and before music clubs such as the Bohemians and the McDowell Club.

M. Milhaud had with him manuscripts of several works for small orchestra. He spoke of a distinct movement in France toward a return to the old forms of composition for small orchestras such as were used before Bach's time.

"I am especially interested," said M. Milhaud, "in bringing to the attention of American music lovers, the work of the young French school-compositions of men like Satie, so important, yet so little known. I shall always present some of his works on my programs. Satie, although fifty-six years old, is one of the youngest men I have ever met. He is tremendously interested in youth and in everything young. In a recent lecture at the Sorbonne on the young musicians, he was full of enthusiasm for some composers he had found as young as fifteen years!"

While an attach, of the French legation in South America, Mr. Milhaud visited New York some years ago. But this has been his first visit in the cause of music. V.B.S.

Gilbert Seldes in his article "**Toujours Jazz**" in the August 23, 1923 Dial Magazine mentions the importance of syncopation in jazz and Milhaud's use of it and polytonic and atonic harmonies. He states:

"It is syncopation, too, which has so liberated jazz from normal polyphony, from perfect chords, that Mr. Darius Milhaud is led to expect from jazz a full use of polytonic and atonic harmonies; he notes that in *Kitten on the Keys* there exists already a chord of the perfect major and the perfect minor. The reason why syncopation lies behind all this is that it is fundamentally an anticipation or a suspension in one instrument (or in the bass) of what is going to happen in another (the treble); and the movement in which a note occurs prematurely or in retard is, frequently, a moment of discord on the strong beat. A dissonance sets in which may or may not be resolved later. The regular use of syncopation therefore destroyed the fallacy (as I hold it) of the perfect ear; and this is one reason why Americans are often readier to listen to modern music than peoples who haven't got used to dissonance in their folk and popular music."

In the same article we read that "Mr. Milhaud has told me that the jazz band at the Hotel Brunswick in Boston is one of the best he heard in America."

Milhaud was not the only prominent composer to be influenced by jazz. Others are mentioned in an article by J. Bernoist-Mechin in the February 21, 1924 Musical Courier in an article entitled "Jazz Band." He states that jazz "sweeps away all our traditions in the outburst of its youth, in its release of rhythms. Stravinsky, Auric, Milhaud, Poulenc, Satie, Hindemith have undergone its initial

influences, and those influences are discoverable, though in a hidden fashion, in work as different as Renard's *Eumenides* and *The Creation of the World*…..The arrival of jazz in Europe is an event in the history of music."

In the February 1924 issue of the **Musical Digest** mentions jazz's influence on Milhaud and Stravinsky's use of jazz in some of their works:

"…thousands of young men of today are writing original music, stimulated by arranging other men's music. They have no training or traditions to hamper or color their work. Uninfluenced by any school, they work out their ideas, compose in the spirit of the times, and are developing a real American school of music.

It is time we recognized these composers. For some years, Europe who ignored our music in the classic tradition, has been questioning and searching out or jazz. It is the basis of some of the best work of Milhaud and Stravinsky."

Gilbert Seldes in the July 19, 1924 issue of **Musical America** writes about the influence of jazz in Europe and of the first jazz concerts:

"As far as it is known, the first jazz concert in the world was given in Paris several years ago, under the direction of the brilliant young French musician, Jean Wiener. The first one in America was played by Paul Whiteman in Aeolian Hall on Feb. 12 of this year (1924). The delay in America was due solely to that unhappy familiarity which breeds contempt. Although musicians in Europe had for years been praising American popular music, although Darius Milhaud had been studying jazz orchestration and Stravinsky had written a rag-time. Americans knew the material too well to be impressed by it. It never occurred to anyone that our popular music, our syncopated dance tunes, and our jazz orchestras had musical interest."

Perhaps one of the most interesting, informative and important articles is penned by Darius Milhaud. It appears in the October 18, 1924 issue of ***Living Age***. (*M. Milhaud is a member of 'The Six,' a reasonably famous group of young French composers who lead the modernist van. He writes of American music with authority, having but recently completed a tour of the United States during which he lectured at Harvard University. The conservative will find his article very like his music – infuriating but interesting.)*

It was in 1918 that the jazz band was brought across the ocean from New York by Baby Deslys and Pilcer of the Casino de Paris. It came almost like a cart of terror, like a sudden awakening, this shattering storm of rhythm, these tone elements never previously combined and now let loose upon us all at once.

We were quick to catch its salient characteristics, among which the following are worth mentioning: (a) The employment of syncopation in rhythm and melody, which, against its background of dull regularity, is quite as fundamental as the circulation of the blood, the beat of the heart, or the pulse; (b) The introduction of percussion instruments – by which I mean the grouping of all

percussion instruments together in a simplified orchestration which makes them like a single instrument so perfect that when "Buddy," the drummer of the syncopated Orchestra, plays a percussion solo we think we are hearing a deliberate rhythmic composition, so varied is the expression. This effect is to be explained by the variety of the tone color in the percussion instruments that he plays simultaneously; (c) The new instrumental techniques – that is, the employment of the piano with dryness and precision just as the drum and banjo are used; (d) The increased importance of the saxophone and the trombone, whose glissandos are becoming a favorite effect, and to which, as well as to the trumpet, even the most delicate melodies are by preference entrusted; (e) The copious use of mutes for both these instruments, the use of the portamento, the employment of the vibrato, whether on pedals, stops, or mouthpiece; (f) The clarinet has so shrill a tone and so much strength, making possible so many runs and tone changes, that it disconcerts our best players. Hence the introduction of the banjo, which has a harder, more stimulating, and sonorous tone than the harp or the pizzicati of a quartette; (g) Last of all, here is a whole special technique of the violin, sharply played, employing the broadest of vibratos and the very slowest of glissandos.

The strength of the jazz band lies in the thoroughgoing novelty of its technique. So far as rhythm is concerned, the constant employment of syncopation has forced us to recognize the fact that this music can be produced with the simplest means and needs no rich or varied array of instruments. During 1920 or 1921 one could get an idea of the most perfect jazz-music only by hearing Jean Wiener at the piano and Vance Lowry on the saxophone or banjo at the Gaya Bar in the Rue Duphot, playing the purest, most authentic jazz with a bare minimum of instruments.

So far as orchestration is concerned, the employment of the instruments that I have described above and the extreme refinement of their special technique have naturally made possible an extraordinary range of expression. To be in a position to judge, one must hear a serious jazz band of genuine musicians who practice together regularly like one of our good string quartettes and who bring their orchestration, as Irving Berlin does, to absolute perfection. There were, however, inferior jazz bands who turned their tones upside down, who lacked technique, and who entrusted their percussion instruments to untrained and tasteless players, hoping to obtain the same results by using false elements such as motor-horns, sirens, rattles, and so forth. Yet it is amazing how quickly these unaccustomed instruments fell out of fashion and were relegated to the lumber-room – even the water-whistle, which has an agreeable sound midway between the human voice and the flute.

It is necessary to hear a serious jazz band such as Billy Arnold's or Paul Whiteman's. There nothing is left to chance; everything is balance and proportion, revealing the touch of the true musician, perfect master of all the possibilities of every instrument. One must hear a soiree by the Billy Arnold band in the Casino at Cannes or Deauville. Sometimes four saxophones are leading, sometimes the violin, the clarinet, the trumpet, or the trombone. Or again one may hear an infinite variety of instrumental combinations, uniting one after another

with the piano and the percussion instruments, each with an expression peculiar to itself.

Since we first heard jazz in Europe, a distinct evolution has taken place. In the beginning it was a veritable cataract of tone. Then we began to appreciate once more the value of the melodic element. Then came the period of 'blues,' very simple melodies – bare so to speak – which were carried by a clear sharp rhythm, with percussion instruments scarcely noticeable, almost intimate. Then came the transition from the almost mechanical effects like the Paul Whiteman's steel percussion at the Palais Royal in New York, and then the fine, almost elusive, almost too gripping tones of the jazz at the Hotel Brunswick in Boston.

In jazz the North Americans have really found expression in an art form that suits them thoroughly, and their great jazz bands achieve a perfection that places them next our most famous symphony orchestras like that of the conservatoire or our modern orchestras of wind instruments and our quartettes – the Capet Quartette, for instance, which is our very best.

They have brought us absolutely new elements of tone and rhythm of which they are perfect masters. But these jazz bands have hitherto been used only for dancing, and the music written for them has not got beyond ragtime, the foxtrot, and the shimmy. It was a mistake to adapt pieces of music already famous – ranging from Tosca's prayer to *Peer Gynt* or Grechanivov's *Berceuse* – making use of their melodic elements as dance themes. This is an error of taste, as bad in its way as the employment of motor-sirens with percussion instruments.

These magnificent orchestras need a concert repertoire. Thanks to Jean Wiener we were able to hear Billy Arnold's jazz band on December 6, 1921, in the Salle des Agriculteurs. It was fitting that these wonderful musicians should be heard in a concert. Not only a jazz repertoire, but also chamber music should be written for these orchestras in order to utilize their possibilities to the full. The influence of these American dances has brought us here in Paris the "Steamboat Ragtime," in Eric Satie's *Parade,* and George Auric's *Adieu New York.* Here is a case where the symphony orchestra discourses ragtime and foxtrot. In the *Piano Rag Music* of Igor Stravinsky we have a piano piece which employs the rhythmic elements of ragtime in a concert piece. Jean Wiener in his *Sonatine Syncopee* provides a piece of chamber music which owes its origin to various elements of jazz although it retains the sonata form. This is a great step forward. Instrumental chamber-music and concert sonatas still remain to be written for the jazz band, especially for those instruments which jazz ordinarily brings together.

In harmony, too, there is a marked development for, though originally the jazz-band repertoire was of dance music alone, today it is following the same curve as the rest of contemporary harmony. The succession of dominant sevenths and ninths which so greatly surprised the year 1900 is now being used in the most recent fashionable dances, for example in 'Ivy' and in 'Jimmy Johnson'. There can be no doubt that in a few years polytonal and atonal harmonies will prevail in the dances that will follow the shimmies of 1920. Today we find minor and major chords side by side, as for example in Zez Confrey's *Kitten on the Keys.*

In the United States there is a whole series of theoretical and technical works dealing with jazz, works on the use of the trombone with illustration of the

most effective glissandos and the best way of employing them, and others for the saxophone and the clarinet with all their new technical possibilities in jazz. New York has a school, the Winn School of Popular Music, which has published three methods of playing folk music, ragtime, jazz, and blues, - theoretically of the greatest interest – in which all the special elements of this music are worked out with logical perfection. These studies are extraordinarily valuable, not only as regards technique but also in improvisation and the methods of composition that give this music its special character. I mean, for example, such devices as arpeggios, trills, runs, broken chords, omissions, dissonances, embellishments, ornaments, variations, and cadenzas, which are introduced ad libitum at the end of the parts of various instruments, but in such a way that the rhythmic regularity of the whole does not suffer. Side by side with this music – which, thanks to its careful composition and the absolutely unified and machinelike precision of its ensemble, is a little mechanical – another kind has developed. This, however, springs from the same source. I mean the music of the American Negro.

There can be no doubt that the origin of jazz music is to be sought among the Negroes. Primitive African qualities have kept their place deep in the nature of the American Negro and it is here that we find the origin of the tremendous rhythmic force as well as the expressive melodies born of inspiration which oppressed races alone can produce. The Negro spirituals were the first published Negro music. The religious songs of the slaves, very ancient popular folk-motives, were collected and written down by Henry Burleigh. These songs produce an impression not greatly different from the melody in the 'blues' whose form is the work of Handy. I am thinking of the *St. Louis Blues* and the *Aunt Hagar's children Blues.* There is the same tenderness, the same melancholy, the same faith that filled the slaves who compared the sorrow of their lives to the Egyptian captivity of the Jews and longed with all their souls for a Moses to save them (*Go Down, Moses*).

Aside from dance music, whose improvisation gives it a kind of expressiveness and life to be found only among the Negroes, jazz has been employed in the theatre with the happiest results. There are operettas of exquisite musicality like *Shuffle Along,* by Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake, or *Liza,* by Maceo Pinkard, in which singers, chorus, and dancers are accompanied by a jazz orchestra. The orchestra of *Liza* consists of a flute, a clarinet, two trumpets, a trombone, and the percussion instruments, - played by a single player – a piano, a string quartette – in which the viola is replaced by a saxophone – and a contrabass. As a matter of fact the technical elements have been much less changed by the Negroes. In the jazz of the whites everything has been worked out to perfection and studied in the most thorough way. Among the Negroes there is far more improvisation. But what tremendous musical gifts and what power of performances are necessary to bring improvisation to such a pitch of perfection! In their technique they possess great freedom and facility. Each instrument follows its natural melodic line and improvises even while it adheres to the harmonic framework which underlies and supports the piece as a whole. We find this music perpetually employing a rich and confusing interweaving of elements. It uses major and minor chords together with quarter tones, which are produced

by a combination of glissando and vibrato technique – an exaggeration of the trombone tones, as well as vigorous vibration of the trumpet pistons and strange uses of the fingers on the violin strings.

The quarter tone has an expressiveness which can be compared with nothing else, fits into diatonic harmony quite as well as the chromatic, and may be regarded as a transition tone in the diatonic scale. It has no relation whatever to the sys tem of quarter tones being studied at present in Central Europe, which is based on a doubling of the twelve notes of the scale, and belongs to the realm of atonal harmony.

Moreover, among the Negroes we get free from the mundane character which the jazz of the White Americans ordinarily possesses. Among the Negroes the dance retains its wild African character. The penetrating intensity of rhythm and melody becomes tragic and despairing. In some little dance-hall – as for example the 'Capitol' at the end of Lenox Avenue, near 140th Street – one can often hear a Negro girl singing the same melody for an hour at a time – a melody which is often shrill, but quite as perfect as any of the beautiful classic recitatives, - supported by a jazz orchestra which supplies a background of constantly changing melodies. The variations are so numerous that they attain the richness and breadth of a symphony. Here we are far away from the elegant dances of Broadway which we may hear in the Hotel Claridge. Here we are at the first sources of this music, with its deep human content which is about to create as complete a revolution as any of the masterpieces now universally recognized."

J. A. Rogers in his article of March 1, 1925 entitled "**Jazz At Home**" he speaks of the influence of jazz on the French modernists:

"And thus it has come about that serious modernistic music and musicians, most notably and avowedly in the work of the French modernists Auric, Satie and Darius Milhaud, have become the confessed debtors of American Negro jazz. With the same nonchalance and impudence with which it left the levee and the dive to stride like an upstart conqueror, almost overnight, into the grand salon, jazz now begins its conquest of musical Parnassus."

Milhaud authors another article entitled "**Development of the Jazz Band**," and "**North American Negro Music,"** found in the December 15, 1925 issue of Metronome: It contains some material already given in an earlier article but with additional information:

"Paris in the year 1918 a Jazz-Band from New York came over and was introduced to us in the Paris Casino by Gaby Deslys and Harry Pilcer. In this regard I need not recall to mind the shock and the sudden awakening experienced, nor refer to the sound elements heretofore never assembled which were now available, nor to the importance of syncopation for rhythm and melody, based on a foundation of inexorable regularity, which is no less important to us than our blood circulation and the throb of our heart; nor to the elaboration of the drums, whereby all percussion instruments whose name figures in the known works on the art of orchestration, are simplified, arranged, and so grouped that they

become, as it were, a single complex of such perfect instruments that a drum solo by Mr. Buddy (the drummer) of the syncopation orchestra, we find, is a rhythmically constructed and smoothly flowing composition, with many possibilities of change in expression, which depend on the tone color of the various instruments also played by him; I will not mention the new instrumental technic, whereby the piano takes care of the matter-of-fact expression and the precision of drum and banjo; nor the resurrection of the saxophone and trombone, whose glissandos become one of the most frequent modes of expression, and which are entrusted with the sweetest, softest melodies; nor the frequent use of sordines, reeds, vibratos of slides, valves and keys in the above mentioned instruments; nor the use of the clarinet in the higher registers, with its sturdy attack and its large volume of sound; nor the glissando and suspended tone technic, which can confuse even our most practical instrumentalists, nor of the advent of the banjo, whose tones seem to us more dry, more nervous and more sounding than those of the harp or the pizzicati of the four violins; nor of the special violin technic for sharp, penetrating tones, which, above all, inclines to very broad vibrati and less rapid glissandos.

The strength of the Jazz Band lies in the novelty of its technic in every direction. From the viewpoint of rhythm, the study of possibilities resulting from the continued use of syncopation permits the rendition of this music with the very simplest means, without resorting to rich and varying orchestration. In the years 1920/21, it was sufficient to hear Jean Wiener at the piano and Vance Lowry with the saxophone or banjo in Duphot Street at the Gaya Bar, in order to be able to fully grasp the Jazz music, which was here offered in pure, unadulterated perfection of form, with a minimum of means.

From the standpoint of orchestration the use of the various instruments enumerated above and their special technical perfection has rendered possible an unusual variety of expression. In order to form a correct opinion on this point, one must hear a serious Jazz Band of thorough musicians, who work together regularly, as is done – for instance – by one of our good string quartets, and who use an orchestration which in its way is impeccable, in the style of Irving Berlin. There have been mediocre Jazz Bands and this very fact has caused numerous errors and misunderstandings; their tonal equipment is inadequate, the instrumental technic scant and the percussion instruments were entrusted to drummers without taste, who fancied they enriched their scope by adding false elements, like automobile horns, sirens, “claxons,” etc. As a matter of fact, it is indeed noteworthy how quickly such exceptional instruments are again out of fashion and go into the discard, even when one considers, for instance, the marine signal whistle, which has a pretty tone color, after all, and is something between a signal whistle and the human voice.

However, one should hear a really sterling Jazz Band, like that of Billy Arnold or of Paul Whiteman. Here nothing is left to chance, everything is done with perfect tact and is uniformly distributed, which immediately testifies to the taste of a musician who is wonderfully familiar with the possibilities of each instrument. Just follow Billy Arnold’s playing at the Casino at Cannes or Deauville during one of his soirees. Once he is playing with four saxophones and

again with violin, clarinet, trumpet, trombone – in short it is a constant change of instrumental combinations, which gradually mingle with the sound of the piano and the percussion instruments, and each of which individually taken, has sense and logic, sound effect and possibilities of expression.

Since the first Jazz Bands were heard here, their development has gone forward considerably. After this cataract of sound effects came a noticeable emphasis on the melodic element; we are coming into the period of the "Blues." The melody is exposed, as it were, and merely supported by a clear, matter-of-fact, rhythmic outline. The percussion instruments are scarcely in evidence and grow more and more emotional. The development starts with the almost mechanical, hard-as-steel rendering by a Paul Whiteman, to the almost imperceptible and, we might say, vague and misty sound effects of the Jazz Band at the Hotel Brunswick in Boston. (Sic: The Leo Reisman Orchestra)

In the Jazz Band the North Americans have actually found a form of artistic expression that is absolutely their own, and their leading Jazz Bands attain such perfection in their performances that they are worthy to share the fame of the well-known symphonic organizations, like our conservatory concerts, or such organizations as our modern society for Wind Instruments, or, let us say, the Capet Quartet, which is our best known one.

The North Americans, therefore, have gained absolutely new sound and rhythm elements that are peculiar to them. But what possibilities are there to make use of them? So far they have used all this only in their dance music and compositions written for the Jazz Band have – up to the present – not left the domain of the ragtime, fox-trots, shimmies, and so forth. The mistake made in transcribing for Jazz orchestra is that famous compositions are used, from "Tosca's prayer" to *Peer Gynt* and the *Berceuse* by Gretchaninoff, to from dance themes based on their melodic elements, this is a mistake of the same nature as using automobile horns, etc., beside the normal percussion instruments, and is in bad taste. These wonderful orchestras lack only one thing; a regular concert repertory. Jean Wiener in his concert of December 6th, held in the Ackebau Hall, introduced to us the Jazz Band of Mr. Billy Arnold. It was no more than right and proper that these eminent musicians should be heard by us in a regular concert; but it would have been in order that they played not only their repertory of dance music, but let us hear them perform some chamber music, written in a manner adapted to their special orchestral combination. Under the influence of these American dances the rag-time *packet-boat n Parade* by Erik Satie and *Farewell to New York* by George Auric, were created. In these works we have the picture of a rag-time and a fox-trot before use in the frame of a symphony orchestra. In *piano-Rag-Music* by Igor Stravinsky we have a piano number which gives us the rhythmic element of rag in the form of a concert piece. Jean Wiener in his *Syncopated Sonatine* introduces to us a chamber music work which originates in the varied elements of jazz, but is written in sonata form. This is another step forward. It now remains to us to offer the Jazz-Orchestras instrumental chamber music works and concert sonatas which are written for the normal instruments of the Jazz Band."

In the **Harvard Graduate Magazine** of March 1925 in an article entitled "Jazz" by Edward Burlingame Hall, he sites the attention paid to jazz by some distinguished composers:

"At present, jazz has not only invaded European dance halls, it has also commanded the attention of distinguished composers. Milhaud, Auric, Stravinsky, Casella and Ravel have all felt its appeal."

It is pointed out in Anthony Clyne's article in the August 1925 Sackbut that "composers like Stravinsky, Milhaud, Debussy, Ravel and others have written rag-time or jazz is not so significant of the potentialities as the gradual development of what may be called the main stream of jazz music, the evolution of, so to speak, genuine jazz composers."

Clyne has made a good point and soon it would be heeded by composers. But, still it is the acceptance of jazz as a serious element in musical composition that leads the way. In *Modern Music*, in the November/December 1925 issue Darius Milhaud authors another article entitled "The Day After Tomorrow."

"The tide of music ebbs, flows, turns, and swells again with a swiftness which disconcerts the hearer, always slow to accept a new idea. Instead of taking advantage of the flood, he watches it ebb without seeing it, and at the moment when it is spent and about to disappear, he wishes to halt it and keep it forever fixed. He who listens to music should, above all others, be indulgent and open-minded rather than rebellious, for in the end he will probably be wrong anyhow.

Our beloved Satie serves as an example, for all his life this man was ready to welcome the newest manifestations in our music. Young people starting to compose always received support and encouragement from him. Why demand that a youth of fifteen have the technique of a university professor? We should, instead, be patient until he can develop his gifts, and support him during the long period of groping and of doubt while he feels out a number of paths before choosing the road to follow deliberately.

Since the day when the Six made their debut with Satie as their idol, French music has passed through many different phases, has reacted too many contradictory tendencies. It has been the object of influences which have hurled themselves like a hurricane upon it, and have passed on, leaving a deep, significant mark.

In 1918 jazz arrived in our midst from New York and became the rage. A whole literature of syncopation grew up to convince a hesitant public. Strawinsky wrote his *Rag Time* for eleven instruments, his *piano Rag Music,* his *Mavra;* Wiener wrote his *Sonatine Syncopee,* his *Blues,* and almost created a great public scandal by bringing a famous jazz band into a concert hall. During the winter of 1921-1922 in America, the journalists regarded me with scorn when I made out a case for jazz. Three years later jazz band concerts are given in New York, there is talk of a jazz opera at the Metropolitan, banjo classes are organized in the conservatories. Jazz is comfortably installed with official sanction.

Here it is finished. The last works of Strawinsky owe it nothing; they return to a severe classicism and an ascetic sobriety in the *Concerto* and his *Sonate* are sure proofs of this change. The *Concerto* of Germaine Talleferre leads back to Bach. *Les Biches* by Poulenc carries us into a vast French park; *Les Matelots* of George Auric is unhampered by the precedents of polytonal music on which he based the composition of his work *Les Facheux.*

We are dealing here with proven musicians having behind them a considerable body of work. Let us therefore follow Satie, still exploring the horizon. From behind his spectacles, with his indefinable smile he peers, forever searching, until he discovers. The young people who now approach him for an introduction to the public are the School of Arcueil, Henry Sauget, born in Bordeau, fond of the sea, of sailors, boats, colored shells and Chopin's music, has never fallen under the spell of jazz. It is chiefly Chopin who influences him. One feels that he refreshes himself by turning over the most tender pages of Satie and Faure. His music has a playful quality, his composition is careful. He has the breeding of a Siamese cat. The stamp of his personality is especially marked in the military opera-bouffe in one act, *Le plumet du Colonel.* It may be said that this is badly orchestrated, but should one expect to find a boy of twenty-two orchestrating pages of perfect balance in his first attempt? All the music of this score is pleasing and that in itself is rare enough.

His colleague, Maxime Jacob, is only twenty years old. When he left high school at fifteen I showed his first attempt to Satie. How great a facility, what an over-abundance of gifts! In two or three years there followed an avalanche of sonatas, piano pieces, projects for ballets, comic operas, and so on. In all this litter how many hastily written, silly compositions there were, and what severe criticisms and violent indignation they incurred. But Satie admonished us to wait. Time has already done much, for within the last two years this youth's progress has been considerable. He has an absolutely innate sense of the orchestra. At the recent premiere of an overture by him it's assured and easy orchestration made a deep impression.

Jacob is a young Jew, coming from Bayonne. Occasionally, racial inspiration urges him to the composition of psalms that reveal a true emotion. But his nature and gifts lead him to write chiefly easy melodies, real melodies like those of Gounod and even Reynaldo Hahn, not to mention Theodore Botrel. His field is, I believe, in light music, operettas and songs'; he has just finished a little comic opera full of gaiety, ease and vivacity.

All this is a tomorrow about to become a today. But what of the day after tomorrow? Satie once said to me, "I wish I knew the music that the four-year-olds of today will compose." Let us not, however, be in such haste; we are getting old fast enough. Let us turn to the generation born between 1905 and 1910, who are just beginning to make themselves felt. At the premiere of his ballet *Relache,* Satie was accosted by three young men who came to express their admiration of him. They spent the evening together. One of them, Robert Caby, never left him. Shortly after this Satie fell ill, and during the long and serious sickness which he suffered, young Caby made one of the little faithful band who put themselves at

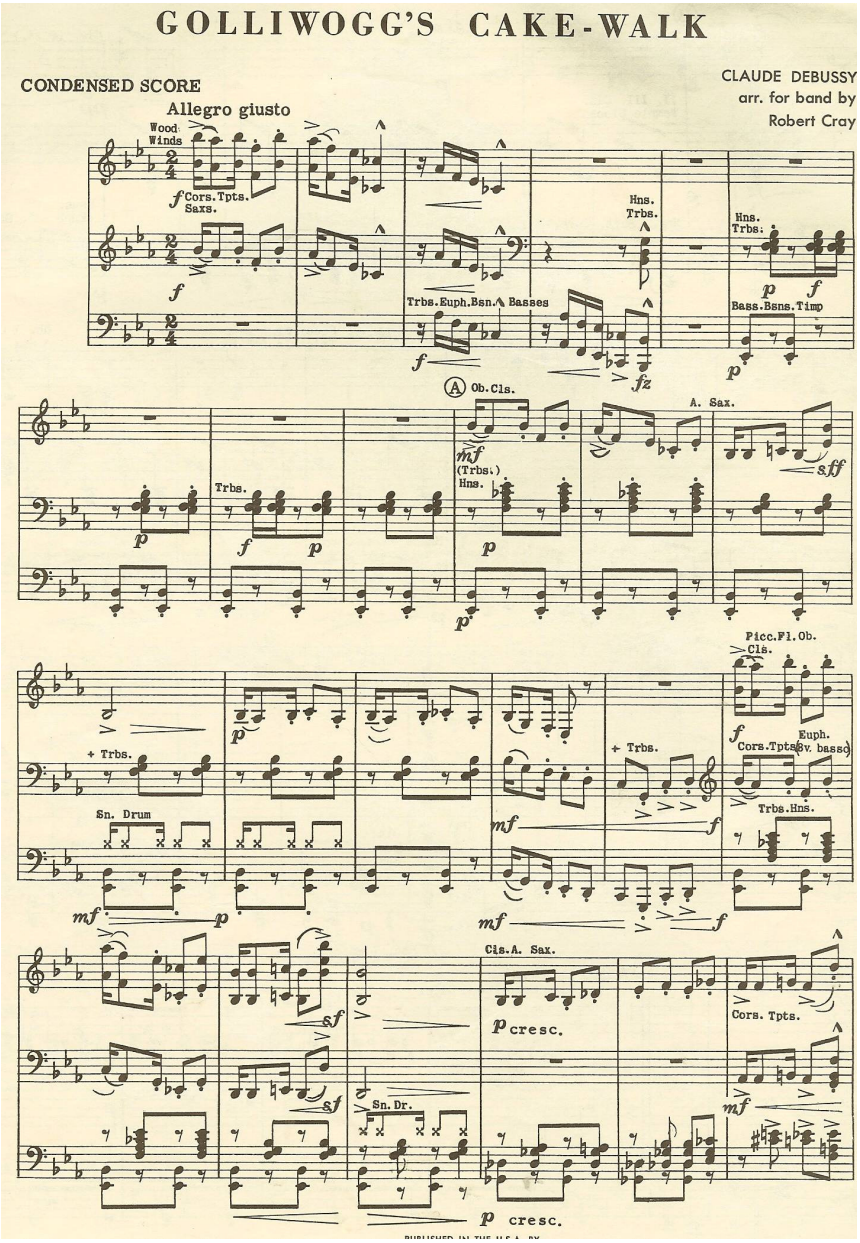
his disposal and took care of him during the weeks which preceded his death at the hospital of Saint Joseph.

Caby, Dautun, and Letac are the three young men who came to seek guidance for their first steps, at Satie's side. Will the future remember their names? Their first efforts are very strange. They write absolutely atonal music, worthy of the pupils of Schoenberg, and their imaginations seem to follow the fantastic chimeras which attracted Jules Laforgue. It is an epoch that is returning? If so, then what secret need brought them close to Satie the purist, the apostle of a spare and limpid art, whose simplicity in its loveliest ornament? A disconcerting contradiction!

The very small piano pieces of Caby, his vast projects for the theatre, the timid and thoughtful art of Dautun, his curious sonatina for piano and violin, the complex schemes and special orchestration which are the goal of Letac – are these the promise of a new phase of French music? The future will tell, and more quickly than one is wont to believe."

Debussy

Debussy was in attendance at a John Philip Sousa concert when Sousa conducted an American cakewalk. Debussy remarked that when conducting Sousa looked like he was mixing a green salad. Nevertheless Debussy used the cakewalk rhythm and produced the now famous "Golliwogg's Cake-Walk using the traditional cakewalk rhythm. Below is the first page of a band arrangement by Robert Crey. It could be written by any number of early cakewalk composers but later it is more developed and classical in sound. There is a repeat of this first section as is usually found in the early cakewalk.



1918 - THE DIAL - AUGUST 15

AMERICAN INFLUENCE ON MODERN FRENCH MUSIC - Since all Americans are naively vain, it is as well to see ourselves as others see us, if we profit by it. Europe has always thought strange things of us, especially France. Gilbert Chinard, for example, has collected into two fascinating volumes all the "exotisme American" in French literature, from Rabelais and Ronsard through the eighteenth century. A third volume, covering the nineteenth century, would be still more amusing.

Among others, there is a delightfully scurrilous volume, "Asmodee a New York," published anonymously in 1868. Scurrilous-but romantic as the travels of Maundevylle, for the author obviously never crossed the Atlantic. He unrolls a fantastic panorama of civic corruptions, amateur fire-brigades (in New York!), revolver-shooting citizens, out-of-door religious meetings where quadrilles alternate with sermons. Those who have been to Europe know what the American duel is-a drawing of lots, followed by the suicide of the loser; but who, before or since Asmodee, has heard of the American suicide? It seems the despairing man one evening takes a drink of "alcohol," the next night two, the next night three, and so on, until his miserable soul is tortured from his ruined body. The author neglects to tell us how soon this denouement occurs, but he assures us the practice is wide.

With such grotesque material at hand, it is not surprising that the United States has added its genre to the modern French music. But a question intervenes: what have we done in music that is so characteristic? It is true that some critics have traced a flavor of MacDowell in Debussy's "La Fille aux cheveux de Lin" and "Les Collines d'Anacapri," but this is thoroughly unimportant.

The answer is that we have a type of music instantly recognized anywhere on this globe as American. This is "rag," that rank growth from the richness of our soil. No American composers (with the notable exception of Henry Gilbert) has been able to use it; for we are too near it, too familiar with it, to be able to extract any but the most vulgar effects from it. The Frenchman however has picked from out of our weeds a leaf here and there of a design curious to him, which he has formed into patterns of his own invention.

Of course this has been tried before. When in the eighteen-sixties "Ethiopian Minstrels" invaded Europe with tremendous success, the serious-minded made attempts to use the Negro idiom in good music. Of all these attempts only one piece of music continues to exist-Dvorak's "New World Symphony" (1893). Yet though he caught rhythms and built a couple of melodies so like the real thing that they have since been turned into Negro songs, his work as a whole gives no suggestion of any place on earth except Bohemia.

It has been the French, then, that alone have used American idiom recognizably. And of course it was Debussy that first made the attempt.

In the "Children's Corner" we find the initial experiment. "Golliwog's Cakewalk" (all the titles are in English) is the last of this little set for piano.

Debussy has taken a single syncopation which he uses as the basis for the entire composition; and here he is wrong, for true "rag" changes its meter continually. Debussy's effect however is not monotonous-his ear was too sensitive to allow him to commit any such mistake-and the middle section drops the rhythmic figure for a while. This middle section is noteworthy for its delicate burlesque of the opening cello phrase of "Tristan." The Teutonic super-lover becomes the grotesque Golliwog surprised by new, sacred emotions; but these are soon swept aside by the syncopated cakewalk. In the first volume of "Preludes," Debussy again tries American effects, and again he thinks his result sufficiently important to place it last in the volume. "Minstrels" he calls it, again using an English title; and it is really only this that betrays its meaning. He is giving his impression of a black-face show; we hear the drum, the sentimental song, and so on, with a little phrase like a guffaw punctuating the music, just as the puns of the endmen punctuate the performance. But Debussy has written this music with a characteristic bit of daring; he has left syncopation entirely out of it. And therefore no American is likely to realize what is going on, unless he appreciates the title.

This is all that Debussy tried, but another composer took up the idiom and did more with it. This was Eric Satie, of whom there is nowadays quite a cult. Eric Satie was among the modern ballet pioneers, but he abandoned that for humorous piano sketches. He is a marvelous mixture of the dilettante, mystic, humorist, and decadent. He dares the limit, and cares not of the public. He cultivates the most exotic and the most naive harmonies. He writes chants for the Rosy-Cross and musical descriptions of the life of fishes. He delights in misquotations: his "Espanana (Croquis et Agaceries d'un gros Bonhomme en bois") is a strange mess of Chabrier, and in "d'Edriopthalma" ("Embryons desseches") he cites the "celebrated mazurka of Schubert," which is in reality a perversion of Chopin's "Funeral March." Among his titles one finds "Tyrolienne turque," "Apercus desagreables," "Celle qui parle trop," "Les Trois Valses du Precieux degoute," and "Trois Morceaux en forme de Poire, avec une Maniere de Commencement, une Prolongation du meme, et Un En Plus, suivi d'une Redite."

His latest and most successful composition was a return to the ballet, called "Parade" (or "Vaudeville"), produced for the first time in Paris, May 18, 1917. It is a "Ballet realiste," whose collaborators were Pablo Picasso, Leonide Massine, and Jean Cocteau, the poet. "Realistic" indeed! It is realism "which stifles the nightingale's song beneath the rumblings of the tramways." It represents a vaudeville in which one feels "the terrible mysteries of China, the sadness of the nocturnal bar of the little American girl, the astonishing gymnastics of the acrobats; it contains all the sorrow of the boards-the nostalgia of the hand-organ which will never play Bach fugues," At least so the preface says. As a matter of fact it is one of the funniest things ever written by a serious musician. Haydn's "Surprise Symphony" has just one slap-stick-or rather bang-drum-moment; "Till Eulenspiegel" keeps you good-humored: Carpenter's "Perambulator Suite" has several smiles in it; but nothing has been written which rouses the roars of laughter which "Parade" creates. This is no small thing. And it must be

remembered that the humor is in the very music-that one laughs even without knowing the setting or the choreography.

The plot is simple. A vaudeville has opened in Paris on a Sunday. Three managers attempt to advertise their show by exhibiting three numbers: as Chinese prestidigitator, acrobats, and an American dancer. (The management reserves the right to change the order of the acts; and sure enough, in the actual presentation, the American girl preceded the acrobats!) The crowd thinks that they are seeing the entire show for nothing; so no one enters. Finally the exhausted managers fall upon each other, and the three turns reappear to renew the advertising.

The influence of America is felt at the very beginning, for the managers appear imbedded in huge cuistic frames representing fragments of skyscrapers. Their actions are therefore limited to smoking long clay pipes and continuous bowing. So much for American enterprise!

I should like to describe all the music-the Chinese effects of cheap incense, long mustaches, and erected forefingers; the heavily sentimental waltz of the acrobats, interrupted by curious extra-harmonic pricklings as of the skin-but our main interest lies with the little dancer, with her exaggerated steps and her very characteristic music. She is favored with two dances; one for her entrance, where a peculiarly imbecile measure is labeled "vertueuse," and finally the great. "Ragtime du paquebot."

Satie has composed a typical rag tune, which is (naturally) an unbelievable concentration of reminiscences. I do not think he has used a single phrase which has not been used dozens of times before him by American composers. To this he has fitted an independent, yet characteristic, bass with a vigor all its own. Occasionally these two melodies make strange acquaintance, and often the harmonies between them are curiously twisted. The wrong thing is done at the wrong moment; and when it is time to return to the theme, one seems an impossible distance away. Yet Satie suddenly lets chords and rhythms sink, slide, and-there you are, though you can't quite believe it. In short, what Satie has done is simply to reproduce the American invention, plus its awkwardness of expression, its ignorance of rules and possibilities. The result more than justifies him.

But, amusing as it is, it is a poor return to France for what she has given us in music. And Eric Satie-no doubt unconsciously-gives us a very correct criticism of our musical faults. We are ignorant, woefully ignorant, criminally ignorant, of music as an art. We will not take the trouble to learn it. We care nothing about its technique. Music is the most complicated of the arts (barring architecture), and we are too lazy to find out how it is done. Our schools are ignorant of its basic principles. The foreigner begins early and writes his daily counterpoint for six years at least before he considers that he has mastered the simplest style; whereas we begin late in life on an imbecile study called "Harmony" (whose false rules have been broken freely by every composer of the last two centuries and teach a baroque style in which no one ever wrote or will write).Then we settle lazily into counterpoint for a year, and follow it the next year with laborious canons and fugues. After that-the deluge of mediocrity! Eric Satie profits by our mistakes and makes an amusing ballet out of it.

This is our contribution to the music of the world. France has been the only country to appreciate S. Foster Damo

1926 - Jan. 31 – American Dancer, Jazzing the 'Marseillaise,' Angers Friendly Audience in Paris Music Hall

You cannot jazz the "Marseillaise" in France, was the decision of the Prefect of Police today after a well-known American dancer, former partner of Gaby Deslys, caused a near-riot at the empire Music Hall last night by introducing a newly created dance to a syncopated version of the great French patriotic air.

Picler, who is highly popular with Parisian audiences, was for the first time introducing his brother, Dudley Douglas, and his sister, Elsie Pilcer, to whom the public was ready to accord a hearty reception. But when the dancers commenced to step out lightly to the mutilated melody which led the ragged hordes of the first Republic to battle and since then multitudes of Frenchmen to the death of heroes, angry murmurs rose from the packed house, which rapidly turned into shouts and yells of anger.

An attempted counter-demonstration by the artists' warmest supporters was some howled down. Finally the curtain was lowered and the manager made a public apology.

Today the Prefect issued a general warning that similar attempts to misuse the national air will not be tolerated.

1926 - Feb. 2 – A Virtuous Revolt Against Jazz

A Parisian audience at a variety theatre last week vehemently protested when a "mixed team" attempted to dance and sing to the music of the "Marseillaise" played as jazz. They rose in anger and, with shouts that had to be obeyed, forced the performance to stop. The management apologized and promised that the offense should not be repeated, and the guilty performers declared their sorrow-no doubt sincere-that they had displeased their dear public.

The episode was significant, and presumably it will be heeded in other capitals as well as in Paris. It indicated that however popular jazz may be with a large part of the public everywhere, it is felt to be a low form of music and that to put a national anthem in it is an insult to patriots.

But why are only national anthems to be protected from what is an admitted desecration? The great music of the past, the classics, the works of the great masters, also have a sort of sacredness for those who love them, yet frequently they are subjected to the same profanation. That, too, should be consented whenever people of taste rising above the jazz level hear it done.

1926 - July 11 – Thibaut Praises Jazz – French Violinist Tells Paris it Has Not Heard the Real Thing

Jacques Thibaut, violinist, has returned from his American tour with a high opinion of American taste in music compared with fifteen years ago. It is no longer possible, he says, to offer a program of mediocre works. He, like Messager, tells the French they know nothing of jazz, and that in condemning it they condemn a thing they have not really heard.

"The reputation of the American as a lover of no music but jazz," he says, "is as false as such generalizations always are. But don't scoff at jazz. We in France don't know what it really is, we judge by inferior specimens.

"The day I arrived in New York I heard Paul Whiteman's orchestra interpret 'Circus,' a work written for him by a great symphonist, Deems Taylor. You cannot imagine what new and exquisite sound it gave. Its orchestration is admirable. Like everything down with taste and entrusted to great artists; it has its value.

"No! No! Jazz is an art for which works that will last can be written."

<u>1927 - March 25 – Says Jazz Originated in Old French Music</u> – Strowski Traces It Back to the Melodies of Rustics 400 Years Ago

Jazz is old French music on which Mississippi Negroes grafted their African tom-tom rhythm. America is merely the place where it was incubated, and is not to be criticized for it by Frenchmen. That is what Fortunat Strowski, French author and critic, member of the Institute of France, says he discovered in a two months visit to the United States when he traveled through the southern States of the Mississippi Basin.

M. Strowski found himself puzzled time and again at a familiar something he heard in the crooning voices of the Negroes. For a long time it eluded him. Then he suddenly awoke to the fact that he was hearing the melodies that the shepherd boys of Normandy, Picardy and Poitou sang 400 years ago.

Then he recalled that the Mississippi Basin, cradle of scores of moaning saxophone melodies, was once all French. He remembered that the Negroes of today are the descendants of slaves who served old French masters and that servants of latter day Franco-American still preserve traditions and melodies of the motherland.

The Negroes, M. Strowski observed, have a highly developed sense of rhythm, exemplified in the weird ton-tom music of the African forests. At the same time, he says, they haven't the slightest gift of melody, except in imitation.

Their simple solution was to graft their tom-tom rhythm upon the tunes of the early Frenchmen. The result was jazz.

The moral, M. Strowski finds, is that Frenchmen should be just a little bit careful in criticizing the taste of America, "for you may be criticizing at the same time the very life created by your own people.

<u>1927 - Nov. 20 – Montparnasse Jazz Is Stilled by Police</u> – Paris Bohemians Will Protest Against Ban on Music which They Find Inspirational.

Montparnasse, gathering place for esthetics from all over the world, is too noisy, in the opinion of Jean Chiappe, Prefect of Police. He put the opinion into a decree today, by which the music of jazz bands, mechanical pianos and even banjos in the majority of cafes frequented by artists, writers and just plain loafers of the Latin Quarter must cease.

Pianos have actually been padlocked in carrying out the order, and the orchestras in the cafes, the Rotonda and the Dome, internationally known as a Montparnasse rendezvous, will be silent from now on. The popular impromptu

musicales at the café Dingo and Select, dear to the hearts of American residents, will also have to be foregone.

The principal (sic-principle) reason given for the order is that these places are not licensed for music and the café proprietors are not willing to pay the necessary price. Another thing is that the clients, who consider themselves more or less educated musically, are not willing to add another 25 centimes to their checks for small glasses of café crème or beer in order to hear "modern" music by the usual French café orchestras.

Montparnasse, therefore, is mourning in its favorites cafes for the music which is credited by many an artist as the inspiration for his one great work. Not a few of these artists recall that they have heard the best music of their careers when some musician, under esthetic urge of café and good-fellowship, sat down to some battered old piano and improvised for an hour music which, they say, even great masters would have applauded.

At any rate, today's order makes Montparnasse quieter for visitors than New York's Greenwich Village. The Bohemians who inhabit the left bank of the Seine are not only in mourning but want to do something about it.

1929 - Feb 3 – French Find Our Jazz Too Soul-Disturbing – Critic Says It has Despairing Tenderness-Their Own Superficial airs More Joyous

American jazz has failed to conquer France completely. There are increasing signs that old-fashioned music can still make itself heard above the noise.

Youth still dances to jazz tunes, but there has been a distinct revival of old favorites in hundreds of restaurants and concert halls. Thunderous thumping of drums in boiler symphonies by forward-looking composers just under the voting age still startles applause out of listeners, but the lift of familiar airs is once more heard throughout the city.

"In reality," says a critic, "there is in certain American music too much of deep melancholy, too much despairing tenderness, too great a throb of soul, for us. Our light music is infinitely more superficial. It renders us the great service of preventing us from thinking. Under its apparent frenzy jazz, on the contrary, full of the sobs of the saxophone, deeply stirs our subconscious selves. The American can amuse himself while listening to it, but the Frenchman is troubled and ill at ease and his joyousness is stilled."

To test this theory some musical souls recently arranged with one of the best known cabarets, where a good many French go, to bar jazz for the evening and play the old familiar European airs.

1930 - JAN. 4 - MUSICAL LEADER

"NOTHING GREAT CAN AFFORD SHACKLES-IN YOUTH THERE IS HOPE"-"JAZZ-BAND THE GREAT MUSICAL INFLUENCE IN FRANCE," SAYS MILHAUD - Darius Milhaud, recognized as one of the most ardent workers in the cause of freeing art from shackles, is in America. Gracious in manner, calm and gentle in appearance, entirely unostentatious in everything he

says or does, this brilliant Frenchman, leader of the "Groupe des six," has much to convey to those interested in the trend of music. One naturally says "music" because to this phase of life he devotes himself, but much that he said and infinitely more that he has to say is quite as significant in literature, or indeed in any of the arts. Thirty years of age, and looking younger, Milhaud feels himself and his five companions "old in the service." "Youth is the watchword of progress. We must look to the younger talents not only to keep up what has gone before, but to raise the art to a higher state of development. There will always be originality and this in itself is a beacon light, but he who would be creative must work without shackles. Can you imagine," he said smilingly, "what we have suffered from press and public? One pays dearly for the privilege of being oneself. We are always held to account for what the masters would have done when we may feel that the masters have done their work marvelously and we might feel that these works must always be preserved, but there is no reason why the men who think and write today should only repeat what has been said by masters for over two centuries. It is impossible to put originalities into those forms, even if one has no idea of being original for the sake of being original. We merely wish to have freedom in self-expression, to be ourselves, to write ourselves down and not try to write ourselves into what has already been said, and not try to appropriate those things which are complete in themselves."

Milhaud is devoted to Eric Satie of whom he spoke in glowing terms. He drew from a well ordered working table a book of sketches of the French composer and seating himself at the piano he played oh, so delightfully! A touch like velvet and a power of extricating themes as one might pick out one perfect stone after the other from a collection of pearls and diamonds! "Satie is a great man," he said. "He has touched three generations of music in France and he is today, at the age of fifty-six, as keenly alive to the watchword that spells advance as he was when first he absorbed Cesar Franck and Camille Saint-Saens, passing from their period to that of Debussy Rave, Dukas and their colleagues, thence to the "Groupe des Six," and I was truly thrilled at the remark he made to me when I bade him au revoir. He said that he was on his way to give a lecture at the Sorbonne where the class consisted of young people from the ages of fifteen to twenty. This tremendous breadth, this sympathy with and feeling for youth one sees in every measure of his own music." Milhaud indicated the date of the works he had just played. It was 1887, and it was quite as fresh as though he-Satie-had been the latest product of his country.

"It is a strange thing to say, but I feel truly that our group is already old. Not that I am ready to stop writing, not that I think I have said all that I am to say, but I can already see that the younger composers are ready to 'carry on,' and they will have something new and fresh."

Milhaud was quite as well informed upon conditions in other countries and spoke with equal conviction and understanding of the young Viennese school, for which he has great admiration. He believes heartily in racial traits in art. "It is quite ridiculous to say that art has no country. It certainly has a country, and each country has its art. One person has black eyes and another has blue; one is blond, the other is dark and that belongs to all countries, but what is behind those eyes is

another matter. That consciousness whites born of inherited emotions, tendencies, and history, is the spark which flames into racial characteristics. I find the young Viennese writers completely Austrian, not German in the least. Schoenberg is the logical outcome of Mozart and of Schubert and out of Schoenberg has grown what is now coming from Vienna as exemplified by the works of Anton von Webern, Alban Berg, Egon Kellesch and others of that band, new, fresh, daring and worthy of respect."

Then came the natural question about how could America avoid the influence of the countries of the old world inasmuch as we were all descended from European forbears Milhaud answered this in a most unexpected manner, saying, "The influence lies much deeper than the blood of the older countries. It is that thing which is of the soil and which even now is so powerful that it has crossed the sea and pervaded the whole of France. That is you 'Jazz-Band.' France was tired of that filmy, indefinite atmospheric, melting thing. It was ready for something with the strong pulse of the present day. The jazz band came. It struck us in the face like a cold fresh stream of something we needed to freshen up life. Oh, be sure, the jazz band is doing mighty work. Certainly I do not mean that its banality, its vulgarity must come with it- Chopin has shown what could be done with a simple waltz, a polonaise, a mazurka. Also remember what Schubert did with the waltz and what others have done with the polka. See what Debussy did with the 'Cake Walk'; in fact, there are so many examples that I do not even have to go back to the day that Dvorak came to America to find the Negro themes for his "New World,' and what your American 'Rag-time' has done is also history."

The writer contended that Europe might use the jazz band influence but that if Americans did it, they would call down upon their heads no end of abuse of press and public. "He is not fit for this life." answered the composer calmly, "who can not stand abuse and go along his way. Nothing great can afford shackles the shackles of public opinion, the fear of the press fear of oneself, flight! Freedom! Life! Light-that is the creed of Art."

Once more reverting to the influence of the composers of one period upon the next, Milhaud offered most original idea in stating that Debussy had exerted little influence, but that Rameau, the fountain-head which logically produced Debussy, had influenced others who traveled along somewhat the same lines. "Debussy could not be imitated." he said, "because Debussy was perfection in his form and would not even imitate of repeat himself. It is a mistake to suppose that the 'Six' was under this influence, for its day was already run."

Asked as to his mission in America-whether he came as conductor, pianist or composer, he said mirthfully: "I might say that I am a maid-of-all-work. I shall play a little, conduct a little, and give some lectures at Vassar, Princeton, Harvard and in a few other places. I am not in the class of virtuosi but I like to play my own works and those of the 'Six.' My subjects for 'conference' will include the evolution of art in France and Vienna where Schoenberg towers formidably-powerfully. Then there is Stravinsky. But there was no more time and one might only hope that there might be "more anon." E. F. B.

1930 - APRIL - METRONOME

ANOTHER JAZZ EXPONENT Darius Milhaud is one of the latest exponents of jazz and looks to it for inspiration in his own compositions. Mr. Milhaud, who is one of the ultra modern French composers, intends writing a jazz sonata. He says s the following as representative of the French attitude toward jazz:

"Jazz interests us tremendously. We are fascinated and intrigued by the jazz rhythms and are devoting serious study to it. There are new elements of clarity and rhythmic power which were a real shock to us when we heard jazz for the first time. It was in 1919, immediately after the war, that the first jazz band was heard in Paris. Top us it was a musical event of genuine import. Music had long been under the domination of the Impressionist School. Poetry was the predominating element. Jazz came to us as a good shock - like a cold shower when you have been half asleep with ennui. It roused us electrically. All the young artists went every night to hear it played."

He further thinks that jazz will have a most important influence on the music of the future and will represent a dance form just as the Mazurkas in Chopin's time and the Serenades of Bach's time did. Certain it is that if the composers of more serious music would show as great ingenuity in orchestration and the handling of rhythm as some of our popular writers, they would secure more worth while results.

1930 - AUGUST 9 - MUSICAL LEADER

AMERICAN IDEAS ADOPTED AT PARIS THEATERS. French Audiences Captivated by Jazz-Contralto from U. S. A. Engaged for Grand Opera-News of Musicians and actors. By Gretchen Dick - In comparing the French to the American musical comedy I don't know which is of the greatest interest; the primitive methods of the foreign productions, the small prices paid the performers, the dresses-or we should say the lack of them-the oddities and conveniences around the theaters that we do not have here in America, or, what at one time was the most important-the actual music. No matter, they are all so different from what we expect that we find surprises everywhere.

The thing that interested me more than anything else was the fact that our chic French friends are now coming to America to get ideas from our productions, for in every musical review I have seen so far, I found several scenes from our recent successes. In fact the "Follies Bergere," even had a scene of a year or two ago from Frank Tinney's show "Tickle Me" and another scene, "The Rivers of the World" was in George White's Scandals of 1922. Though of course we still take many of our ideas from the Paris shows-we took the present Mirror scene in the "Follies Bergere" for both this season's "Winter Garden" and "George White's Scandals," and the rose vase scene in the former from Harry Pilcer's "Palace Theater-the French are adopting our American ideas in profusion. There are many typical English and American acts, actually labeled so, many of the performers are English speaking, while entire choruses and a number of songs are entirely in English.

Would that the French could take the snap of the American productions as well as their jazz music, which has completely captured and captivated the Frenchman-it is as much in the blood over here as it is in America. One wonders with the primitive methods employed here, how they manage to put on such Hugh and beautiful entertainments. The stage waits are interminable almost to the point of being funny, and often they do not even take the trouble to darken the stage while the hands put down a carpet, move a bit of scenery, or replace the furniture. Sometimes the stage manager, in the habitual long white coat worn here, actually comes out on the stage in a semi-dark or even light, and claps his hands for a quick shift, which he seldom gets, and no one pays any attention to the amateurish effect. The lighting in the French theaters is also inadequate. In the big "Follies Bergere," they have one spot light and two small lights, consequently when the chorus in the big jewel scene in the crystal grotto turns to emeralds and then to amethysts, etc., the four or five end girls remain dancing diamonds. At the Palace the two big side lights are not even on the stage. They are fastened on the outside of the boxes in the auditorium of the theater, and at "les ambassaduers" the big side lights are on high iron bridge work stands erected on the sides, but in the midst of the orchestra chairs. These look and work very much like moving picture projectors. The funniest lighting method of attempting to blot out the action of the shift seems too childish to be true. Instead of darkening the scenes the electrician turns a large pilot light on the audience and blinds them till the next number is set. The first time this happened we couldn't imagine what had struck us, we thought we had suddenly gone blind.

At the "Follies Bergere," when the chorus made a particularly hurried exit, one of the stage hands merely removed a bit of the scenery-the column of the building wherein the scene was enacted, and when the last girl kicked off he just put it back again nonchalantly. Sometimes the performers just lift the corner of the curtain and walk on and off very informally, as much as to say, well, we have to get on and off some way, so here goes.

The back drops, furniture and props, as well as many of the costumes-this is not true of the "Ambassadeurs," the excellent show put on by the Dolly sisters-are in many cases worse than shabby. They are old, ugly, and in some instances very much out of date, and consequently it is difficult to preserve an illusion. This was surprising as some of the gowns and scenes were very beautiful and very well conceived. The lack of balance was a sharp contrast.

Despite the fact that scenery must be tried, as at the "Ambassadeurs"-to fit the low proscenium, that tiny miniature horses, boats, and similar props, replace the more gradiose type used in America, they have some conveniences in Paris that would greatly add to the comfort of the American audience. All the theaters have very wide lobbies, which by the way permits a mass of standees, the courtesy of the attendants is smothering, the coat rooms are particularly large, and they have what I call a "convenience ledge" on the back of the seats and around the boxes. This ledge is either for people to lean forward and rest on, or can be used for purses, programs, and the like. In the "Follies Bergere" the ledge is made of mirror glass with the consequent results that the ladies rare able to keep their lips and hair more acceptably placed. At the Palace Theater, big square boxes are

found under the seats, which not only hold men's, but also ladies' head gear of considerable dimensions. There are many of these little conveniences around the theater that we might copy, such as spring seats at the end of each aisle for ushers and late comers who can sit here and wait for the scene change.

The gowns of the chorus as well as of the principals were on the whole very clever and very chic, though badly executed as to details and often poor in quality of material. Anything to create a transitory illusion. Of course the nakedness of the female form divine is something we have not as yet learned to accept on the American stage, at least to any great extent. True we have a very pretty set in the winter Gardens show this season, a crystal chandelier interspersed with small nude women, to form the effect of bisque figures, but this is shown for the fraction of a minute only and the girls remain static. This is taken from a similar scene in the "Follies Beregere," as well as the "Living Curtain" scene which is in George White's Scandals and the Winter Gardens, too. But in most of the French productions, in fact in all I witnessed with the exception of the one put on by the Dollys, who are as conservative as their French co-workers will permit-the choruses are many of them entirely nude with but what the French call a "cache sax" (a hide the sex) decoration about the hips. They, as well as an occasional principal, not only dance thusly attired but actually come out onto the runway which is stretched out over the orchestra chairs. These runways, by the way, are in almost every house, not only to afford the opportunity of displaying gowns and limbs but because the stages and rooms of the theaters are so small that a large chorus cannot get out in front any other way. How the Dolly sisters put on their splendid production at "Les Ambassadeurs" is beyond my comprehension, for they have sixty-seven people in the cast and the stage is only ten feet deep and twenty feet wide. Eddie Dolly, co-producer with his sisters who is now putting on shows in London for Charles Cochrane, and who helped the last Dolly appearance in New York, in which he also danced, deserves credit for the masterly way the show was accomplished under seemingly impossible circumstances. Incidentally the Dollys are known for their rigid ideas about nudity on the stage. They have a hard and fast rule that all nude figures in their shows must remain static, interpreting either artistic statuary or statuesque artistry, and not exploit sex as in the other shows.

This Dolly show, known as "Paris, Sans Voiles" or under the English title of "Brighter Paris," will continue at the Ambassaduer Theater until September, after which time these most popular of all musical comedy stars now holding sway in Paris, will have a short rest. In October they will present a huge and very magnificent spectacle at the Palace Theater following the Pilcer show, and all the specialties will be put on under the personal direction and supervision of the sisters. The plans for the new show are very alluring and of course are being kept sub rosa. However I learned that the brilliant and popular Gaston Zanel has designed all the new and astounding costumes. Also that the first big entrance scene of the Sisters Dolly will be made on snow white ponies, while they will be attired in jet black riding habits. They will then do their famous riding habit dance which New York has already seen.

Other musical comedy plans for the coming season are not announced, and in fact not yet made, as the summer shows are playing to big audiences and are still indefinite about closing time. Even the "Marigny," which until this week had the inimitable Florence Walton as the headliner, is continuing to show to packed houses, though I hear that they never before have had such a big drawing card. It is of interest to learn that Miss Walton has the distinction of being the first American ball room dancer to star in a Paris review. In an interview with her, I learned some interesting things about her recent observations on the growing reactions to better music to the lighter musical shows than we have had in many years. In fact the dancer goes so far as to say that she feels the applause and general demand to other than jazz not only presages a future of a better kind of music and dance, both in light opera and vaudeville, but she further insists that "jazz is on the way out."

His music in these light reviews has a decided standard-too decided in fact, for all the shows play and sing the same popular songs and dance hits. None of the managers seem to feel that another has stolen his thunder, his big song success, nor do they think that by using the same songs and dances they may be keeping people away because they may have heard the same tunes over and over again, and may perhaps be tired of the music. They evidently argue about the music much as they do about the nudity of the performers, namely, that if a little is good, vast quantities are so much better. Of course they do try to vary the possible monotony of the musical repetition by interpreting the text in a slightly different form of act, and they also change the color scheme of the chorus girls who dash in and out the refrains. But in spite of the attempt to color and vary, one feels a bit of the same tunes and when you leave the theater you have that divided tired feeling and the thought that it would have been nice to have heard a few new airs. Two new songs, "Marie" and "Gaby" as well as some good, rhythmic, rather persistent jazz tunes, very American in atmosphere, are played and sung glibly all around in the various shows and of course in the restaurants. There is no one fine outstanding musical number that deserves special mention. The musical notation on the whole is that France has gone jazz mad, which is proved not only in their reviews but in their hotel dining rooms, tea places, and cabarets and wherever there is any form of music. In fact I think they have carried their shoulder shrugging and shimmy tendencies to greater lengths than we have. This may be due to the Latin case of expressing meaning with greater physical facility than we in America have. Sometimes a French eyebrow and twist of the wrist or agile shoulder blade will express infinitely more than an American pair of lips, even though the lips be feminine and very pretty.

While the chorus voices are a little above the average New York ensemble, the singers with the exception of one in each cast do not amount to much. "En Fleine Folie" at the Follies Bergere has one good voice in mademoiselle Madeleine Loys, and at "Toutes Les Femmes" at the Palace where Harry Pilcer, formerly the partner of Gaby Deslys, holds forth, there is a very good voice used gracefully by mademoiselle Simone Mirat.

The one attempt at music of a better sort was introduced by Harry Pilcer in his interpretation of "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune" to the music of Debussy as given

by various solo dancers in New York. Strange as it may seem-for Mr. Pilcer is a dancer of the cabaret type-he interpreted the music exceptionally well, and much after the manner of Mijinsky, the creator of the famous dance. Here, as in New York, there was some question as to the propriety of the number, and Mr. Pilcer was hailed into court and asked to give a special performance before the judge, who, as in New York, pronounced it both harmless and beautiful.

1930 - FEBRUARY 21 - MUSICAL COURIER

JAZZ BAND by J. Benoist-Mechin - Translated from the French by Sam Putnam There have come to us out of America, in addition to a new conception of life and the voices of two or three great poets, a number of things which already will be found to have left a profound mark upon our European civilization. Among these are piece-work in industry, cocktails, and the jazz band.

When I say that this last is a new art, I do not mean to imply that it is one lacking in traditions. Its traditions are two in number. The one, clearly Anglo-Saxon, has arisen out of the rag-time tunes in the English cares. The other, a popular, pastoral tradition, is of Negro origin. It has sprung from the Creole melodies of Florida, the Carolinas, and Hawaii, vibrant all of them with the scent of honey, the sound of guitars, and the shimmering of blue butterflies, big as monkey-backs; and they are peopled, these songs, with luscious black babies, sentimental, smiling and melancholy.

Nevertheless, this is, incontestably, a new art. The proof is in the audacity with which, at the very start, it sweeps away all our impoverished harmonic and rhythmic innovations-in the liberty, in short, with which this art lives in the fantasies and improvisations of individuals.

It is a collective art, as well. Everyone contributes to it. It is the musical quality of its performers which makes it what it is. In no other form of the musical art (except, perhaps at the beginning of the classical period, when the performer was given the task of executing the bass notations or of composing, upon the moment, the cadences of a concerto) has there been observable a similar difference between that which is written and that which is played. The difference lies wholly in the fantasy of the trombone and saxophone, the fantasy of jazz, each instrument yielding itself in turn to the most astonishing grace-notes, between the indications of the rhythm, which permits their reunion the indications of the rhythm, which permits their reunion upon a common base. It is this, without doubt, which offers such a seduction to musicians tired of playing everything; it gives their sensibilities less cause for shuddering.

That which gives this art its characteristic aspect, however, is the jazz itself, that melange of noise and rhythm, combing the bass drum, tambour, the cymbals, the wooden drum sticks, and sometimes even a whistle, held in the mouth of a performer and completing an ensemble of extraordinary rhythmic precision; there is no means of notating simultaneously all the effects of this domesticated cyclone.

The jazz band is free of all our formulas and does not give a fig for our audacities. Its melody, very clear and incisive, turns most often on certain juxtaposed notes, constructed almost uniquely upon the basis of syncopation and

upon all the rhythmic artifices of musical accident. Harmony, which practically does not exist, is replaced by a dazzling counterpoint, in which each instrument is clearly individualized. The orchestration, reduced to the purest tones, never contrives any transition, any nuance, any undertone. Clear and strong, in it is found all that dry vigor of an age devoted to the rhythm of the machine. It is impossible, in the presence of this music, to think of any of our own great musicians. It sweeps away all our traditions in the outburst of its youth, in its release of rhythms. Stravinsky, Auric, Milhaud, Poulenc, Satie, Hindemith have undergone its initial influences, and those influences are discoverable, though in a hidden fashion, in works as different as Renard's Eumenides and The Creation of the World.

The arrival of jazz in Europe is an event in the history of music. (So much the worse for those who, under the pretext of insisting upon a disjunction of genres, refuse to take notice of it.) This music is the only one which is frankly modern with no concessions to the past. It teaches us beauty in accents the most direct and naked; and in the midst of its profusion, the most perfect order reigns. It has contributed to the enrichment of the rhythmic domain and has helped to free us from our timidities. It blazes the way which the orchestra and the symphony of tomorrow must follow.

But the latest jazz pieces I have heard have produced upon me an effect quite beyond that induced by the intensity of rhythm which I have attempted to describe above. While preserving a great simplicity, an accent direct and strong (which, in one case, conferred a resemblance to a recitative of Gluck), and exhibiting, as well, an absence of all declamation, the essential character of these pieces was infinitely more poignant, more bitter, and more dramatic. For the purely mechanical precision of great orchestral works, improvisation is substituted, and one hears the moving stammers of a race, seeking a personal mode of expression-the Negroes. The persecutions which the latter still daily undergo have given them a sadness, a nostalgia, and a feeling of religious exile which approaches the Semitic sentiment.

The orchestra and the chant, in which nothing remains of our traditional syntax, weave, one against the other, their monotonous and savage plaints. All the transitions from one note to another, being made by quarter-tones, with rhythmic breaks of an unheard of subtlety (a subtlety which our system of notation declines to recognize), give the impression more than ever of being glued to the movement of the musical thought itself. (How we, one the other hand, masque sounds, as if that which we call music were only something in the place of true music.)

A woman, who is nothing but akin and bones, sings in a metallic voice, crude and frayed; in the very moments of tenderness or joy, she seems filled with sobs or with an irrepressible panic. She begins again and, for interminable hours, keeps up, like one drunk, her singular melopoeia; she leaps from a giant spring board (the refrain being here merely a composing element) and then dances, hysterically, till she drops from exhaustion.

Soon, the guitars begin to scratch in cadence, vociferating brokenly, lamenting now, now swooning; soon, the trumpet bellows gently, or the piano, on

its side, frees itself as far as the eye can reach in cadenced arabesques, dazzling, rich and ornamental, representing the purest form of divertissement.

One is led then to think upon the fragility of all things. One asks one's self whether the musical temperament has not been invented (like the divisions of thought and the categories of the spirit) by a sort of terror in the presence of the panic appeal if thought and the senses-those senses which, nude and pure, reside, indistinctly, somewhere well beyond the commodities of conversation.

In the heart of American cities, an African and millennial lyricism, made up the most remote and primitive elements, is mounting to the surface. All our travail in the arts comes back to this point of departure, and one perceives the old unclean crust cracking everywhere. And one should not be astonished, upon awaking some morning, to discover Tartar or Mongol hordes camped under the Arc de Triumph or upon the Place de la Concorde, while along the Seine rises a thread of smoke from scattered fires and the odor of roast mutton, mingled with that of Asiatic ponies.

1930 - JULY - METRONOME

FRANCE'S BAN ON JAZZ - Vincent Lopez tells the Keith magnates that it is an insult to our American folk music and our popular composers and musicians. By Walter J. Kingsley. Wherever jazz music is popular, and that is everywhere in the United States, musicians, composers, music publishers, record makers, radio broadcasters, singers of syncopated songs, and dancers of jazz dances, are discussing the report that France has placed a ban on jazz and are forcing American artists to leave the country or abandon super-syncopation as their entertainment offering. Longacre Square, the focal point of jazz in this country, hums with argument over the action taken by the French as scores of American artists have contracts to go abroad to appear in French music halls and feel that they would be crippled and perhaps completely put out of commission if deprived of their jazz specialties.

The B. F. Keith Vaudeville Exchange imports and exports artists to all parts of the world and has the most cordial relations with the music halls of France. The news that France is placing an embargo on jazz came as a great surprise. Vincent Lopez, the young director of the Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra, who for three years has been a permanent Keith headliner in New York in modern popular music programs, and who has made stirring arrangements of stimulating numbers for both national conventions this month, regards the action of the French Government as an insult to American art. Discussing the ban in the Keith offices from the standpoint of vaudeville, Mr. Lopez said:

"If this is official action by the French Government, it is a slap at America. It seems hardly possible that certain American musicians have been asked to leave because of objectionable conduct.

"The popularity of 'jazz' music abroad is great, and it is winning appreciation, not as freak stuff, but as true American music. It certainly can't be stopped by attacking individual musicians."

Mr. Lopez asserted that the recent development of "jazz" music entitled it to be considered a serious form of art, not a matter to be dealt with by the gendarmes.

"I have been for a long time making a study both of the word 'jazz' and of the kind of music which it represents," he said.

How We Got the Word "Jazz"

"The origin of the colloquial word jazz is shrouded in mystery. The story of its beginning that is most frequently told and most generally believed among musicians has to do with a corruption of the name 'Charles.' In Vicksburg, Miss. during the period when rag-time was at the height of its popularity and 'blues' were gaining favor, there was a colored drummer of rather unique ability named 'Chas. Washington.' As is a very common custom in certain parts of the South he was called 'Chaz.' 'Chaz' could not read music, but he had a gift for 'faking,' and a marvelous sense of syncopated rhythm. It was a practice to repeat the trio or chorus of popular numbers, and because of the catchness of 'Chaz's' drumming he was called on to do his best on the repeats. At the end of the first chorus the leader would say:

"Now, Chaz!"

"From this small beginning it soon became a widespread habit to distinguish any form of exaggerated syncopation as 'Chaz.' It was immensely popular from the start, for it had appeal to the physical emotions unobtainable from any other sort of music. 'Chaz' himself had learned the effectiveness of this manner of drumming through following the lead of country fiddlers in their spirited playing of 'Natchez Under the Hill,' 'Arkansaw Traveler,' 'Cotton Eye'd Joe,' and the numerous other similar tunes so dear to the hearts of quadrille dancers.

Syncopation in Symphonies

"In my endeavors to place a finer on the exact spot in music that we can 'jazz,' I have found a process of elimination very convenient. There are many movements in the greatest symphonies that are syncopated, yet by no stretch of the imagination can we call them 'jazz'; the weird music of the North American Indians, based on singsong vocal melodies with tom-tom accompaniment, is bizarre enough, but it is not 'jazz'; the Oriental whine of the musette as used for the dances of the whirling Dervishes cannot be called 'jazz'; the languid airs of Hawaiian origin are not in that category; a Strauss waltz, a Sousa march, the gayest tune of a Gilbert and Sullivan light opera, an Argentine tango, a minuet, polka, quadrille, bolero, none of these are 'jazz'; and yet any and all of them can be made into 'jazz' by the simple expedient of accentuating that beat which the natural laws of rhythm require to be unaccented.

"The whole universe is founded on order and rhythm, on regularity and steady tempo. The music of the spheres rushing through space is undoubtedly in strict time the seasons change on schedule, all astronomical calculations are

possible because of the methodical regularity of recurrent events. It is entirely contrary to natural laws to syncopate and only man does it. The music, student has difficulty in acquiring this faculty for he feels that it is inherently wrong. No wild animal gives a long-drawn cry but that it is in time. When a baby does not cry rhythmically a doctor or a mother immediately realizes that something is seriously the matter with the child. When the wrong beat is accented there is an actual physical effect on the hearer, for a law is being broken.

"At the very beginning 'jazz' meant 'without music' or 'contrary to music,' but a great change has taken place in it. The 'jazz' of war times has very definitely departed, although leaving its indelible mark on music as a whole. It fitted a hysterical period when the times were out of joint and a frenzied world sought surcease from mental agony in a mad outbreak of physical gymnastics. There was a time not long ago when anything odd and fantastical in music was labeled 'jab.' The musicians became affected with the glamour of syncopation. The different instrumentalists began to imitate the antics of the drummer. It became a clamor, an uproar. The clarinet whined and whistled; the trombone guffawed grotesquely; the trumpets buzzed and fluttered; the pianist gyrated.

Orchestras of Maniacs

"It developed into a contest to attract individual attention. The violinist caught the germ and debased his instrument through the most flagrant musical indecencies. We had for orchestras a bunch of acrobatic maniacs to whom music was entirely secondary and mummery was the word. The cowbell reigned supreme. And that was 'jazz.'

"It is certainly a misdemeanor to call my orchestra, or any other good dance organization a 'jazz band,' if taken in the sense of what a 'jazz band' used to be. Present day dance music is as different from 'jazz' as day from night; yet the word remains with us and we do stress syncopation, but we do it musically. It is now combined with the finest arrangements money can buy, the richest chords and modulations that gifted musical minds can conceive and the total elimination of all instruments and effects not of proven musical worth.

Rag-time music was the direct forerunner of 'jazz.' It was so nicely adapted to a simplified form of dancing that it had an almost universal appeal. It was merely syncopation without any particular emphasis. As the emphasis was added it became 'jazz.' It is, therefore, sufficiently explicit, so far as the music is concerned, to define 'jazz' as emphasized syncopation; but there is another phase of it that includes the dancing in combination with emphasized syncopation.

"Because there seems to be something animal-like in the emotional effects of 'jazz,' we have turned to animal movements to get a name for it. We have had the 'turkey trot,' the 'elephant glide,' the 'camel walk' and countless other designations, but at last and apparently accepted permanently the 'fox trot.' Perfection of lithesome, graceful bodily action in faultless rhythm can hardly be better pictured than by the harmonious movement of a fox as he trots. There is an almost imperceptible hesitation as each foot is placed, a perfect timing that is

exact balance and the very acme of equilibrium. The name fits both the dance and the music."

1934 - Jazz's Influence On French Music – Music Quarterly – January

By M. Robert Rogers - Some Preambular Observations

America, during the exciting decade of the nineteen twenties, became suddenly aware that in her popular music she had produced an idiom not only in keeping with the tempo of her life, but capable of being looked upon as an original artistic contribution from a country often regarded as excessively eclectic in cultural fields.

True, the baby among musical nations needed the prompting of her European elders before she realized that the developments she took more or less as a matter of course could be definite contributions towards the growth of an art-music. A Bohemian composer, come to teach in Brooklyn, New York, was the first to recognize in the folk-music of the southern Negroes a rich store of inspiration for serious composers. The spirituals which proved so stimulating to Dvorak were destined to develop into the blues, which subsequently became one of the main elements of jazz.

Still, American composers were slow to avail themselves of the elements of their native folk-music, even when rag-time and jazz were harder to silence than to hear. As early as 1896, Johannes Brahms was thinking of introducing the novel rhythmic effects of American ragtime, which he had just heard for the first time, into one of his compositions (Boston Evening Transcript, Music Section, March 22, 1930) and Debussy, Stravinsky, and Aurie, had already used ragtime and jazz in their compositions before an American, John Alden Carpenter, wrote *Krazy Kat,* a jazz-ballet, in 1922.

Wherein lies the explanation of the potent influence of jazz? First we must determine what jazz is, if that be possible. Many have attempted to define ragtime, blues, and jazz, but most have fallen into the error of trying to make too definite distinctions among them. Even a superficial examination should indicate that rag-time and jazz are really the same thing in different stages of development. Carl Engel has rightly observed that "jazz is rag-time, *plus* orchestral polyphony."

The day when rag-time first reared its head can be placed only generally in the latter half of the nineteenth century. The first appearance of the word "rag-time" in connection with a printed song occurred on the cover of Bert Williams' *Oh, I don't know, you're not so warm* in 1896. America sang and danced to rag-time until before she entered the World War. In the five years preceding the War, the term "jazz" gradually came to replace "rag-time" in general use. Change in the style of the music came gradually too. One cannot say when rag-time stopped and jazz began. One should not try to, for, as already stated, they are the same thing in different phases. "Jazz completed a process that rag-time began."

In defining jazz, the authorities have ended in confusion and disagreement, and have generally failed in their purpose. Irving Schwerke points out that the "ordinary American . . . could not define jazz any better than the ordinary

European; but where the American has the advantage is that his ear knows when jazz is and where it is not." Henry Osgood expresses a kindred thought: "It is the spirit of the music, not the mechanics of its frame or the characteristics of the superstructure built upon that frame, that determines whether or not it is jazz." In contrast to this opinion is Aaron Copland's belief that jazz can be defined if its structure is analyzed. But his conclusions are not very startling; he says "The peculiar excitement {jazz} produces by clashing two definitely and regularly marked rhythms is unprecedented in occidental music. Its polyrhythm is the real contribution of jazz."

Actually all these men are right, but none accomplishes his purpose: to define jazz. The reason is simple: "jazz," applied to music, is indefinable, for "no word used to describe a school of music can be defined." Jazz is correctly a style, not a form, and styles can be only described, not defined. Paul Whiteman, who has had perhaps more practical experience with jazz than any other person, has arrived at a similar conclusion: "Jazz is not as yet the thing said, it is the manner of saying it."

Thus we are brought to Mr. Engel's description of jazz as an amalgam of rag-time, "blue" harmony, and orchestral polyphony.

The examination of the widespread influence of jazz in America and Europe is a subject for sociological rather than for musical study. Remember that the word "jazz" is not confined to music; it can be a verb or noun, and was probably descriptive of emotion before it was of music. We are living in the Jazz Age, or emerging from it, and our music is but a phase of it on two continents. Whiteman says:

Jazz is the spirit of a new country. It catches up the underlying motif of a continent and period, molding it into a form which expresses the fundamental emotion of the people, the place, and time so authentically that it is immediately recognizable. . . I think it is a mistake to call jazz cheerful. The optimism of jazz is the optimism of the pessimist who say, 'Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die.' This cheerfulness of despair is deep in America. Our country is not the childishly jubilant nation that some people like to think it. Behind the rush of achievement is a restlessness of dissatisfaction, a vague nostalgia and yearning of something indefinable, beyond our grasp. . . That is the thing expressed by that wail, that longing, that pain behind all the surface clamor and rhythm and energy of jazz. The critics may call it Oriental, call it Russian, call it anything they like. It is the expression of the soul of America and America recognizes it.

But the soul of America became in the past decade part of the soul of Europe. In France, while Cocteau described jazz as *"une sorte de catastrophe apprivoisee,"* critical opinion proclaimed, *"Il est vie. Ilest art. Ilest ivresse des sons et des bruits. Il est joie animale des mouvemenys souples. Il est melancolie des passions. I; est nous d' aujourd' hui."*

Whether urged by its spirit or attracted by its rhythmic individuality, the fact remains that practically every composer in France since Debussy has felt the insidious effect of King Jazz. As Marion Bauer expresses it, the French

composers throw themselves on jazz as hungry dogs on a bone. We turn now to the examination of that bone as treated in French music.

France Hears Rag-time
And Debussy Does the Cakewalk

In 1896, Williams and Walker, two gentlemen of dark complexion, came to New York from America's Midwest to excite and amuse the audiences of Koster and Bial's Music-Hall, with a dance to rag-time rhythms – the cake-walk. For a decade and more, Williams, Walker, and the rest of America, danced the cake-walk. Meanwhile, the Negro team crossed the Atlantic's waters and introduced their exuberant steps to the lords, ladies, and commoners of London. The cake-walk enjoyed a fad as the most popular society-dance in Merrie England.

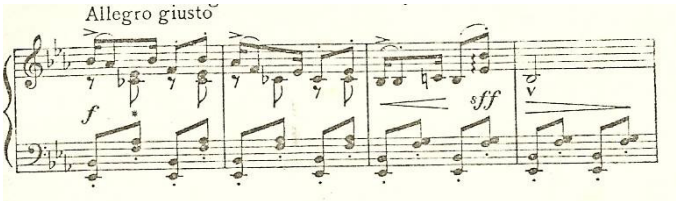
Nor was Paris neglected. She too, at her World's Fair and elsewhere, came to know the exciting rhythms of American rag-time. France was quick to adopt her own version of this new music for her dance-and music halls. Negro bands were imported from the United States and adored with a reverence that only the Gallic soul can cherish towards the supposedly lighter moments of life.

Another means by which American popular music was rapidly disseminated in the Old World was by the development of a new mechanical invention. In 1877, Thomas Alva Edison presented a grateful world with the phonograph. By 1900, Edison's cylinder records had been flattened into disks, and the commercial potentialities of the new instrument were beginning to be exploited in Europe as well as at home. The several recordings of rag-time by Victor and other recorders were made easily available to any Frenchman or other person who was interested. The phonograph's part is of prime importance in considering the rapid spread of the rag-time-jazz influence.

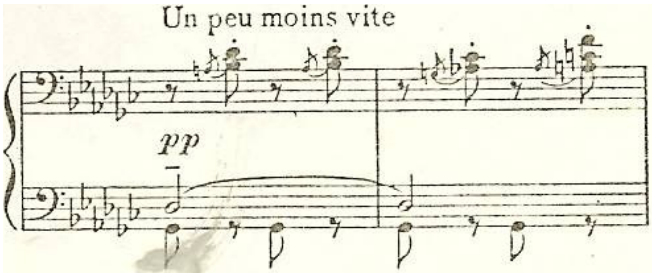
From one source or another, France's serious composers heard and regarded the novelty of this crude and rhythmic music with naïve delight, a delight born partly from the still prevalent worship of nature in the raw, which had its roots in the sentimental philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

The romantic impressionist, Claude Debussy, was the first to commit himself on music paper when, in 1908, he concluded his charming suite, *The Children's corner,* with the *Golliwog's Cake-Walk.*

Ex. 1 From "Golliwogg's Cake-walk" (Debussy)



Ex. 1a

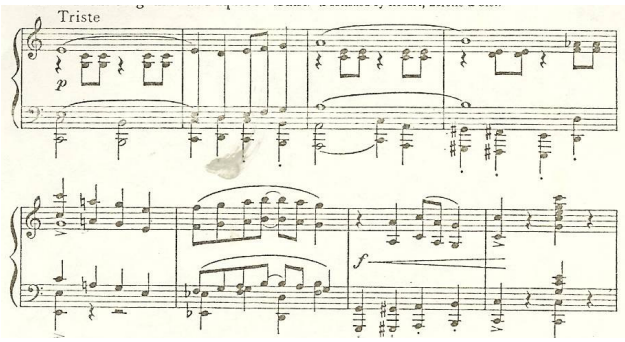


Like most thoroughgoing Rousseauists, Debussy managed to inject into the essential crudity of the thing he was trying to imitate a sophistication it did not know in its native haunts. Some fifteen years later, American jazz was to reach a technical stage somewhat akin to that of the *Golliwog's Cake-Walk.* Notice at * in the first of the foregoing extracts, the appearance of a "blue" note in the harmony – the lowered submediant used in the major mode. This type of harmonic device was already thrice familiar in nineteenth-century music, and Debussy's use of it here should not be regarded with unqualified wonder. It is probably coincidental. (So, certainly, is the "Gershwin" sound of the main theme in the finale of the same composer's *La Mer.* Similar European anticipations of jazz idioms should make an interesting topic for study.) Even if Debussy missed the point of the rag-time music that exerted an influence on him, he did provide the world with a gay miniature which, without that influence, he might not have produced.

In 1910, he again allowed a cake-walk to creep into a piano piece, this time in the musical caricature, *General lavine-eccentric,* from the second book of Preludes. *Minstrels,* from the first book, betrays the influence of Negro spirituals as well as of rag-time. Thus, by the most poetic of French composers was American popular music admitted into the realm of serious composition in France.

The next French musician to fall under the spell of rag-time was that irrepressible wit, Erik Satie. For his ballet, *Parade,* written in 1916 to a scenario by Jean Cocteau," Satie dished up a *Rag-time du Ppaquebot. Here was a composer at least temperamentally suited to affect the American* style. He did manage to approximate it more accurately than Debussy, though the result was somewhat self-consciously imitative. But then, we must remember that Satie probably approached the whole undertaking with the sense of satire that was habitual to him.

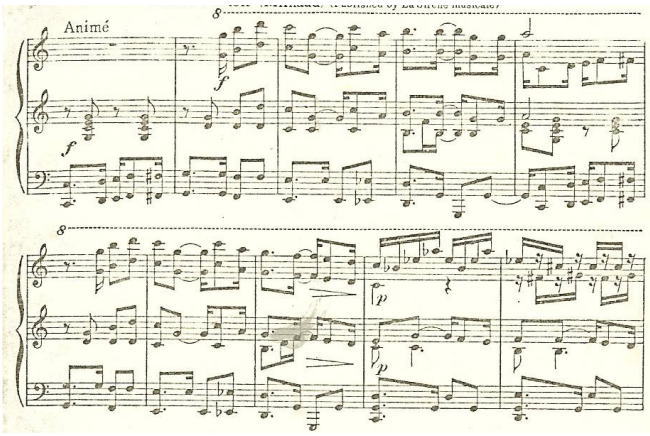
Ex. 2 – From "Rag-time de Paquebot" (Satie)



In 1919, Darius Milhaud, subsequently to become identified with the "Group of Sex," returned to Paris after two-year spent in Brazil as an *attache* of the French legation in Rio de Janeiro. While in South America, he had become attracted by the native dances. He imitated them in his cycle for piano. *Sandades do Brazil.* The similarity of some of the rhythms of these dances to the rhythms of North American rag-time is remarkable. This fact may indicate a fertile field for study in regard to the source of the latter.

Milhaud, too, composed a ballet for a Cocteau scenario. In 1919, he produced *Le Boeuf sur le toit,* a "cinema-symphony on South American airs." South American or not, without the subtitle the music for this satirical pantomime could be justly mistaken for rag-time *a lafrancaise.* Since Cocteau was poking fun at American prohibition, Milhaud may have deliberately chosen to be influenced by American rag-time. Here are the opening measures of the work:

Ex. 3 From "Le Boeuf sur le toit" (Milhaud)



While rag-time was gaining a foothold in Paris, an expatriate Russian musician had centered his activities there. *Protégé* of Rimsky-Korsakov and exponent of the Russian ballet, Igor Stravinsky had as important an influence on the present generation of French composers as had their compatriot ancestors. In fact, the "Group of Six" repudiated Debussy's impressionism and turned to Stravinsky's objective ideals. So we must take cognizance of the influence Stravinsky had on the development of jazz in France.

"Stravinsky," says Isaac Goldberg, "with his epochal ballet, 'Petroushka,' had made himself in 1911 the European pioneer of jazz." Goldberg overstates the case. At best, the rhythms of Stravinsky have only a nominal relationship to those of jazz. But if there be any doubt about the essentially rhythmic nature of Petroushka, there can be n0one in regard to *Le Sacre du Printemps,* which had a sensational *premiere* in Paris in 1913. In this ballet, Stravinsky anticipated two important general characteristics of jazz: emphasis on rhythm (admittedly a more complex rhythm than jazz has ever achieved) and emphasis on the wind instruments. With this imposing work to his credit, we may wonder what need the great Igor had for imported polyrhythms; but he, too, tried to imitate the music from across the sea. Between 1915 and 1920, he wrote his *Rag-time* for piano (later orchestrated) and the *histoire d' un soldat,* which were neither "rag-time fish not jazz flesh."

But the attempts of Debussy, Satie, Milhaud, and Stravinsky, were merely paving the way for the almost universal reign of King Jazz in France after the World War.

"The Six" fox-trot while Ravel Has the Blues

How much influence the friendly invasion of Paris by American armies in 1917-18 had in making the French crave a jazz-band cannot be known. At any rate, in 1918, while Allied troops were still face to face with Germans along the Western Front, Gaby Deslys and Harry Pilcer, at the Casino de Paris, introduced Paris to its first jazz-band. The Gallic soul liked it, Gallic feet tapped to its rhythms. Gallic ears enjoyed its novel instrumentation. The Jazz Age was launched in France.

At least one native Parisian, Jean Wiener, had, according to his compatriots, caught the spirit of this new development of rag-time. At the Bar Gaya, he played his piano while Vance Lowry ("*don't le coeur est un saxophone")* alternated between saxophone and banjo, making a combination which the French thought as exciting and sonorous as any larger American one. Wiener also discovered that two pianos were twice as good as one when it came to playing jazz, so he united with Doucet to make a famous team, able not only in playing jazz but in the performance of all two-piano literature.

Wiener was enterprising, and, in 1921, he induced Billy Arnold's Negro band, then playing in Deauville, to give a formal concert in Paris under his management at the Salle des Agriculteurs. This performance, which took place on December 6th, was an unqualified success, and the music critics raved for weeks about new instrumental sonorities and techniques and about a new spirit.

The *savants* of music, in accordance with the French temperament, regarded America's brainchild with a gravity that to us seems mainly lugubrious. Thus, when the scholarly *La Revue musicale* in 1926 introduced criticism of phonograph records into its columns, imported jazz-recordings were reviewed as a matter of course. Henry Prunieres opened his comment with the observation, "*Jazz regne decidement sur le monde."* The general tone of his writings on the subject may be gained from the following extract in the issue of January 1932:

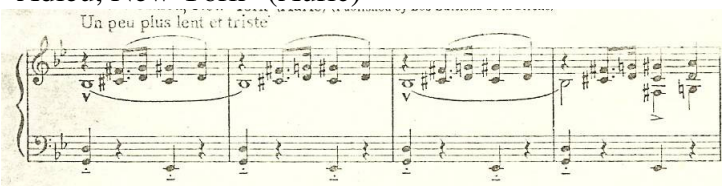
"*Le jazzde L. Armstrong est toujours inyeressant.Moins varie, moins riche quccelui de Duke Ellington, il garde les qualites du vrai jazz hot….Armstrong est un remarquable virtuose.*" Milhaud felt moved to write, with rare incongruity, "*Un musicien comme Jean Wiener . . .*

A assimile (le jazz) avec une rare habilete en le combinant a un certain classocisme qui fait songer a Bach." A Belgian, Robert Goffin, wrote what has been called "the most exhaustive story of jazz players extant." Eminent names in all fields of French music lent their approval to the jazz influence: Lionel de la Laurencie, Albert Roussel, P. O. Ferroud, and Maurice Brillant, are some.

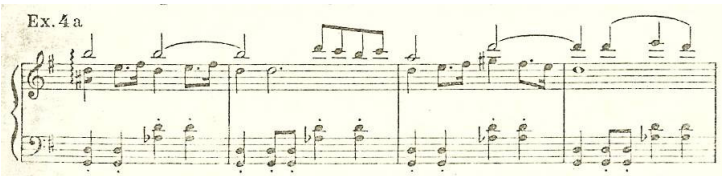
While the critics were being eloquent in print, the younger composers were trying to assimilate the new style. Besides the sources already indicated, they had access to Salabert's popular reprints of American jazz.

The composers known collectively as "the six" where especially fascinated. The fox-trot for two pianos, *Adieu, New York,* by George Auric, one of the group, appeared in 1919. He had captured the essence of jazz rhythm but miss fire harmonically. A few extracts follow:

Ex.4 – From "Adieu, New York" (Auric)

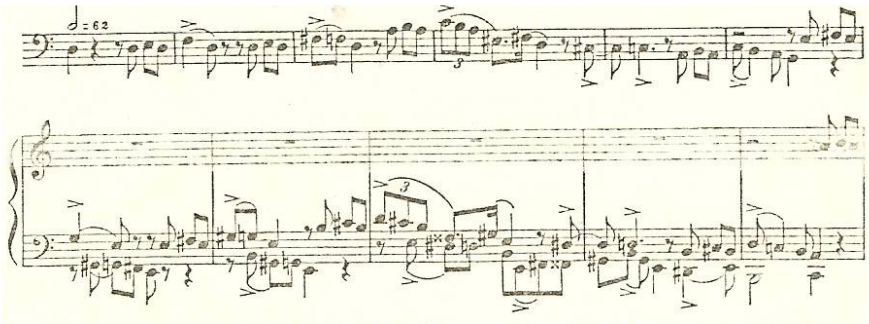


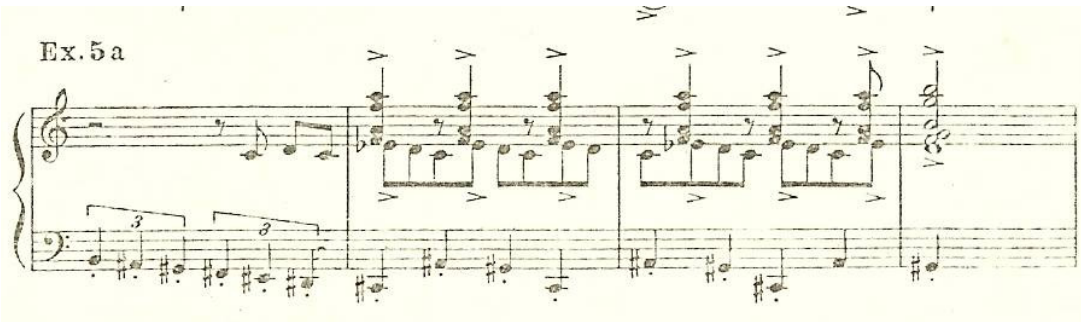
Ex. 4a



In 1922, Milhaud again crossed the Atlantic, this time to North America. In the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, his already growing enthusiasm for jazz was heightened by the splendid orchestra of Leo Reisman, then slowly acquiring the reputation which was to bring it international fame. It is curious that Milhaud should admire the Reiman manner, for its sophisticated style is a far cry from the Negro orchestra which Parisians usually prefer to white ones. At any rate, the composer of the *Saudades* returned to his native country, his head teeming this time with American jazz, 1922 model. He lost no time in composing a new ballet, *La Creation du monde,* and in scoring if for "*an orchestre de jazz un peu agrandi etc . . . traite dans la forme de la musique instrumentale cune symphonic concertante.* The scenario, by Blaise Cendrars, provides a Negro Adam and Eve. The score opens with an almost Handelian overture. Then follows a fugue on a jazz-blues subject;

Ex 5 From "La Creation du Monde" (Milhaud)

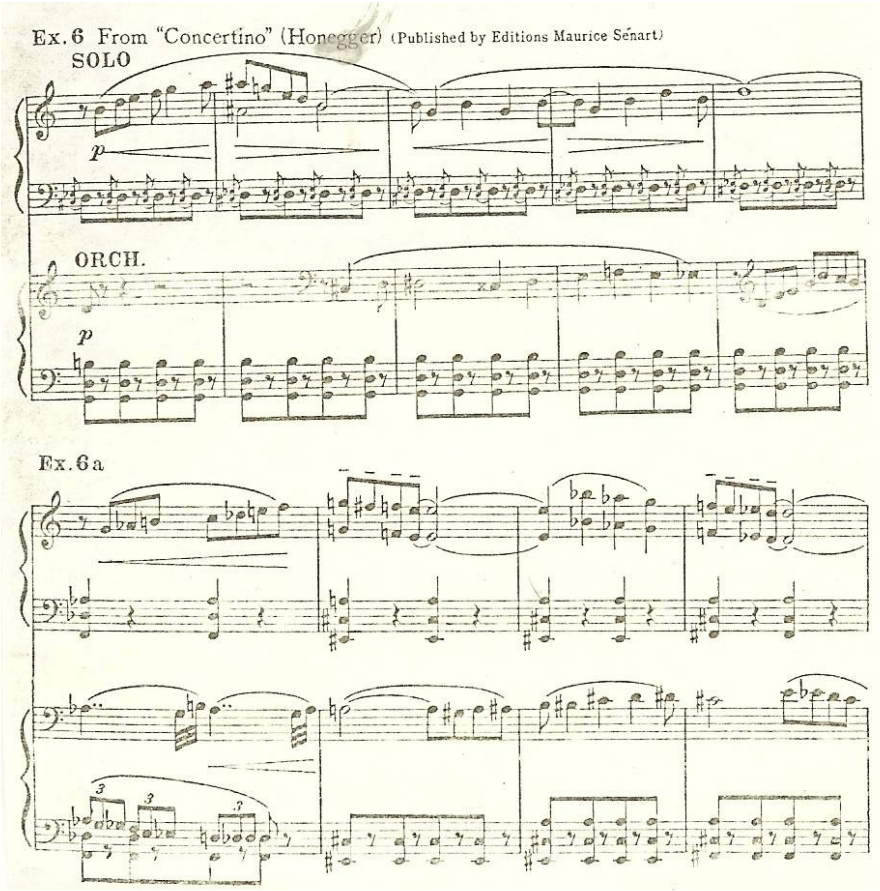




Milhaud brought to jazz his polytonal style: polytonality and poly-harmony appeared later in American jazz. Milhaud, I think, has been more successful in capturing the spirit of American jazz than any other French composer. He turned to it again in his dramatic work, *Les Malheurs d' Orphee.*

Some have found instances of a perceptible jazz-influence in Arthur Honegger's oratorio, *Le Roi David.* I can find no specific example of such an apparent influence that cannot be otherwise accounted for, although I notice a feeling of "blue" harmony in the twentieth piece, *Je fus comcu dans le peche.* However, in the finale of his *concertino* for piano and orchestra, composed in 1924, Honegger frankly writes jazz. He has learned something from American orchestration, for, in this movement, he generally uses the piano percussively. In fact, the piano fairly replaces the battery, while a solo trombone sings a melancholy tune beneath. A few measures suffice to demonstrate Honegger's jazz-style:

Ex. 6 From "Concertino" (Honegger)



In 1925, Honegger wrote a *Prelude and Blues* for, of all combinations, a quartet of chromatic harps. As yet, this work remains unpublished.

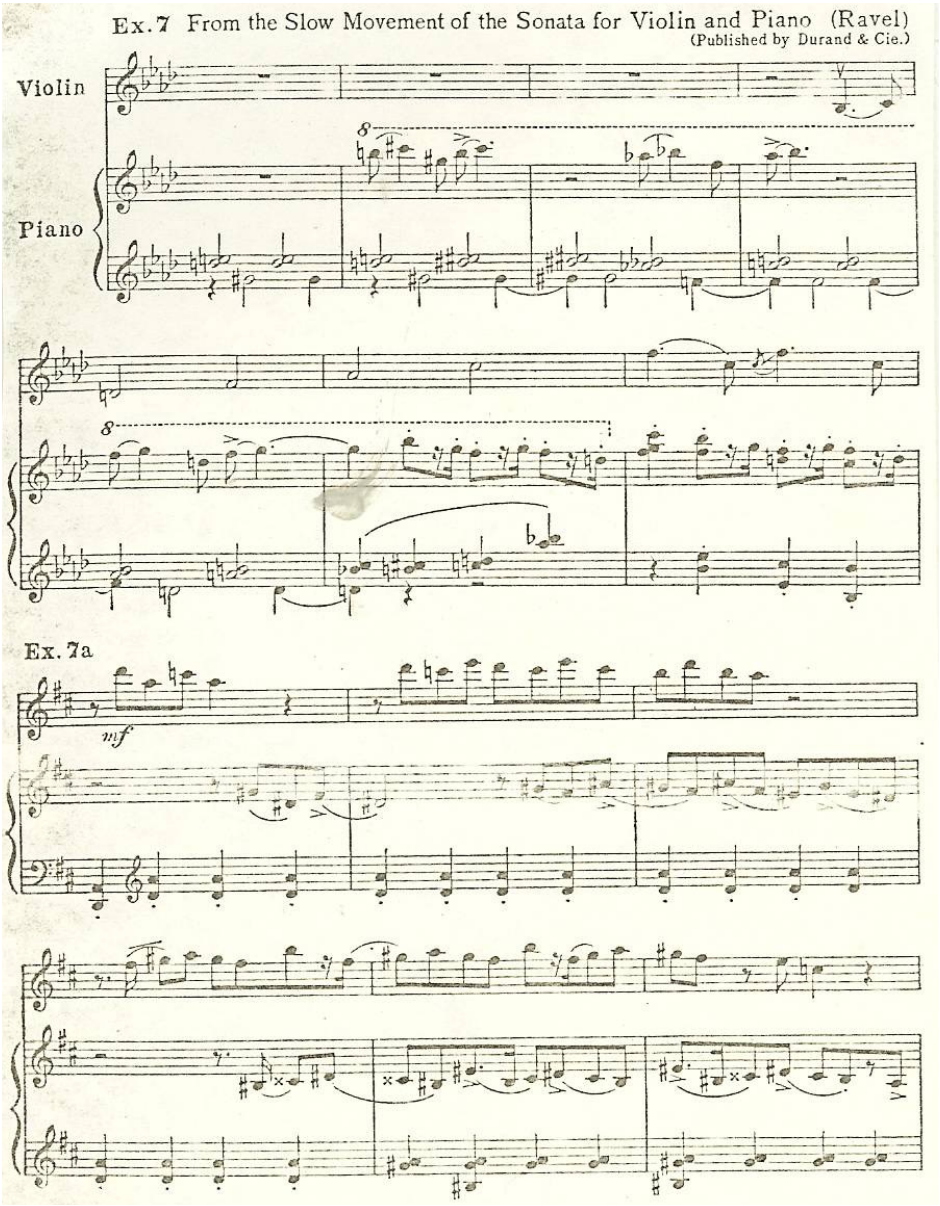
Jean Wiener, distinguished as performer and manager, has been also a prolific composer of pieces in the jazz idiom. Chief of these is his *Franco-American Concerto* for piano and string orchestra. It is a spirited and sometimes witty work, but its effect is mainly "*Franco,"* and the use of a string orchestra is a stylistic error that makes even those jazz effects present sound completely untypical. Wiener had also written, before 1926, a *sonatine syncopte* for piano, a *Suite* for violin and piano, and *Trois Blues chantes.* Of the three blues, Milhaud writes, "*Ils sont tendres et graves commes les lieder de Schubert."*

Maurice Ravel, the Paris Conservatory's *enfant terrible* of another day, was not to be outdone by the younger generation. He, too, could and would write jazz. To an interviewer from "Musical America" he said, "The most captivating part of jazz is its rich and diverting rhythm. . . . Jazz is a very rich and vital source of inspiration for modern composers and I am astonished that so few Americans are influenced by it." Nicolas Slonimsky thinks, however, that "Ravel became interested in that element of jazz which is characteristic of the blues – the instability of major and minor, the sliding effect." The composer himself to the contrary, I agree with Slonimsky. What, rhythmically, could jazz teach the composer of *La Valse* and *Daphnis et Chloe?*

In his fantasy-opera for the incorrigible Collette's libretto, *'enfant et les sortileges,* Ravel produced his first jazz. "The Wedgwood tea-pot and the Chinese teacup sing a duet and dance a fox-trot in which jazz and Chinese music are strangely mingled."

A more ambitious undertaking is the slow movement of the *Sonata* for violin and piano, written between 1923 and 1927. It is labeled *Blues.* Ravel employs polytonality and several jazz-rhythm effects. But the only element of the real blues he captures is the *glissando.* Where are the "blue" notes? The musical essence of the blues is in the harmony, but Ravel adheres to a harmonic style that is peculiarly his own.

Ex. 7 – From the slow Movement of the Sonata for Violin and Piano (Ravel)



The most recent evidence of jazz in Ravel's music appears in the finale of the Piano Concerto, published in 1930. Reviewing the premiere of this work "Prunieres wrote, "*L'esprit du jazz anime en effeet cette derniere partie …. MIAs avec une extreme discretion.* By then, ravel had assimilated the jazz idiom completely into his highly individual style, without, however, writing "straight" jazz.

If the tastes of the American public are any index, Ravel's most popular jazz-work is one that he never intended as such. Orchestras in the United States were quick to seize on his inescapable *Bolero,* to rearrange it into four-quarter time, and to present it to a receptive dance-loving audience. The royalties accruing from this work are said to have already exceeded those that Ravel has received from the sum of his other works. Amusing and typical is the verified report that a large American motion-picture concern paid him a sizable sum for the "movie" rights to the *Bolero* and that it turned out later that all the producers wanted to use was the title!

Among the latest jazz to come from France is a portion of Pierne's *Divertissements on a Pastoral Theme,* completed in 1932. One of the variations in this work is styled a "cortege-blues" by the composer. It is a tuneful and effective bit, but it adds nothing musically to the development of jazz here or abroad.

If regarded in the light of the view expressed by Milhaud, Pierne's use of the jazz idiom would be considered slightly anti-climactic. Milhaud wrote in 1927, "*. . . Deja L'influence du jazz est passee comme un orage bienfaisant apres lequel on retrouve un ciel plus pur, un temps plus sur."* And, in 1930, Rene Dumesnil echoed him: "*Le jazz a bien vielli deja."*

Probably several factors led to the rapid disillusionment in France: (1) the discovery by French musicians that they could not catch the spirit of the music they were attempting to imitate; (2) the parallel discovery that it had less to offer, opened fewer horizons than they imagined in their initial enthusiasm – in other words, that it was technically "old stuff"; (3) the gradual abatement of the Jazz Age itself as Europe slowly returned to pre-War normality; (4) the recent neo-classic revival in the arts, subscribed to by the idol of young French musicians, Stravinsky, and earlier foreshadowed by Satie and Ravel.

The Failure of French Jazz

One of the most original theories of the source of jazz is that of Fortunat Strowski, who, according to the headline-write of "The New York Times (March 26, 1928), "Says jazz originated in old French music." Ravel is partially of the same opinion: to the interviewer of "Musical America" he said, "Jazz music is not a twentieth-century product; its beginning dates much earlier. The old Scotch melodies possess the elements of the modern blues. {Ravel is referring to the so-called Scotch 'snap' – M.R.R.}; the French-Italian melodies of 1840 (for example, the ballet, *Griselle,* by Adam) also contain elements of present jazz music. The music of Gottschalk, the Creole composer at the time of the Second Empire, was possibly the ancestor of Blues and Charleston rhythms." Further

support of Strowski's opinion is found in the etymological theory that the word "jazz" derives from the French *jazzer,* in use by the Louisiana Negroes.

I make these interesting citations, not because I necessarily agree with them, but because, if they be true, French composers have not been able to capture the essence of a music for which their nation *may* have been a source. Irving Schwerke finds "no musical spectacle in the world quite so sad as a European orchestra in the throes of an effort to play jazz." If a Frenchman in the throes of an effort to *write* jazz is not sad, he is certainly not happy, at least from an American point of view. Nicolas Slonimsky states the case thus:

European jazz, the jazz of the printed sheet, is perforce stationary. At the best, a foreigner can learn argot, *but he will never be able to enrich it with new words, having no living source to draw upon. But the new material thus absorbed may influence the further development of European music, eventually emerging in a shape conditioned by the peculiar European environment.*

We can note certain peculiarities of European jazz upon a brief survey. European jazz is humorous, it is often an intended caricature, it is always mischievous. As it should be, we may add, for, having no roots in the soil, it must be mannered. European jazz is lavishly incrustated with counterpoint {often} atonal {and} polytonal. And so it should be, for atonality is European for blues. European jazz is mildly insinuating, but always polite. Small wonder, for insinuation rather than plain talk is the European way. European jazz is expertly orchestrated. It was to be expected, for European excel in musical salad and macedoines. The blend is always perfect whatever the ingredients may be. European jazz conceals a unifying rhythmical figure behind it, deviations are expressly pointed out, to be complemented by a counter-design. Well it may be, for the sense of balance in European musici governs the intangible self.

Every characteristic with which Mr. Slonimsky endows European jazz is almost directly counter to its equivalent in the American and parent variety. For example, as Mr. Whiteman remarks, an "intended caricature" is just what American jazz is not. Nor is the blend, in the United States, always perfect; jazz is, in fact, more nearly riotous heterogeneity. And our jazz is not mild, rarely polite.

If atonality is European for blues, in that lies what I believe to be at the root of the failure of European jazz, French included, to succeed *qua* jazz. As Carl Engel points out, the blues is a determining element of jazz, it is the characteristic jazz-harmony. Now this harmony, although novel in popular music, is very elementary from the theoretical viewpoint. It was veritable child's-play to the musician of twentieth-century France, whose heritage was a complex harmonic technique carefully evolved in the preceding century. So, in trying to write jazz, he could not bring himself to employ the comparatively naïve harmonic effects that belong to it. Instead, he treated it with his own harmonic idiom and thereby robbed it of one of its determining characteristics: "jazz without its 'blue' notes is a sort of denatured article.

There is another element of American jazz that must perforce escape the foreigner – the tradition. There is something in jazz that cannot be frozen into the existing notation: a rhythmic carelessness and wavering in pitch, spontaneity of dynamic accents. Naturally, the only way to gain these things is to be nourished in the tradition. The average European composer is automatically defeated in his chosen battle.

However, there is no reason to assume, just because the French have failed to compose true jazz, that an influence so widely felt over more than two decades will soon be forgotten. In trying to write jazz, the French composers have added elements to their technique that they might never have otherwise gained. Their profit has been in the secondary results attendant on their attempt. Perhaps still further profit will be realized at some future date, when jazz will be no longer typically American, but the universal property of the musical world; when it will no longer be primarily popular music, but will be methodically incorporated into art-music, as have been the minuet, the waltz, and many other dance expressions. Meanwhile, can we in America, profiting from Europe's abortive attempts, show the way?

England

1926 - March 26 – Welsh Invoke Curfew Law As One Way To Stop Jazz – Puritan Wave Spreading in England Threatens to End Late Dances and Sunday Play

A reaction is setting in against jazz in Britain. Restrictions have been passed in Wales and to certain towns of Scotland and England against what the Welsh worthies call "a barbaric pastime" and "a sensuous menace." Licensing Magistrates throughout South Wales, under whom public dance permits come for consideration, have made up their minds that stringent laws, enforced by curfew, will alone put a stop to the craze.

An increasing outcry is made by the older generation against the debasing of the British Sunday. Visiting Frenchmen have had their witty flings at the dull British Sunday; but they will now admit that the younger generation are doing their best to enliven it. Meanwhile, the Puritans, called the Impuritans by the younger generation, are reviving some of that spirit that is supposed to have immigrated to America in the Mayflower. They want the blue laws of Cromwell's regime applied today against Sunday games and theatrical performances.

England's Liberal Sunday

Whatever may happen in England, it is to Wales and Scotland that these modern Puritans look for support. The licensing Magistrates of England allow the public houses to open for a certain time on Sundays for the sale of liquor, whereas the Magistrates of Wales and Scotland have never allowed Sunday liquor. Nor do the Welsh and the Scots allow games to be played on Sunday.

In England the modern habit of Sunday recreation, whether mild or strenuous, is countered by an organization known as "The Imperial Alliance for the Defense of Sunday," which distributes pamphlets written by well-known literary men and women, and hopes to inculcate the spirit of the old quatrain of the seventeenth century, known as "Sir Matthew Hale's Golden Maxim:"

A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content,
And health for the tolls of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned, whatsoever be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

The British are now asking whether the concerted action of the licensing Magistrates of South Wales against dancing during the week will find its echo in England and Scotland. At Pontypridd there is to be no more dancing after 10:30 P. M.; no dancing on Tuesday; and no one under 16 is allowed to attend a dance for adults. At Barry and at Ystradgyniais is the Swansca Valley dancing during the week must end at 10 P. M. the ancient curfew hour. Port Talbot, which used to permit week-day dancing up to 4 A. N., now restricts jazzing to 11 P. M.

Politicians are smiling. They profess to see in these Welsh strictures a subtle boomerang against Lloyd George, because he has now, so far as the Liberal Party is concerned, gone out into the wilderness, having alienated their rank and

file with the campaign for a return to the land. How then, the critics ask, is Lloyd George going to coax people away from the cities, especially into the valleys of his native Wales. If the country Magistrates take the joy out of life by restricting week-day dancing! And are the Welsh constituencies planning to send future Members of Parliament pledged to revive Sunday blue laws and against excessive week-day jazz?

In this Welsh rebellion against the strains of the saxophone, which has invaded their secluded, peaceful valleys and drowned their national vocal gifts for close harmony in Celtic to the strings of their classic harp, the clergy and Magistrates have joined forces. Though curfew is now rung in a few British towns of medieval origin, either as a matter of local pride or with a view to attracting American tourists, yet the Welsh propose to revive the custom of ringing curfew as a disciplinary measure. In medieval times it was the custom to ring curfew first at 9 and then again at 10 o'clock, by which hour all lights had to be out.

Welsh Are Alarmed

The Magistrate of Pontypridd has said: "The excitement which is inseparable from the act of young people of opposite sexes dancing together in a heated atmosphere and free from the restraining influence and presence of parents and adults is dangerous." As the British Magistrates control all public dances, a Swansea Justice has refused an application for an extension of time, with the remark: "All this is wrong. There is a bad, foolish mania on. The best interest of the public are served by being in bed by midnight and not kicking their heels about."

According to the modern Puritans element in Britain, Sunday has become debased since the war. The loose days of the Restoration, when the Puritans of Cromwell were ous___ Maypoiles were set up by royal edict in churchyards, and village dances were encouraged on Sunday, are back in Britain. Today, the British business man may be ___at Sunday golf, or the British ___ at tennis, while dances invariably last into the Sabbath morn.

<u>1926 - March 28 – Free Trade in Jazz Becomes A Mild Issue</u>-British Refusal to Admit Ohio Band Leader Stirs Talk of a War of Retaliation in Art-Syncopation Has Cash Value

It has remained for jazz to stir up human passions to the pitch of talking of a war of retaliation in art. Four jazz men from Ohio were refused admission to England, and forthwith in the Senate and the House of Representatives bills were announced providing machinery for reprisals. Witnesses have told the House Foreign Affairs committee that the British Ministry of Labor has adopted regulations that virtually prohibit the importation of American jazz talent. Similar rules, it is said, obtain in France, and so the exporters of jazz ask Uncle Sam to protect them. Free trade in jazz is the battle cry, with a wall against syncopating immigrants as the alternative.

Is this agitation to be taken as forecasting a time when Rum Row will be but the tail of jazz row, twelve miles out, and foreign musicians will be smuggled

in with all the risks of hijacking, to escape the penalty of entering legally in bond under the warming, "One toot and out you go."?

Jazz has brought the issue to the front for the moment, yet there is a volume of similar hostility in the history of half the countries of civilization. If jazz is art, so are the movies, and they, too, are having their embargo troubles. Opera has good through, the same thing in the past, more than once; and so have the theatre, painting, sculpture-the whole range of arts, lively or otherwise.

Art and Shekels

Only a few weeks ago New York heard of protests from American sculptors over the employment of foreign artists on the Cathedral of St. John the divine. The Americanization of such a collection as Lord Levehume's stirred up such a storm that if an embargo could have kept it in England Parliament might have been called on to parallel the legislation proposed for the Ohio jazz players. Italy, in art, put an embargo on certain art exports long ago; and France has a society for the protection of its treasures.

The more prohibition of export, however, is defensive, while the jazz incident has illustrated again the ___ aspect. Jazz as an industry possibly has a greater spot cash value than all the salable of ____ humped together. The ____of all transponding boundaries ____after all, a sharp eye for the _____ of coin.

This republic of art, indeed, is a good deal like other republics the world has seen; once it gets on its own feet it starts ructions. The tendency is well marked today when nationalists and internationalists in ink, paint and marble are "having at it" hotter and heavier than usual.

The retaliation proposal in Congress was made by Representative Valle and Senator Willis when it was discovered that the Secretary of State had no power to refuse admission to European musician per se, even if England or France chose to exclude American bandsmen as bandsmen. With half the musician of Europe already here or trying to get here, the defenders of Ohio jazz considered this a sorry state of affairs.

Raising the Barriers

Thus jazz advances toward the ad valoremi tables, a circumstance of world-wide significance. In Sofia, in the same week of the Washington proposals, the orchestra of a charity ball organized by Princess Eudoxia was allowed to play only waltzes and Bulgarian national dances, and the guests went on strike so definitely that jazz was restored. And the day before it was reported from Italy that jazz had grown so virulent a special police force was raiding public dance halls to modify the wriggling of the younger generation. Will it be necessary to call out the army when the Charleston hits Italy?

But if barriers are raised, may not a master of jazz become like an old master-duty free only if more than a century old, and who wants a centenarian jazz player?

Serious art is subject to these same dispute and jealousies. The point was so well understood in old Athens that a comic playwright could always get a laugh by referring to a Thracian rival as a red-headed barbarian. Handel, when transplanted across the North Sea, kept a German flavor, and twenty years after his naturalization as an Engliherian he was forced into bankruptcy because his true Briton enemies gave balls and banquets the nights of his oratorio performances. This despite-or maybe because of-the occupancy of thee British throne by a Hanovarian. (Next few lines are not legible)

How much was esthetic and how minded historians will have it that the heat was generated by court politics, but with the example of jazz fresh in mind one can see it must have been the other way round, with politics secondary.

Maria Antoinette precipitated it by inviting Puccini to come from Italy in 1867 and write operas in Paris; and seven years later she asked Gluck, took fresh from his German and Viennese triumphs. The two composers went at each other with operas for weapons, and control of the opera as the immediate price. Meanwhile the court, Paris, and the rest of France divided. Maria Antoinette, being Austrian, sided with Gluck, and so duBarry automatically became a Pucinnist. Young France rallied to the Queen. The tall wigs of the ladies quivered with partisanship and the lace cuffs of noblemen trembled as they argued. The other estates followed suit, while the rival generals brought up soprano reinforcements and basso profundo shock troupes. The test came when the two chose the same story for rival operas.

Gluck won, and yet the war had to be fought over again a century later. Once more it was a German school against the Italian, and once more the battleground was Paris, but this time hostility was around not only by newness but by a conscious French Nationalism. Against Richard Wagner Paris set up an animosity not soon broken down; a protective tariff could have done no more, and such a tariff might not have had behind it so keen a memory of Franci's defeat in real war.

A War of Rival Actors.

America's interest in arts, major and minor, might seem not sufficient to make factions come to grips. Yet, New York, itself once outdid, Versailles in intensity of partisanship. Considerable blood was let on Manhattan pavements seventy-eight years ago to maintain the supremacy of American acting.

That was on the second visit of Macready. The English star, when he first came, was compared unfavorably with Edwin Forrest, who was America's own. Forrest ventured to England and, being hissed in London, set it down to Macready's jealousy. Then Mcready came again, in 1848, and Americans showed they were ready to heavy brickbats and pull triggers in defense of their pathetic ideals.

How much was esthetic and how much jingoism mixed with the enmity of part of New York for things English is uncertain, buy the row started over the relative merits of English and American acting and under that head it has been docketed by the chroniclers. Forrest was playing in another house when Macreay

opened in the Astor Palace Theatre, in "Othello." Macready friends were in the house; but Forrest's friends, and their friends in turn, were outside.

The curtain had ____ in a troubled street of Venice when the New York street beyond the ticket window produced its own brawl. The Forrestians charged the house, the Macreadyites rallied, the play was forgotten, and before Macready could be spirited out the stage door the row had grown beyond handling by the police.

The Seventh Regiment was called out; a blank volley was only so much stage business, as far as effect went, so they loaded with ball, and when the street cleared there were thirty odd dead rioters and 141 wounded militiaman, and New York had added the Astor Place riot to the disputes over artistic ideals. It was effective. Macready went back to England.

The spoken drama might not be as potent today. Only two or three months ago, however, a British film brought armed raiders against a Dublin theatre-it was a picture of Ypres-and a week later the house where it was shown was blown up. Nationalism still has its say.

Motion Picture Troubles.

The movies elsewhere have led to the voicing of something like the principle of a protective tariff. The United States reported 235, 585, 794 feet of film last year, an increase of 11,000 miles over the year before. The concern of British spokesmen, of this newest art has been audible for some time, and the British Government, through the Board of Trade, has told English producers that legislation will be resorted to if an appeal to the honor of English theatre managers to not effective in promoting English pictures.

The same day the Board of Trade announced the tentative honor system, a member of Parliament announced he would ask the chancellor of thee if Charles Chaplin would be made to pay an English income tax on the $300,000 profits said to have been made from British exhibitions of his latest film, and the Ministry of labor refused to sanction the permanent importation of an American organist to play in a London movie house.

Germany, too, has expressed concern over American film exports. That is to some extent a turning of the tables. When the first German films were shown on this side after the war there was resentment; more than once, it was reported, American extras gathered from the lots in mob formation; but usually a moving picture policeman was enough to make them move on. (Rest of article not legible.

<u>1926 - August 1 – Calls ,Jazz Musical Slang</u> – Sir Henry Hadow Also Warms Composer Against Grotesquerie

Jazz is the musical equivalent of slang and in its lower levels is beneath discussion, according to Sir Henry Hadow, Vice Chancellor of Sheffield University, who delivered the opening address at the summer course in music teaching at Cambridge today. He warned young composers against ever elaboration and said they wasted too much time experimenting.

"There is no practical purpose served in writing a symphonic poem about a railway engine leaving a station," declared Sir Henry. "I foreshadow a modern pastoral symphony scored for two peas, two hens, two ducks, two sheep and a couple of pigs."

Reverting to jazz he told his auditors that to live day in and day out with jazz was unthinkable.

"Comradeship with jazz would be on a level with domesticating Mrs. Gump." He said.

<u>1926 - Sept. 12 – British Music Critic Excoriates Jazz</u> – Newman, in Stinging Invective, Call it an Industry Without Art, "Dead From Neck Up. Flats Whiteman Savagely. Declares Brains of All Jazzists Put Together Would Not Fill Johann Strauss's Hat

Possibly as virulent an attack as jazz music has ever had made upon it in its short but hectic career in launched in tomorrow's Sunday Times by Ernest Newman, the English music critic.

Goaded to frenzy by recent remarks of Paul Whiteman, archpriest of jazz, defending that exotic product and disparaging the musical classics. Mr. Newman devotes hundreds of red-hot words to expressing his utmost contempt for Mr. Whiteman, his arguments and all connected with the ultra-modern cult of the great god jazz.

"Jazzists make a great point of their rhythmic innovations and the freedom of their rhythms, "answers Mr. Newman. "If they had any idea of what rhythm meant, they would know that in comparison with the rhythms of any of the great composers from the sixteenth century onward their own rhythms are merely as the sing-song of a nursery rhythm to the changing subtleties of a page of Shakespeare.

Your typical jazz composer or jazz enthusiast, is merely a musical illiterate who is absurdly pleased with little things because he does not know how little they are. Had he any knowledge of history he would know that all that is now happening in jazz happened many centuries ago in vocal music, and that the end in the present case will be the same as in the earlier one.

Says Jazz composers Lack Brains

"Jazz, in fact, is on the horns of a dilemma. You cannot have music without composers, and at present jazz has no composers in the full sense of the term. The grains of the whole lot of them put together would not fill the lining of Johann Strauss's hat.

"At present Jazz is not an art, but an industry; the whirring of a standardized machine endlessly turning out a standardized article. There is no hope of salvation for it until a real composer takes it up, and no real composer would to such it because it is too feeble and limited an instrument of expression for any one who has anything to express.

"The thing is already dead from the neck up. That it will remain popular for some time (next few words illegible) and if the dancers like it there is the reason why they should not have it. But the day has gone by when musicians can ever take a languid interest in it now, the last word is brainlessness and boredom.

"Jazzists flatter themselves that they are already the most tedious of hack numbers. We all found jazz amusing for a little while-it was like a new cocktail-but most of us now would walk ten miles to escape hearing it."

Assails Whiteman Bitterly

The English critic's anti-jazz fury rose to a climax, when he comes to Paul Whiteman's defense of jazzing the classics.

"What should we say," he thunders, "of a man who would undertake to make Shakespeare acceptable in the masses by rewriting him in the language of a New York Eastsider? For "to be, or not to be: that is the question." Let us say 'Yes for it __ain't? I get __, kid."

"Mr. Whiteman's ideas on this subject indeed are illuminative. He would not have 'Onward Christian Soldier,' jazzed because this is a 'sturdy majestic tune with a religious connection,' but the "Peer Gynt" suite and the "Poet and Peasant" overture, why not jazz them?

"Mr. Whiteman is to be thanked for letting us see so clearly the constitution of the jazz mind. He would not, jazz a wrecked hymn tune, but he regards Grieg and Suppe and Chopin and Handel and a few dozen others as fair game.

"Arguments would be wasted on him and people of his way of thinking. All we musicians can do is to say to him and them, 'Jazz hymns, ancient and modern and future, as much as you like-most of these are hardly above your own intellectual level-but keep your dirty paws off your betters."

<u>1926 - Dec. 26 – Newman Resumes Attack on 'Jazz'</u> British Critic Declares Our Tunes Are the "Last Word in Musical Insanity." – Reply to Osgood's Book. Many Americans, Newman Declares, Are Beginning to Shy at "Jazz" and Wrote and Told Him So.

Ernest Newman, the English music critic, has constituted himself England's musical St. George in combat against the dreadful dragon of American jazz. In tomorrow's Sunday Times he makes a second onslaught on the monster, as article almost as vigorous and venomous as his recent whirlwind rush against it and all its workers, including Paul Whiteman.

Mr. Newman's latest assault is inspired by a book in defense of jazz by an American musician, H. O. Osgood, which has found its way into Newman's hands and seems to have upset his self-control.

"Our American friends," he writes, "are laudably anxious to have music of their own like other nations. Jazz being the one form of music that is indisputably American, it is natural that Americans should feel for it the admiring affection of a young mother for her very own first baby, regardless of the doubts cast by detached outsiders upon its looks."

But some Americans, he continues, are beginning to shy at jazz. His recent outburst against it, he informs his readers, brought him many letters from Americans, agreeing with his stuphurous views about our national musical

product. He gathers from these epistles that jazz was amusing enough at first, but now has become the last word in musical insanity and boredom.

He falls afoul of Mr. Osgood because the latter defends the jazz arrangement by Carroll, the American musician, of Chopin's "Fantaisie Impromptu," concerning which Mr. Newman thunders:

"If it be curiously contended that it is necessary, thus to mutilate and deface the tunes of great masters in order to introduce them to the masses. I can only reply that if there is any man on earth who needs to approach Chopin at his simplest through the intelligence of Mr. Carroll his proper place is not in a concert room but in a home for the feeble-minded.

"Would Mr. Osgood carry his own argument to its logical conclusion and contend that Velesquez and Raphael and Carot should be made acceptable to modern morons by having their pictures put out of the drawing, the grouping charged, and the colors falsified!"

Mr. Newman concludes:

"So long as the more ambitious jazz composers keep to the conventional sack full of jazz tricks they are as tiresome as the smallest mechanician of their crew, and when they try to get away from these they merely reveal the commonplace of their cliché-ridden invention and the pitiful amateurishness of their technique."

1927 - March 6 - Summing Up Music's Case Against Jazz - British Critic Calls It a bundle of Tricks Which Restricts The Serious Composer's Power of Imagination (by Ernest Newman)(

Little did I think what a hornet's nest I was disturbing when, in the innocence of my heart, I wrote an article in a London paper a few months ago on the subject of jazz. The article was reprinted more or less fully in a number of American papers, and from all quarters of the United States the storm broke on my poor head. Arizona became agitated, Nebraska was nettled, Missouri went mad, even the gentle, forbearing gunman of Chicago slid a quick hand to the hip. What I had done to annoy all these good people I am sure I do not know; and what puzzled me most was that even the sweet reasonableness of my request to the jazz hounds to keep their dirty paws off their betters was taken by some writers as an excuse for letting their angry passions rise. Now that I have been asked by *The New York Times* to do an article on the case against jazz I approach the subject again in fear and trembling.

Jazz Has Two Aspects

Before I deal with the case against jazz, however, let me say a word in favor of it. One or two of my critics asked my triumphantly, with an air of an American dragon that had got St. George down and was biting him hard in a tender spot, to explain why, if jazz is a dead thing from the neck up that I said it was. I took so much trouble trying to kill it. But there is a slight confusion of thought here. Jazz has two aspects- the musical and the terpsichorean. I was

considering it only in the former aspect. I meant simply that musical people had mostly ceased to take it seriously as music.

Whatever may be the case in America, I beg to assure the American public that in England the thing, regarded as music, is dead. We all found it amusing for a little while at first. It was like a new cocktail. But when the novelty of it had worn off, musical people became sick and tired of it. I doubt whether a single musician of any standing could now be found in my country to say a good word for it. As music the thing has simply become an infernal nuisance and an unmitigated bore. It is solely its popularity for dancing purposes that keeps it in the public eye and ear; it 9is still unequaled as a medium by which fair women may perspire in the arms of brave men.

My "case against jazz," then, is purely and simply a musical case. It is as a musician that I object, for one thing, to the ordinary jazzing of the classics. Not that I would ever object to a clever musical parodist exercising his humor at the expense of any master. But to do this acceptably he has to be a master himself; there is nothing more delicious than first-rate parody, but it takes a first-rate mind to do it. The jazzsmiths, however, speaking generally, are not clever enough to make their manipulations of the classics tolerable. They are not artists in the sense that the great literary parodists have been; they are merely hearty grinning chaw bacon.

It is one thing to have a good picture turned into a thing of harmless fun by some one who is himself a quick witted artist; it is another thing to have it scrawled over by a moron. The average jazzsmith, in his would-be humorous treatment of a classic, is merely a street urchin who thinks he has been smart when he has sallied up to a poster when no one was looking and added a mustache to the upper lip of the beautiful lady who figures in it. My gentle exhortation to the jazzers to keep their dirty paws off their betters has been grievously misunderstood; to get the true sense of it, it should be read with the accents on "dirty," "paws" and "betters."

So little, indeed, do I object in toto to the musical laying-on of hands that I find myself in the curious position of having to disagree with some of my critics who generously went out of their way, for a moment, to agree with me. Roger Kahn, for example, who saddened a whole bright autumn day for me by saying that he had read my article "with great indignation," also, "expressed himself," to an interviewer, "as opposed to the jazzing of classical music." I myself would not go as far as that. If any jazzist will write me a musical commentary on something of Chopin's or Grieg's that is as witty as, say, J. C. Squire's parodies of Byron and Wordworth, or Mr. Sidgwick's of W. B. "Yeats's "Innisfree," or Brahms's treatment at certain points of a theme by Paganini, no one will be more pleased with his effort than I. All I object to in the practice of a very difficult and subtle art by thick-fingered bunglers.

Paul Whiteman thought he had convicted me of inconsistency when he said that "Strauss took other men's themes and developed them characteristically; Newman hails him. We borrow themes and develop them in our style, and Mr. Newman objects." Quite so; the difference in simply that Strauss is Strauss and "we" are "we." "There is no protest," said another jazz apologist, "when Dvorak

puts a Negro melody into a symphony," Precisely; for Dvorak is Dvorak. The Negro melody is bettered by Dvorak's treatment of it; but the cantabile melody of Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu" is decidedly worsened by Henry Carroll's treatment of it in "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows." He has simply made the poor tune commit, so to speak, hari-kari on Chopin's doorstep. Let the jazzsmith, if he can, give a new turn to the smile of Mona Lisa; but for Heaven's sake don't let him set the lady's charming mouth moving mechanically to the slow conquest of a piece of chewing gum.

Have the jazzsmiths, indeed, any composers in the full sense of the term, and will jazz ever evolve a composer of that kind? We all hear willing testimony to the great skill in the new orchestration that men like Fredie Grofe exhibit. The probability is very remote, however, that the jazz orchestra will have any influence on the ordinary orchestra; the colors of the former are at once too pronounced and too limited for that, I imagine. It is dangerous to prophesy, of course, but, I doubt whether the saxophone can ever be made to play more than a subordinate part in a concert orchestra; it is an admirable medium for the saying of certain rather obvious things in music, but a very tongue-tied instrument for saying most of the things that a genuine composer wants to say. It is admirable in its own way, and the brilliant jazz scorers are to be complimented on finding out that way and exploiting it to the full; but it is still not the way of the concert orchestra, and I doubt whether the characteristic jazz scoring has much future outside jazz.

But will jazz work out its salvation on its own orchestras? Shall we find it, that is to say, developing an art of its own that will be able to hear comparison with what we generally mean when we speak of "music"? I take leave to doubt this also for the following reasons:

There is only one way of writing music on the large scale; you must have ideas, and you must know how to develop them logically. Now, in both these respects the jazz composer is seriously hampered. If he writes too obviously in what we call the jazz style he will not get very far, for the ideas and the devices are too stereotyped. If, on the other hand, he moves very far away from these devices he will not be recognizable as a jazz composer. Jazz is not a "form" like, let us say, the waltz or the fugue, that leaves the composer's imagination free within the form; it is a bundle of tricks-of syncopation and so on. Tie a composer down to these standardized tricks and he cannot say much in them that has not been said already; let him depart from the tricks, and his music will no longer be jazz. It is an instrument on which little men can play a few pleasant little tunes; but if a composer of say power were to try to play his tunes on it, it would soon break in his hands.

I am confirmed to this opinion by the more ambitious efforts that have been made in America to expand jazz. Deprive Mr. Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" of its jazz orchestration, study it in the back and white of the piano more, and you will be.(rest of article needs to be looked at again for further text.)

1927 - Sept. 20 – Warns White Races They Must Drop Jazz – English Musician Says it is a Primitive Method and a Menace to Prestige.

Jazz must be banned by the white race if they wish to maintain their prestige, said Sir Henry Coward, famous musician, addressing the Sheffield Rotary Club today. Jazz was largely responsible for lowering pre-war standards, he said, and it must be taboo in every shape and form until its baneful influence is gone.

"Jazz is a low type of primitive music, founded on crude rhythms suggested by stamping feet and clapping hands. It puts emphasis on the grotesque by the banging and clanging of pots and pans or any shimmering metallic substance reinforced with special drums. It debases both music and instruments by making both farcical. The noble trombone is made to bray like an ass, guffaw like a village idiot and moan like a cow in distress. The silver-toned trumpet, associated in poetry with seraphim, is made to screech and produce sounds like drawing a nail on a slate, tearing calico or the wailing of a nocturnal tomcat.

"Jazz cannot be made anything but the essence of vulgarity. The popularization of jazz and the attendant immodest dances are lowering the prestige of the white race.

<u>1927 - March 17 – British Navy Row Partly Over Jazz</u> – Read Admiral Collard and Two Senior Officers Are suspended Pending courts-Martial. Not an Actual "Mutiny" Charges and counter-charges Began After Admiral Objected to Band's Music

Rear Admiral B. St. G. Collard, commander-in-chief of the First Battle Squadron of the British Mediterranean fleet; Captain K. G. H. Dewar, commander of the Admiral's flagship, the Royal Oak, and Commander Daniel, second in command aboard that ship, have been suspended from duty and will face courts-martial, it was revealed today, on charges which the two officers are making against the Admiral and counter-charges the Admiral is making against them.

The officers decided to complain against the Rear Admiral's attitude toward subordinates after hearing his comments, said to have been very outspoken, on jazz music played by the royal Marine band at a dance in Malta. The trouble, however, seems to go back to the time the Royal Oak became his flagship.

Contrary to first reports reaching the House of Commons, there has been no mutiny of officers and no demonstration against the Read Admiral which could justify the term 'revolt." There has been a bitter quarrel between the Rear Admiral and his two juniors which Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean station at Malta, tried vainly to smooth over and prevent becoming the subject of official inquiry that he is finally forced to make.

Although the charges that the two officers are making against the Rear Admiral and his counter-charge are still unrevealed at the Admiralty, it is learned tonight that the troubles are primarily due to the resentment of Captain Dewar and commander Daniel to the language the Admiral is said to use in rebuking subordinates, themselves included, the dance having been one occasion of it.

Asked Admiral to change flagships

They also resent the time, place and public nature of the Admiral's pronunciamentoes on several occasions on what he considered the failings of persons about him. They maintain he has outstripped the bonds in which they are forced by junior rank to bend silent, respectful ears.

Consequently they decided recently to take advantage of that article in the British naval law which entitles subordinates to make formal complaint against their superior officer to his superiors, first showing their complaint to the man they accused.

Admiral Collard's reply was the counter complaint.

Admiral Sir roger Keyes first tried to get all three to withdraw the charges. He suggested that Admiral Collard change his flagship from the battleship Royal Oak to the battleship Resolution.

Admiral collard's attitude was that since his juniors started the trouble he would see it through.

Sir Roger Keyes then reluctantly held a court of inquiry, the reports of which have been forwarded to the Admiralty for ultimate judgment. Rear Admiral collard and the two officers obviously could not continue to serve together aboard the Royal Oak pending the decision and Sir Roger Keyes could not suspend one side or the other without prejudicing the issue. Therefore, he suspended all three.

Trouble Had Been Expected

The sensation is one which has been expected by naval officers' clubs in London for some time. The trouble between Captain Dewar, Commander Daniel and the Rear Admiral started the day the Rear Admiral boarded the Royal Oak.

Discipline under all officers is strict in British men-of-war, but there are certain polite conventions, according to officers here, which help to make it endurable. One is that Captains of ships are not usually reprimanded by Admirals in the presence of their men.

It has been known here for some time that Read Admiral Collard's comments on what he considered to be the condition of his new flagship. Delivered as he made his first rounds with the juniors, rocked the ship from stem to stern.

Later, at a dance in Malta, there was a similar explosion which reverberated clear to London. The Royal Marine Band was playing dulcet waltzes and snappy one-steps with the verve and élan in which the naval station of Malta has taken pardonable pride. Rear Admiral Collard was among the dancers.

Objects to Dance Music

Midway in the evening's festivities he informed the sergeant bandmaster in tones trained on the quarterdeck that he did not like the way the band was playing. It seemed he had heard bands play on most of the seven ships and could not recollect a worse one.

The marine sergeant bandmaster naturally did not reply. Captain Dewar and Commander Daniel, who witnessed and heard the incident, did not grow fonder of the Admiral.

It was about this time, according to the writer's informant, that they decided on a complaint against the Admiral. The wife of Admiral Sire Roger Keyes was among the dancers and also heard Admiral Collard's dissertation on the dance music.

As a result of these and similar incidents of which Admiral Collard's side is still untold, public questions were asked in the House of Commons yesterday and today, and this afternoon the Admiralty issued a communiqué, reading as follows in part:

"A court of inquiry was held at Malta by order of the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Station to investigate certain disciplinary matters in which Rear Admiral Bernard St. G. Collard, C. D., d. S. O.; Captain Kenneth G. B. Dewar, C.B.M. R. N., and Commander H. M. Daniel, D. S. O., R. N., were involved.

"As a result of the inquiry, the three officers concerned were suspended from duty by the Commander in chief, whose report has not yet been received at the Admiralty.

It is hoped that the press will not prejudge the matter, and will await the Admiralty's 'statement of the case."

1930 JULY 28 - NEW YORK TIMES

QUEEN MARY BARS JAZZ - She dances a fox trot at Goodwood. The king -only a spectator. (London-July 27) - At an informal dance at Goodwood race track this afternoon Queen Mary requested the orchestra not to play jazz music. The band concentrated on fox trots, one steps and waltzes and the queen danced one fox trot. The King George did not dance.

1930 - OCTOBER - METRONOME

SOME ENGLISH OBSERVATIONS UPON A FIRST HEARING OF A JAZZ BAND CONCERT, By Francesco Berger

Not many weeks ago I had my first experience of a Jazz band, while taking afternoon tea in a well known West End tea-room. I had not gone there in quest of the band, son that when its strident noise burst upon my unprepared ears, it fell on virgin soil, and was a complete surprise to me.

In describing its effect (not much modified by subsequent hearings.) I need scarcely affirm that I am not an agent, paid to "boom" this class of entertainment. It is already far too popular to need advertising at my hands. Neither have I any desire to exclaim against it, on the ground of its being coarse, or unmusical or inartistic. I shall confine myself to putting into words what I thought and felt at the time, and what I think and feel since.

A strange Experience

It was one of the strongest and strangest experiences I have undergone in an extended life, during which I have listened too much that was good, to more that was bad, and to most that was indifferent. It produced an impression that was not quite pleasant, but not entirely unpleasant, a sort of comical mixture of both. Not being a frequenter of American drinking bars, and never having tasted a real American drink, I can only guess what a copious draught of one of their cunningly concocted iced drinks would taste like on a swelteringly hot day. But I imagine that it would produce on the palate sensations akin to those produced on the ear by a Jazz band. Pleasurable though staggering, making it difficult to recover one's breath, defying analysis, repellent at the outset, but magnetically fascinating.

The "Go" and "Spirit" of the Band

This Jazz band played remarkably well, with exaggerated coloring, it must be owned, but with tremendous spirit and "go," accompanied by a perfectly incongruous row, produced from a number of noise-omitting articles which cannot be called musical instruments. Its members comprised a very clever pianist, a clever violinist, two excellent banjoists, a concertina player, a cornet player, and a "utility man" who performed on a side drum, a big drum, cymbals, triangle, a tinkling hand-bell, a deep-toned large one, a dinner gong, a rattle, a railway whistle, a motor hooter, and a few more deafening things.

They play a tune which may or may not be transatlantic, but is always of a popular type, and they play it two or three times over, varying it occasionally by ingenious *fioriture* on piano or violin. And a remarkable feature of their performance is the abrupt transition from noisiest *fortissimo* to softest *pianissimo,* or *vice versa,* with very little, if any, intermediate *crescendo* or *diminuendo.* During the soft parts the "utility man" is silent, and you begin to hope he has gone home; but, with the first recurrence of a *tutti* he is back again, and, like a giant refreshed by rest, resumes his labors with redoubled energy. He appears to have little respect for rhythm, but strikes, hits, blows, bumps, rings, and bangs whenever "he darned chooses." Yet, whatever his vagaries may have been during a Piece, however much he may *appear* to have "set up business on his own," he is never behind-hand nor before at the finish. And I noticed that the tea-drinking audience applauded all the more when the *Finale* was the maddest of all mad orgies or row. They would not feel they had been sufficiently "jazzed" if a Piece ended without a hurricane and a thunderbolt.

The unanimity of accord which, in spite of ear-splitting noise, this band is able to maintain, is one of the marvels of it all. Not one of the players loses his head, not one of them is careless of his part, each is as conscientious a performer as though playing a Concerto in Queen's Hall. And when, after the final crash of a Piece, you look round for the *debris*, and are preparing to count the dead and wounded on the ground, you find the players mentally, if not physically, as cool as cucumbers, tuning their instruments for their next encounter, or exchanging

with one another critical remarks on Puccini or Debussy. I fancy, by their smiles, that they occasionally indulge in delicate stories from club land.

Excellence of the Ensemble

I am not certain whether this particular band is better than, or inferior to, others now before the public, but I can scarcely imagine one that could excel it in precision or *ensemble*, in *extravagant* coloring, or in noisy exuberance. When, on other occasions, I have had cherished ideals shattered by novel experiences, it was the music or the performer that thrilled and overpowered. But this Jazz business is quite foreign to anything else, quite unique. The piano and violin music is full of prominent accents and plaintive syncopations, the banjos give to it a penetrating buzzing accompaniment, and the eruptions from the "utility man" are so unexpected, that the *ensemble* becomes a medley of recognizable and unrecognizable rhythm, a blend of uncongenial elements, bewildering, exasperating, and yet appealing. Your sensations are being "brushed by machinery." Your familiar codes and laws are defied and upset. Your *terra firma* is withdrawn. You are adrift on an unexplored ocean. The anchor of your traditions, by which you held so reliantly, has failed you. Whether you will ever reach sunlit meadows and shady groves, whether you will ever again safely tread the highroads which your forefathers trod before you, is a question which only Time, the inscrutable, can solve.

A Question of High Art

Having occasion to speak of a Jazz band to an American friend, I thought I was flattering his nationality when I described it as "an admirable performance of profaned Art." He promptly replied: "I do not claim for it that it is what has hitherto passed for *high Art.* But you must admit that it has one quality in which much old-world music is sadly wanting, and that is 'character.' It is thoroughly representative of Americanism; as free from conventionality and from 'schools' as my country is free from ancient history and slavery. Better stuff would probably be tamer. It is out of material such as this, brimful of spontaneous national manner, that your refined methods and artificial mannerisms have been evolved. If you take from it what is so obviously its own, including its crudity, you rob it of its distinctive quality; it becomes ordinary, often-told, undesirable." And he was not far wrong.

Drawbacks of the Legitimate

The pianist in this particular Jazz band is so accomplished an artist that I remarked to him: "But you are far too good a musician to be doing *this* sort of thing. How is it you are *here*?"

"I suppose," He replied, "you mean that I ought to be doing 'the legitimate.' Well, I tried that when I first married. I played in public, I accompanied singers, and I gave a lesson when I found a pupil who would come

and take it. And I earned thirty shillings a week. Then I took to *this*. When my afternoon's work is finished at six o'clock, I have a similar engagement somewhere else from nine to eleven. And I earn twenty pounds a week. I have a wife and two children to support. Do you blame me? When I shall have saved enough to afford myself the luxury, I shall go lack to 'the legitimate' and to - starvation."

I could not answer him, for there is no answer. O tempora, O mores

1930 - AUGUST 21 - THE MUSICAL LEADER

TRADITION: REAL AND IMPORTED by Marion Bauer in the Sackbut, London, August, '24.

A short time ago it was my privilege to assist at a celebration of the fourth centenary of Ronsard's birth; the program was given at the chateau d'Ambroise, in Touraine, in the very room where Ronsard held his conferences. I was deeply impressed by the mediaeval beauty of the old castle, by the stateliness of its architecture and the obvious age of its towers and ramparts; but the impression stamped in my brain was a realization that became an emotional experience, of the meaning of TRADITION. The little peasant children passing to and fro under the old watch tower that antedates the discovery of America, have the daily reminder of an antiquity replete with history and romance; they know without knowing that they know, that here a great French poet lived and worked and a great Italian painter, Leonard da Vinci, lived and died, and for several centuries before he was re-interred they passed his tomb, and saw his name and a statue raised to his memory.

This tradition, this subconscious background that Europe possesses abundantly, is so frequently held up to the American as a lack and an irreparable loss in its art expression, that the question forced itself upon us. Is there nothing in America to make up for the absence in its cultural consciousness of this historical and romantic inheritance?

As if in answer to this query, there passed before me a mental panorama, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the Rocky Mountains, the great snow-capped peaks of the Pacific slope, the Columbia River, the Hudson, Golden Gate, Niagara Falls, the great stretches of sand and sagebrush that are as vast and lonesome as the sea! Hardly the reaction to such great natural beauty must sooner or later result in a great art expression! But unfortunately this is a day of civilization, of cities, of high-speed inventions, of intellectualization rather than insensibility, of sophistication and artificiality, of brutality _____"devil-take-the-hindmost" philosophy, and the artists have become hardened against both tradition and instinct. Aside from its marvelous natural beauty, what national characteristics has America to offer.

In the first place the outsider has a very decided idea, a preconceived impression of what is American; the mad-boy, the highwayman, the Indian, the Negro mimic of our fathers have given way to the more recent _____ impersonations of political bosses, oil magnates, promoters of "get-rich-quick" transactions, the pro____ type crude and untutored, young women who have

emancipated themselves from conventional re_____and good breeding, and jazzists. This forms an incomplete a picture of American national life as would one of England that dealt only with the coster _____, the cockney, or the middle-class tradesman. There exists, however, an "Americanism" definite but insensible, which is the result of environment rather than mere heredity. It is the "Americanism" that the ____assimilates after a few years' residence in out _____, and it is this elusive quality that must be expressed in our music before we can claim a national _____ It is the spirit of the pioneer that sent out grandparents and parents (many of them foreigners) across the plains in the "covered wagon"; it is the spirit of youth and enthusiasm of a civilization still new; it is the spirit that works out our gigantic commercial probably with the same fervour and vision with which an _____ creates; it is the spirit of an inspired sculptor carves the unfinished block of marble.

Next few paragraphs left columns can't read.

His aim was not to write American music, but music. He was an internationalist, but he passed away before nationalism had been beaten into a fury by the war! Even though European musicians fail to find the Americanism that they expect, it is there, nevertheless, in the fancy, imagination, refinement, and poetry that he drew from his surroundings. The claims are so often made that we have no folk music, and that no national idiom can be created without the basis of folk music. Before admitting the absence of this indispensable ingredient, I should have to point out that due to the nature of our population we have united the folk music of all nations, and out of this amalgamation we have constructed our music. But in this day of specialization and of strong feeling for nationalism, we seek for something that is not a direct inheritance from parents, French, English, German, Russian, Italian, etc., and we are forced to the issue of looking into ourselves for something to which we may attach the label, "Made in America." It is the earnest desire of the young composers to create an idiom that will be "typically American" and still will bear the seal of solid musicianship and abundant technical knowledge. We epitomize the spirit of adventure and daring in every other phase except in musical creation. Everything point very strongly to the probability that this "typically American" idiom has been uncovered in 'jazz' which, of course, is a development of a real folk music, that of the negro. The objection may be made that the Negro folk music is not an American folk music, but "jazz" is not Negro music. It is the result of Negro music played upon by American influences and social conditions. It is a far cry from the "coon song" of minstrel show and vaudeville fame of twenty years ago to the elaborate orchestration and complicated rhythms of "jazz" of today, but it is a logical evolution. There is another logical reason for "jazz" to find its way into polite society. There has been a violent reaction in Europe, particularly in France, against so-called impressionism, pink teas, pastel colorings and "atmosphere" doubtlessly an aftermath of the war. Instead we find a reversion to the primitive which seeks expression in brutal dissonance, strong elemental rhythms crude melody, and unexpected orchestral combinations. The composers try to put colour, life and vitality to music, and no matter how violent the result may seem at the present moment, out of all this experimentation will probably come a

balance that will be significant in its effect on the music of the future. Several of the European composers of today, Stravinsky, Darius Milhaud, Casella, Jean Wiener and Clicquet-Pleyel - have found these elements in "jazz"; but why should not the American composer to "the manor born" see these same possibilities and use them? We have John Powell's "Negro Rhapsody" for piano and orchestra, Henry S. Gilbert's ballet "Place Congo," John Alden Carpenter's ballet "Krazy Kat" and Harold Morris's chamber music; all works in large form, showing the influence of Negro folk music and "jazz." Louis Gruenberg has been recently making experiments which conclusively show the possibilities of the "jazz" element, taking it absolutely away from the prevailing idea of being merely a dance measure, and using it as a psychological factor in serious compositions which are "the last word" in technical sophistication and modern orchestral knowledge. These compositions are of a type that would have been written by none other than an American; at the same time they are mature, original works along unbeaten tracks.

Whether this utilization of the "jazz" and the Negro spiritual will ever really become a national classical idiom remains to be proven by its future development and durability.

The Indian is another Americanism that has given local colour as well as melodic and rhythmic material to the composer. Thanks to the devoted research of a few musicians. (Arthur Farwell, Henry S. Gilbert, Harvey Worthington Loomis, Arthur Nevin, Natalie Curtis, Carlos Trover, etc.,) we have gramophone records written records, and government reports of thousands of Indian themes; we also have numerous compositions that have had a popular vogue, like Charles Wakefield Cadman's "The Land of the Sky-blue Water," and Thurlow Lieurance's "By the Waters of Minnetonka." These themes, comprising war dances, love songs, hunting songs, labor songs, ceremonials, religious chants, medicine songs, and game songs, have considerable variety and represent many tribes. They present to the composer with fertile imagination and sufficient technic every element necessary for successful and artistic expression.

Outside of jazz, negro spirituals and Indian themes, we have other sources of quasi-folk character, such as the charming Creole songs of New Orleans, the "Longsome Tunes" of the Kentucky mountaineers, old English folk songs which have remained intact and have but recently been discovered, and have been transcribed by Howard Brockway; Stephen Foster's songs like "Old Black Joe" and "Old Folks at Home" which are regarded as veritable folk music; other songs like those of Foster's which were instigated by the Civil War (1861-5); the old California mining songs of '49 which have practically been forgotten; and the street songs too old to remain in the repertory of the "newsies," yet too new to have acquired the dignity of folk music. John Powell has shown in his piano pieces, "At the Fair" etc., that he understands the value of this type of American material. Leo Sowereby, also, in several early works has reflected something characteristic. Emerson Whithorne, in his "New York Days and Nights" with the characteristic titles, 'On the Ferry,' Chimes of Saint Patrick.' 'Pell Street' (Chinatown), 'A Greenwich Village Tragedy' and 'Times Square' has succeeded in presenting in piano music something essentially American and modern.

The American has without doubt grown into a realization of the value of native material and atmosphere, demanding a technic essentially different from that of the Old World. In the past, he has wandered over the race of the European world looking for the 'blue bird' only to find it eventually like mytyl and Tyltyl beside his own fireside.

The development of music appreciation in the United States in the last twenty years is incredible. In all branches of the art - pedagogic, interpretive and creative, we have made great progress. Music has become a necessity, and is no longer regarded as a mere superfluity of a luxury. Audiences have been created and educated throughout the country by means quite unknown to Europe. Music culture, like any business venture, is dependent for success on the law of 'demand and supply'; lacking the government subsidy which exists in France and in many of the important European countries, private individuals with fortunes, a vast federation music clubs, private conservatories and settlement music schools for the poor have spread the gospel of music, with the result that in New York alone the number of concerts has doubled in the last ten years. The artistic standards have been raised although we still hear much mediocrity in America as we do also in the European centers.

We are not chauvinistic. In fact we do not give sufficient encouragement to raise the average of American talent above mediocrity. The answer may be made that water cannot rise above mediocrity. The answer may be made that water cannot rise above its own level, but I firmly believe that opportunity is the greatest means of development. We need both opportunity to grow and the early fundamental training, the lack of which so often clips the wings of talents that really could become significant. It is this early fundamental training that France understands so well the need of and meets through her national conservatory. The government has for years supplied the ind of an education to the youth that has given the French musician the background of firm technical training. The standard of musicianship in the Old World is unquestionably superior to that of the new. The thoughtful people of America realize this short-coming and are working earnestly through available avenues to remedy this lack. America is today in the vanguard of those studying the musical psychology of the young.

The field in which the most marked progress has been made is in symphony and chamber music. Besides the four oldest orchestras; the New York Philharmonic (which has already celebrated its seventieth birthday), the New York Symphony, we have great symphony orchestras in Philadelphia, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Rochester, many of which challenge comparison with any similar organization in the world. Not one of these receives a cent from the government as is the case in Europe. The deficits in every instance are made up by the guarantors, sometimes an individual and sometimes a group. This enumeration includes only orchestras of first rank, but in addition to these are excellent orchestras in many of the smaller cities. (Rest of article classical in nature.)

1930 - FEBRUARY - CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

OF SYMPHONIZED - SYNCOPATION by W. H. Haddon Squire (London, Feb. 10). The other day an English school-boy described a fugue as "what you get in a room full of people when all the windows and doors are shut." Although this definition was aimed at another and shorter word, its appositeness has given much joy to musicians. As a professional journal says truly enough, there are quite a lot of fugues that might be spelt one way just as well as the other. Stuffiness, of course, is not confined to fugues; there are periods when it seems to pervade the whole of musical art. But let some hold composer open the windows to fresh musical thought and at once there is an outcry.

At the present time, however, the difficulty is not so much to restrain composers from opening windows as to keep them from taking the proof off. And now come the exponents of ragtime, jazz and symphonized-syncopation, all determined to do their bit in freshening up the musical atmosphere of our staid and stodgy concert halls. The process has actually begun. On two occasions in January, the Savoy Orpheans, the Savoy-Havana Band and the Bos-Augmented Orchestra, assisted by The Savoy Havana Band and The Boston Orchestra marched into the very citadel of serious music in London Queen's Hall and gave a "public concert of syncopated music." Candor compels the admission that a very large public followed them at the second concert the only empty seats were those of certain musical critics who had been at the first.

Improved Programs

Some people believe, not without justification, that the most attractive features of all modern art movements are those nice exciting manifestoes which invariably arouse one's highest hopes, even if later the literary mountain does only bring forth an absurd little mouse. Jazz, using that word in a comprehensive sense, also has its preachers. Here again, by the way, one has to admit that the gaily decorated program of the Savoy-Orpheans was in every respect a more entertaining document than those wretched "analytical notes" which one buys at ordinary concerts to find out the names of the pieces. The brisk, syncopated literary style of its "Quick History" of modern dance music was a determined effort in the direction of brighter concert halls.

Most of us already know by heart everything said for or against jazz by musical critics. What have these cynical syncopators to say for themselves? Apparently it all began with ragtime, which, we are told, "ripped to shreds the sentimentality of the song which preceded it." Next, in order of evolution, came jazz proper, - if that is the right adjective? "Jazz - sheer joy and its expression in music; music which can hardly be whistled and never sung, music which carries you up and gives voice to that love of life which is in everyone, but is so constantly unexpressed. Jazz lets no one stand still. Its melody and its rhythm are infallibly compelling."

Symphonized Syncopation

Perhaps this paragraph explains why the "solemn blokes" of music object to jazz. To them there is something undignified, almost, indeed, a savor of impropriety, in hearing their love of live expressed through banjos, saxophones, sousaphones, sarusophones and such barbaric whatnots. And while admitting that a lot may be said for music which abolishes singers, they prefer to stand still and whistle with the proud.

The latest and most alarming phase is called symphonized-syncopation. This, it seems, is "an entirely new musical development. Symphonized-syncopated music today is so specifically written for the orchestra that it has acquired new forms of expression, as related to and compared with ragtime or the old jazz." It, too, is the musical expression of "the gaiety, the liveliness and the rhythmic power of our lives. To say that it is enthusiastic disorganization of music is rubbish."

But perhaps the most interesting part of this jazz manifesto is that which carries the war into the enemies' camp. "Only a small percentage of the people who support the 'arty' arts really enjoy them. If there must be snobbery about the arts, let us be snobs about the lively and amusing arts. It will repay many times more than the exalted sense of superiority with which we strive to cloak ourselves as compensation for the deadly hours of boredom we spend with some of the 'arty' or fake arts. At many concerts, most opera, some classical dances and nearly all pageants, the spectators are suffering and burning incense before the altar of the 'arty' arts. Must dullness be the hall-mark of all things worthwhile?

Dull Nevertheless

Unfortunately, the present writer read this before listening to various examples of symphonized-syncopation, some of which seemed to prove that dullness can be the hall-mark of things not at all worth-while - such as "Fragments of the 'New World' Symphony; With an Orchestration of chromatic Lighting." But let us be duly grateful to these composers from the underworld of music who have rediscovered the appeal of two elements often strangely neglected by overeducated musicians -- rhythm and color. Again they have reminded us that the musical atmosphere of our concert halls and opera houses might be less close if only composers would encourage in themselves and their listeners a keener sense of musical humor. At present, their jokes are too often of the unconscious variety. Mr. Clive Bell has pointed out that as Racine, Moliere and Boileau gave an easier and less professional gait to French literature by conforming to the tastes and prejudices of the polite society of their time, so the inventors of jazz went to "La Bonne Compagnie" they found in the lounges of great hotels, or transatlantic liners, in "wagons-lits," in music halls, and in expensive motorcars and restaurants. But even cultured composers have sharp ears. They will take symphonized-syncopation and exploit its possibilities - especially on the harmonic side, scarcely touched as yet - beyond the ken of those who stumbled on a good thing and now obviously do not know what to do with it.

The other day some original jazz, "written by a musician of high rank," and played in a London studio by a pianist whose reputation is world-wide,

caused Mr. Robin H. Legge to write: "In my own mind I have no doubt that the pianist and composer of this music that I heard are at the opening of a new era. The compositions are a kind of twentieth-century Chopin. They have the rhythm, in all its endless variety, the charm, the melodic impulse of a latter-day Chopin, a post-war Chopin that is; they are superb piano music, and they are scored for what we call so stupidly a jazz band. After the Gershwin "Rhapsody in Blue," these pieces - I heard seven - are the first serious efforts to bring jazz into line.
Jazz will soon be out-jazzed. And what better compliment can the serious musician pay the joyous jazzer?

1930 - OCTOBER - THE METRONOME

SOME ENGLISH OBSERVATIONS UPON A FIRST HEARING OF A JAZZ BAND CONCERT by Francesco Berger

Not many weeks ago had my first experience of a Jazz band, while taking afternoon tea in a well known West End tea-room. I had not gone there in quest of the band, so that when its strident noise burst upon my unprepared ears, it fell on virgin soil, and was a complete surprise to me.

In describing its effect (not much modified by subsequent hearings) I need scarcely affirm that I am not an agent, paid to "boom" this class of entertainment. It is already far too popular to need advertising at my hands. Neither have I any desire to exclaim against it, on the ground of its being coarse, or unmusical or inartistic.

A Strange Experience

It was one of the strongest and strangest experiences I have undergone in an extended life, during which I have listened to much that was good, to more that was bad, and to most that was indifferent. It produced an impression that was not quite pleasant, but not entirely unpleasant, a sort of comical mixture of both. Not being a frequenter of American drinking bars, and never having tasted a real American drink, I can only guess what a copious draught of one of their cunningly concocted iced drinks would taste like on a swelteringly hot day. But I imagine that I would produce on the palate sensations akin to those produced on the ear by a Jazz band. Pleasurable though staggering, making it difficult to recover one's breath, defying analysis, repellent at the outset, but magnetically fascinating.

The "Go" and "Spirit" of the Band

This Jazz band played remarkably well, with exaggerated coloring, it must be owned, but with tremendous spirit and "go," accompanied by a perfectly incongruous row, produced from a number of noise-emitting articles which cannot be called musical instruments. Its members comprised a very clever pianist, a clever violinist, two excellent banjoists, a concertina player, a cornet player, and a "utility man" who performed on a side drum, a big drum, cymbals,

triangle, a tinkling hand-bell, a deep-toned large one, dinner gong, a rattle, a railway whistle, a motor hooter, and a few more deafening things.

They play a tune which may or may not be transatlantic, but is always of a popular type, and they play it two or three times over, varying it occasionally by ingenious *fioriture* on piano or violin. And a remarkable feature of their performance is the abrupt transition from noisiest *fortissimo* to softest *pianissimo,* or *vice versa,* with very little, if any, intermediate *crescendo* or *diminuendo.* During the soft parts the "utility man" is silent, and you begin to hope he has gone home; but, with the first recurrence of a *tutti* he is back again, and, like a giant refreshed by rest, resumes his labors with redoubled energy. He appears to have little respect for rhythm, but strikes, hits, blows, bumps, rings, and bangs whenever "he darned chooses." Yet, a whatever his vagaries may have been during a Piece, however much he may *appear* to have "set up business on his own," he is never behind-hand nor before at the finish. And I noticed that the tea-drinking audience applauded all the more when the *Finale* was the maddest of all mad orgies or row. They would not feel they had been sufficiently "jazzed" if a piece ended without a hurricane and a thunderbolt.

The unanimity of accord which, in spite of ear-splitting noise, this band is able to maintain, is one of the marvels of it all. Not one of the players loses his head, not one of them is careless of his part, each is as conscientious a performer as though playing a Concerto in Queen's Hall. And when, after the final crash of a piece, you look round for the *debris*, and are preparing to count the dead and wounded on the ground, you find the players mentally, if not physically, as cool as cucumbers, tuning their instruments for their next encounter or exchanging with one another critical remarks on Puccini or Debussy. I fancy, by their smiles, that they occasionally indulge in delicate stories from club land.

Excellence of the ensemble

I am not certain whether this particular band is better than, or inferior to, others now before the public, but I can scarcely imagine one that could excel it in precision or *ensemble*, in *extravagant* coloring, or in noisy exuberance. When, on other occasions, I have had cherished ideals shattered by novel experiences, it was the music or the performer that thrilled and overpowered. But this Jazz business is quite foreign to anything else, quite unique. The piano and violin music is full of prominent accents and plaintive syncopations, the banjos, give to it a penetrating buzzing accompaniment, and the eruptions from the "utility man" are so unexpected, that the *ensemble* becomes a medley of recognizable and unrecognizable rhythm, a blend of uncongenial elements, bewildering, exasperating, and yet appealing. Your sensations are being "brushed by machinery." Your familiar codes and laws are defied and upset. Your *terra firma* is withdrawn. You are adrift on an unexplored ocean. The anchor of your traditions, by which you held so reliantly, has failed you. Whether you will ever reach sunlit meadows and shady groves, whether you will ever again safely tread the highroads which your forefathers trod before you, is a question which only Time, the inscrutable, can solve.

A Question of High Art

Having occasion to speak of a Jazz band to an American friend, I thought I was flattering his nationality when I described it as "an admirable performance of profaned Art." He promptly replied: "I do not claim for it that it is what has hitherto passed for *high Art.* But you must admit that it has *one* quality in which much old-world music is sadly wanting, and that is 'character.' It is thoroughly representative of Americanism; as free from conventionality and from 'schools' as my country is free from ancient history and slavery. Better stuff would probably be tamer. It is out of material such as this, brimful of spontaneous national manner, that your refined methods and artificial mannerisms have been evolved. If you take from it what is so obviously its own, including its crudity, you rob it of its distinctive quality; it becomes ordinary, often-told, undesirable." And he was not far wrong.

Drawbacks of the Legitimate

The pianist in this particular Jazz band is so accomplished an artist that I remarked to him: "But you are far too good a musician to be doing *this* sort of thing. How is it you are *here?"*

I suppose," He replied, "you mean that I ought to be doing 'the legitimate.' Well, I tried that when I first married. I played in public, I accompanied singers, and I gave a lesson when I found a pupil who would come and take it. And I earned thirty schillings a week. Then I took to *this.* When my afternoon's work is finished at six o'clock, I have a similar engagement somewhere else from nine to eleven. And I earn twenty pounds a week. I have a wife and two children to support. Do you blame me? When I shall have saved enough to afford myself the luxury, I shall go back to 'the legitimate' and to-starvation."

I could not answer him, for there is no answer. *O tempora, O mores.*

1930 - AUGUST - BRITISH MUSICIAN

JAZZ - In the June number of the *British Musician and Musical News,* the editor concludes his article, in the British conductors series, on Sir Thomas Beecham,-a thoughtful and penetrating study this, of a compelling, if somewhat bewildering personality; Mr. Neville d'Esterre writes on "Silent Music," the music by famous composers which the average musical amateur has never heard,- the C major Symphony or the piano music of Wagner for example, or the string quartets of Verdi and Donizetti; and there are the admirable permanent features, such as the interesting and enjoyable notes on new gramophone records and Pianola rolls. In such excellent, if staid, company it is something of a surprise to come across Mr. A. L. H. Moore's article on "Paul Whiteman, the Reformer of Music," in which the author revives a lot of the nonsense written and talked about jazz some years ago when that genial showman was on the point of undertaking a concert tour through Great Britain. Mr. Moore tells us, in all seriousness, of Mr. Whiteman's desire to establish jazz upon a higher plane of art, and of his inability

to do so because of the continued failure of jazz composers to provide him with good enough material, and he enthuses over Whiteman's "wonderful musicians" who can play not only "on two instruments at once, one in each corner of the mouth, but on a bicycle pump." Jazz art, indeed! He also quotes Mr. Whiteman: "Jazz is, now that symphony and church music are bygones, the music of the future." Since that was written, however, jazz appears to have abandoned its claim to be considered on equal terms with real music, and, returning to its place in the dance hall, has assumed an air of amiable respectability, while the "bygones" do not appear even yet to lack either performance of appreciation.' (*Sheffield Telegraph,* June 24th.)

II - The article on Paul Whiteman and Jazz was published in this paper so that the *British Musician* should preserve in its 'staid' pages a record of what jazzites thought. The article is very much out-of-date. It embodies the ancient ideas of quite three years ago. Since those ideas were formulated, jazz has enlarged itself and tried to vary its movement. In other words, jazz has got tired of being so much with itself and has tried to come out a bit into the general world. Some of the great jazz bands are actually playing potpourris of songs from the 1890's. Before long they will turn to the Strauss waltz and the Sousa march. And they will give us topping performances of the music. But musicians are still justified in speaking against jazz from the high and lasting platform of pure art, whether popular or 'classical'; and the following is a good specimen of the criticism it deserves and receives. The writer quoted from is Anton Rovinsky, an American pianist.

III - The greatest danger which music faces to-day is that of becoming standardized and mechanized. The extent to which popular music has become dominated by jazz is a danger signal which should be heeded. Melody, the humanizing element, is being subordinated to rhythm, the impersonal element. And what is more, one particular rhythm has become the type rhythm of our age. The waltz, once so popular, never exercised a tyranny so powerful as the beat of jazz. One has only to listen to jazz for an hour on end to realize the deadening effect of its trip-hammer regularity. It is robot music, or at least the abumbration of what perfect robot music would be-not the pulse of a living body, but the throbbing of a machine.

1930 - On Jazz and Choric Recitals – Sackbut – July

The invention of American jazz dates back some twenty years. Its clever commercializing, and its acceptance by the whole world as the ‘right stuff’ for certain popular activities where music is essential, are post-war developments.

Jazz is now made everywhere. The most brilliantly successful German opera of this generation, Ernest Krenek’s *Jonny Spielt auf,* is a jazz opera, which deals with the spiritual conflict between a Stradivarius violin and a banjo, the latter winning. Nearly all the young European composers of modernist character have written in this style, for orchestra, piano, or string quartet, and their works are played at European festivals of contemporary music. But everything in this vein has proved as ephemeral, relatively, as the popular fox-trots; even the Krenek

work has lapsed; in 1927-28 it received 421 performances in Germany, in 1928-29 it received only twenty-four.

But jazz still stands as an American product, and it is regarded by some critics as forming the national musical voice of America – in the way the Lutheran chorale formed the national musical voice of Germany three hundred years ago. America certainly finds it a suitable means to express her more public manifestations of character. As Mr. W. J. Henderson said in *The Times* last October 26th: 'It strikes the popular fancy because it is elementary in rhythm and melody, swift and relentless in movement, irresponsible in method, and antic in instrumental idiom. It accords with the present unrestful state of the national mind, which is all for speed and looseness of manner, for continual excitement, noise, and for an incessant outpour of utterance.'

America started out, as is natural, with noisy jazz. The first fox-trots, and the like, were weird, ugly, grotesque, and utterly without artistic refinement. The players actually extemporized their parts, much as a thousand years ago singers in the Church extemporized their parts to the ancient plainchant. To-day, however, America does not care for this noisy music. She has banished rude effects, and has adopted in their stead a quietness which is often as much exaggerated as was the former tumultuous ejaculation. The parts are now carefully written, some of the cleverest and most sensitive orchestrators being engaged in the work of arranging music for the bands. One young American composer, George Gershwin, is labouring to create a symphonic or concert art of this genre, his two largest works being 'A Rhapsody in Blue,' and 'An American in Paris' (each of them now available on the gramophone in Columbia recording). The Rhapsody is considered a composition worthy of serious consideration; it is an attempt to write something like a Liszt Rhapsody with Jazz melodies and instrumentation.

The general idea is that this curious twentieth-century popular music derives from the American Negroes. A number of musicians, however, deny that this is so. Delius, for example, says: 'I feel that the mad jazz has nothing to do with the Negro; it is an invention of so called Americans who have taken ragtime and pretend that it is Negro music.'

If jazz represents an aspect of contemporary American life, we must expect to find a manifestation of the same spirit, or at least an echo of the same manner, somewhere in American poetry; for a vital element in the habits and activities of a nation never expresses itself in one art only. And we do find it in some of the poetry of Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, who for this reason is put forward by many critics as the one authentic American poet of the day. The critics say that he gets into his verse the real living America, and that there is no one like him in any other country.

Whether or no jazz derives from the Negroes, and whether or not the jazz manner is characteristic of his art, Vachel Lindsay transfers to this poetry of his, and to its oral delivery, certain Negro characteristics. In particular, he adopts the manner of the Negro preacher and incorporates the spirit of the Negro camp meeting. His audience takes part in the recitation, roaring out refrains in chorus, or yelling cadential words or calls. It is as if he believed we have too long laboured under the tyranny of the printed poem and we need now to recapture

some of the freedom of those earlier ages, in the childhood of the race, when poetry was entirely oral. Sometimes lines from familiar hymns are incorporated in a poem, which reciter and audience sing; as in the poem, 'General Booth enters Heaven':

> Booth led boldly with his big bass drum
> (*Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)*
> The Saints smiled gravely and they said, 'He's come'.
> (*Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)*

It must be very thrilling – as thrilling as the climax of a bull-fight in Spain – to have poetry 'done' in this way. For the audience stamp out the rhythm of the verse as well as vocalize the yells or the song-phrases. To other writing, of much the same character which he sometimes calls Rhymed Orations, Lindsay transfers the manner of the American political tub-thumper. Certain of his pieces are to be crooned or chanted throughout, and some are accompanied by drums, banjos, brass instruments, and the like.

Gone now is the radical tranquility of the art of poetry. Yet here is a curious circumstance. This quasi-jazz writing of Lindsay's met with the immediate approval of one of the most retired, mystical, and elusive of British poets, W. B. Yeats, who praises the General Booth poem, first for its entire freedom from conventional poetic ornamentation, and secondly for its earnestness, simplicity, and peculiar beauty. Another British poet to praise the poems I John Masefield, who says they represent literature made directly from life. Masefield speaks of Lindsay as 'an optimist chanting in measures of syncopation the twin gospels of beauty and decent politics'.

This is great praise. It implies that Vachel Lindsay has created or revived a communal art – that he has, in effect, taken poetry back to its state in ancient times, when the old minstrel or prophetic bard stirred the family, the clan, or the tribe to impassioned action. It would therefore be foolish to try to determine the value of the poems by our own fireside. They are for choric recital, by people and in a land to which the term foreign must, in this respect, be allowed. Here in England we have nothing of similar emotionality to the choric recital of Vachel Lindsay, except perhaps the football match, or the missionary revivalist meeting. The recent attempt to establish community singing has not been a success, and we have yet to see what the present attempt to develop choric recitation will result in.

Some of our musicians would readily welcome Lindsay's ideas of poetry reading. Professor Edward Dent says: "The inhibition of natural vocal instinct is a product of modern civilization, like the equally unnatural habit of reading poetry in silence. Poetry has really no more existence than music until it is uttered aloud," but this would not apply to poetry of a philosophical nature, such as that of Milton, Wordsworth, and the like.

But the quasi-jazz poems are not the whole of Vachel Lindsay's work. They are perhaps only the smaller portion, providing an outlet for the spirit of the time to utter itself vocally. The major part of his work is actually meditative, in the eternal manner of true poetry; and as we study it, we gradually realize that this

chanter in measures of syncopation is no other than the child of Longfellow, Whittier, and the entire nineteenth-century group of American literary men. Nothing written by the New England poets was ever more calm, more philosophical, more universally religious, than thus:

The cornfields rise above mankind,
   Lifting white torches to the blue,
Each season not ashamed to be
   Magnificently decked for you.

What right have you to call them yours,
   And in brute lust of riches burn,
Without some radiant penance wrought,
   Some beautiful, devout return?

At time Vachel Lindsay will actually reveal something of a Wordsworthian sublimity, blended with a touch of mysticism akin to William Black's; particularly when he would propound the wise, sane, loving brotherhood spirit (Whiteman's spirit) for the twentieth century. He does not hesitate then to write with what may strike hasty readers as a school-girl simplicity; as thus:

The dew, the rain and moonlight,
   All prove our Father's mind
The dew, the rain and moonlight
   Descend to bless mankind.

*****Check ending of article**

Ireland

1934 - In Praise of Jazz – Irish Monthly – March - An Open Letter To The Editor of "The Musical Times." By "Festissime."

Sir, I have read with concern your attack upon jazz in several recent issues. Permit me to say that it seems to me to endanger a practice that should be encouraged by all gentlemen. I propose, therefore, to institute a philosophic inquiry into the nature of jazz to prove my opinion; but to do so I must first establish certain remote principles.

First of all, it should be evident that the most obvious proof of man's supremacy over the animal world is his capacity to be a fool. No beast is capable of folly. The dog that listens to his master's voice, the cat that seeks by running away to escape from the tin can tied to her tail, the ass that pursues the carrot fixed to the shaft of the cart it is drawing, the hen that in an ardour of maternal expectancy sits down on a china egg, may all excite our laughter, but can never rise so high as to deserve our contempt. Only a man can deserve our contempt, for only a man is master of his own mistake. Only a reasonable being can be

unreasonable. All things but man are infallible. Nothing that lacks the powers of judgment and free will can possibly go wrong. But even we, created though we are with the royal faculty of error, can soon grow atrophied if we do not sedulously exercise by practice the natural habit.

Note that I do not precisely advocate folly. It is not for me a matter of conscience and principle. I practice it indeed like other men, but spontaneously and without merit. I possess it not of choice but rather as I possess a nose; that is to say, not on principle but on my face. And yet, like my nose, I value my folly, not for what it brings me (that I endure) but for what it proves in me. Just as my nose proves me to the world superior to the truffles that smell not, so my folly distinguishes me from the beasts that are the slaves of natural law. I do not, therefore, boast of my folly, but I boast of that of which it is a sign, and I value my folly and the acts that manifest and deepen it as the evident hall-marks of my greatness.

I shall now take these principles as established; - (1) That folly, or the habit of doing the wrong thing, is the most striking evidence of reason, the insignia of our royalty. (2) That self-respect should induce us to keep our folly prompt and active as is a king to keep his trousers and other robes of state in good repair. (3)That folly, like all habits, can only be developed by frequent acts. I now turn to treat my subject directly.

We should begin by defining jazz; but here we at once meet difficulty, for neither its friends nor its enemies provide a scientific definition. Its initiates, like all initiates, use terms that have the headiness of oracles in them rather than that of philosophic precision. They variously describe it as “a little bit of all right,” “going off the deep end,” “pure fluff,” or “the cat’s pajamas.” These terms are not informative, though they already indicate some of the intellectual benefits conferred by jazz upon its votaries. The adversaries of jazz, on the other hand, speak of it with exactitude and directness, but I cannot quote their opinions here, as many of your readers are clergymen. Neither will the etymology of the word, when analyzed according to Lewis Carroll’s law, fully answer the difficulty. It is clearly a compound of *jab* and also a dazzle without beginning or end. We have, therefore, the contradiction of an infinite extension identified with an instantaneous act *in actu primo.* But the derivation of jazz from jab and dazzle is in its turn not un-illuminating. Again, we cannot even study the nature of jazz as it is found in nature, for it is not found in nature. Hence our only chance of finding out what jazz is lies in studying it in the antithesis of nature that is in society.

I propose, therefore, to relate my experience at a recent jazz party. When I entered the room I found the jazz being expounded at the piano by a young lady who, as one could see by the way in which she swung her shoulders, was very refined. The words of the song seemed to consist entirely of nouns, hyphens, and exclamation marks. Nor was anything in the music arresting except the rhythm; that, however, to judge by its effect on the company, was peremptory. Everybody, whether sitting, standing or walking, moved all of his or her limbs and even body simultaneously in time to the rhythm. Each beat evoked a spasm in the whole person of each listener as if he were being flogged. I observed, too, that those who were conversing never conversed for more than a sentence on any one topic, even

if anyone completed a sentence. The very conversation was syncopated. After a few minutes of perplexity I went up to a young man and asked him why he seemed to be in such agony. He stared at me and said: "Oh, don't you know?" and at once returned to his undulations. I retired timidly, and asked the same question of a girl who was beating time with her fists on the back of an elderly spinster, who in her turn was beating her knee. The girl tittered and began whispering to the spinster. I then observed an ecclesiastical dignitary standing on the hearthrug beside an old, deaf lady who had fallen asleep. He had begun to take down the words of the performer when the rhythm had gripped him, and he now stood nodding his head to the beats and filling in those omitted for syncopation by shakes of his fountain pen into the old lady's ear trumpet. I went up to him and put my question. He got suddenly red and serious, them: "Do you not find it intriguing, sir?" he said. "Intriguing?" I thought. "Yes, the vagaries of the rhythm certainly suggest politics. Can it be that jazz is a release for the complex of those who are too conscientious or too unadventurous for political intrigue?" But I had to abandon while politics is never amusing to politicians. Then at last I realized that I was not expected to ask for reasons for their behaviour, that there were no reasons. The ideal of the great fools of all ages had at last been attained; men could at last act without any purpose whatever. These young people had risen superior to reason, had advanced the great campaign against law, even against the metaphysical law of final causes. They were, I reflected with pride, immeasurably superior to the brutes that perish and that meanwhile always act with an object in views. The goddess of Reason had seemed a glorious guarantee of liberty to a perished generation. But she was but a dowdy frump compared with the goddess of Unreason created by the new pioneers of anarchy. These have finally asserted our manhood.

I thought over the matter when I reached home and discerned more clearly the cause of the phenomenon. The first bar of the piece had stated in full a rhythmic pattern of emphatic character, which was fully repeated once, but only once. In each of the bars thereafter it was syncopated, that is, one or more of its beats was dropped, though so as to leave the pattern still recognizable, however mained. Moreover, these variations seemed to follow no law or order or significance; each was introduced quite arbitrarily at the caprice of the composer. Now a rhythm thus stated will soon become engrossing to an audience. For all men desire to know facts, whether past, present, future, or hypothetical. It is not necessary that the facts should at all concern them; curiosity is indeed the desire of knowing other people's misfortunes that we may acquiesce in them. We read a modern novel purely to discover the fate of the abstracts of flesh and blood that walk its pages. Could we suspect the end early we should not continue reading to find it out, nor could we easily discover another reason for finishing the book. Similarly do we grow engrossed in the rhythm of jazz from the sole uncertainty of how next it is going to be mutilated, although its mishaps are of no consequence whatever to us. We cannot divine at any bar what change is likely to occur in the next bar, for neither words nor music have any significance in themselves, nor can rhythm by itself be significant; we cannot foresee caprice. Hence only when we hear each bar in our tense anxiety of the moment before satisfied – but only to be

replaced by a new anxiety about the moment to follow. Now observe what it is upon which our mind is thus inexorably concentrated. The rhythm imposes attention because it is puzzling, or, to use the Episcopal term, intriguing. It is puzzling because it is incalculable. It is incalculable because it is lawless. It is lawless because it is disordered. What interests us now to the exclusion of all else is the very paradigm of chaos. The narrow conventions that hedge our lives with law are forgotten, and the whole of life reduces to a fit a succession of percussions that are the expressions of whim. It is just here that the emancipation from reason commences. One cannot sympathize with disorder as such and retain an orderly mind. And once disorderly the mind breaks with law and so with reason. The rhythm invades and sweeps our minds clear of all ideas, sets our nerves and body capering to its beat as if we were marionettes jerked without purpose on a string. Hence that perfection of aimlessness, that most admired disorder, attained by the people of that party. They were simply going nowhere; they had no desire, no ideas, not even that compromise with wisdom called commonsense. They had achieved freedom.

However, I met a friend some days later who told me that these conclusions were quite inadequate to explain the power of jazz in its later phase. This friend, I should say, is noted for his philanthropic efforts in the cause of jazz, for he is the inventor of a super-resonant saxophone fitted with compound tympani and twin miniature bombilators. He had just been elected Honorary Fellow to the International society for the Suppression of Quiet people in succession to a well-known Chicago whiskey bonder, who had been compelled to resign his seat in haste and go on a health tour. Now my friend informed me that what I had heard was not jazz proper but just primitive rag-time. Jazz, he said, is an advanced culture of rag-time. It is polyphonic and admits after the first few bars of contrapuntal or cross-rhythms so that not merely is each bar in rebellion against the original patter, but the rebels even seem to be attacking in overwhelming numbers. ("Home, Sweet Home," and Dvorak's "Humoreske," when played simultaneously will illustrate the effect.) The only check on extravagance is the preservation of the original pattern as a standard of divergence, an object to disobey. Hermann Darewski, the great wartime jazzologist, tells us that he composes his rhythms in railway carriages and engine factories. Now that is all to the good, but my friend pointed out certain signs of degeneracy in modern jazz chiefly in its tendency to mean something and so restore the element of reason to music. It is becoming so fastidious about its melody and harmony that it threatened to restore the exploded principles of Schumann and Brahms. It is true that it excludes harmony that may excite to thought, music that is either very definite or very melancholy. But it has readily absorbed the chromatic discords, augmented sixths of German, Italian, Jewish, American or any other nationality, and whole-tome chords. These discords, since like all discords they demand resolution, suggest unrest, unsatisfied desire, while their sensuous, chromatic character sufficiently specifies the nature of the desire unsatisfied. My friend saw a subtle concession to reason in this restoration of significant sounds to music. Indeed, he said, take a theme by Beethoven, harmonize it as Debussy would, and distend it with the rhythms of Jack Hilton,

and you will have a typical example of jazz. But such a piece is unworthy of praise, since it contains no irrational element except the rhythm and even in this is liable to be informed with significance by the theme and chords. Genius in fact corrupts all it touches by assimilating it to itself.

On pondering my friend's remarks in solitude, however, I found it difficult to agree with him. It seemed to me that jazz would prove a more effective weapon in the cause of folly than even rag-time. To test my conclusions I took the opportunity of hearing real jazz in the company of some very nice people. How nice they were may be gathered from the facts that none of them ever needed to do any work, and that all the ladies swore. My conclusions were greatly strengthened by the experiment, and were as follows:-

It seemed to me that as jazz aims at significance it must, *ipso facto,* pretend to be art. Hence the analysis of its psychological effects upon its hearers becomes an aesthetic problem. Now what is the function of rhythm in the arts of poetry and music? It is to convey, as best it can, emotion *sub propria specie.* Word represent ideas; they can also represent our *idea* of an emotion. But rhythm is an effort to sensibilize externally the emotion as it is in itself, especially its continuity as a static principle of unity to a moving pageant of ideas. But for the rhythm *Paradise Lost* would lose its tenseness, its power to convince us that its subject is momentous to ourselves, and become a mere romance personally as unimportant as Malory's *Morte dArthur.* Rhythm, however, that is, disciplined movement, to signify anything must connote the repetition of a pattern. The even repetition of one beat can specify image but that of a steam-hammer. Pope's line of equal he is deliberately insignificant:

"Hence significant rhythm entails a pattern composed of accented and unaccented beats. Nor will it unless it is repeated insignificant of anything but a fragment of the Morse code. Yet even a repeated metrical form (or pattern, or foot) has a very limited power itself to specify emotion. It can only directly represent various species of movement. A short measure in which unaccented beats predominate naturally represents swiftness, the movement of a light subject. A long measure in which accented beats predominate naturally represents momentum, the movement of heavy subject. But certain motions are stimulated by certain motions; joy, for example, desire made eager to fulfillment, stimulates hasty movement; disappointment, desire thwarted, produces inertia. On the other hand, peace and content also produce inertia, and despair if frenzied urges to haste. Hence movement though caused by emotion never fully specifies its cause. Rhythm therefore, the disciplined movement of art, requires to be itself specified by words or tune before it becomes significant. Once, however, it is so informed or specified then the significant of the specifying idea or feeling becomes than the significance of the specifying idea or feeling becomes itself fuller and enhanced and differentiated. Thus if I say, "The air has an eager nip in it to-night," my words are but an unemotional statement of fact. But if I say

"It is a nipping and an eager air,"

They take on a fatality more disastrous than influenza. What, therefore, is important for us to conclude from this paragraph is that the repetition of a

rhythmic pattern in poetry or music has power not only to intensify its significance, whether emotional or intellectual, but further to specify it. A hurried rhythm, as I have shown, may change melancholy into despair.

Let us now determine by means of this conclusion the effect of the rhythm in jazz. Let us suppose that a certain mood has been defined by the theme and harmony; the rhythm, as we have see, will further qualify it. Now the rhythm is purposely disordered, so that it must communicate a disordered mood. (I say communicate because the function of art is to inform those who attend to it with the experience of the artist, so that they feel the same emotions as he did.) But a mood, or emotional state, is disordered when it escapes the control of will and reason, when it becomes for the time by itself the independent master of the soul. Hence in a word the effect of jazz is to make us the subjects of disordered emotions. Its mood may resemble a finely wrought mosaic on the floor of a bath, which takes on a new lustre from the water when the water is still; but stir the surface and the image beneath is shattered to the shapes of dream. So a restless rhythm can render an underlying rational mood hectic and demented, and by communicating it as such can render others habituated to states in which they are the bondsmen of unreason. Now, since everyday life is composed of more or less emotional experiences it follows that the devotees of jazz grow used to suppressing reason and to regarding the whim of passion as the counsellor of choice. Rag-time, after all, did not induce a mood; it only disordered my mind while I was listening. But jazz is aesthetic; its mood abides; I carry it with me into daily life until folly becomes as urgent as principle once was, and nervous caprice the fetters of philosophy.

And the salutary effects of jazz are further evinced when we consider the precise nature of the experiences it communicates. As my friend remarked, jazz composers sedulously confine themselves to those musical devices that have a peculiarly sensuous and voluptuous significant devices that were only sparingly used by the old-fashioned--- musicians. Hence the emotion they communicate is what generated by the rational appetite, the reason directed with but that of the purely animal desires. Now the rhythm, so far in gaining significance from the significance of the theme, as my friend contended, imparts its own disorder to the theme, as we have just seen. But the disorder of the animal passions is the root of most external disorder in human life and history. Hence not only does jazz appear to be a fertile stimulus of disorder by bemusing the mind and depriving the will of firm direction, it is also a positive incentive to passion and through its insurrection challenges the entire system of our inhibitions which ---the creatures of law and reason. It is an evangelist of universal anarchy, a champion in the cause of human liberty, a fit predecessor to the triumph of the heroic builders of modern Russia.

Some one may ----

Can’t read text here.

Occasion assert the dignity of their nature by fractiousness. I knew a child who stole jam and thumped his nurse and in after years robbed a bank and shot a policeman. Yet every effort had been taken to instill into him when young a due

respect for the force. Immorality then is the most splendid form of folly, and the free minds of the future world will look back as upon martyrs upon those who have been sentenced for murder or larceny. These have been the only thorough fools, idiots *sans peur et sans reproche,* practitioners of the Third Degree of Folly. Jazz is justified in these here children.

In conclusion, however, I would warn people not to expect too much of jazz. It is not a complete education in folly, and in itself cannot properly be called immoral at all. But it is a remote preparation for immorality. It induces mental conditions that dispose the mind to yield easily to temptation, somewhat after the manner of alcohol. It is such a valuable discipline that the asceticism of inanity can no longer dispense with it as a noviceship to the higher flights of crime. Indeed I dare assert that jazz is essential to the solidarity of our defenses against reason. Abandon it and we shall presently find ourselves relapsing into the mentality of the Middle Ages and the scholastic philosophers.

For these reasons I beg to enter a formal protest against your surprising attack on jazz. – I am, sir, yours, etc., "Festissime."

Scotland

1930 - Jazz – The Scottish Musical Magazine – July

There is, of course, Jazz, and Jazz! But whether all of it ought to be gathered into one gigantic, comprehensive bundle, and summarily dismissed as "merely jazz," is a question which is not quite so simple as it looks. The fact that it is being seriously examined and investigated by such writers of standing, not to say, eminence, as R. W. S. Mendle (The Appeal of Jazz: Philip Allan & Co. Ltd., London, 6s Nett); Andre Coeuroy and Andre Schaeffner (Le Jazz Editions Claude Aveline, Paris) and Irving Schwerke (Kings Jazz and David: Les Presses Modernes, Paris), alone suggests that there is perhaps more in it than immediately meets the eye, or ear. M. Schwerke goes a great deal further than this.

"Jazz," he writes, "struck Europe a sharp blow. It fascinated *hoi-polloi* and interested the intellectuals, but it must have been the magic of the name which charmed Europe, for so far as jazz *music* is concerned, very few Europeans have heard any, and ignorance of its true nature is general. Europe is full of orchestras that make a din in the name of jazz, but there is none, unless it be a stray American organization, that makes jazz music."

The primary misunderstanding on the part of Europe lies in the assumption that jazz is mere noise and eccentricity. Nothing can be further from the truth. Real jazz may be paradoxically defined as a sort of complex primitivism, again to quote M. Schwerke, whose scientific insight into the nature of the entity is more profound than is that of any investigator we have yet encountered, and whose powers of exposition are unexcelled, if indeed, they are paralleled in the whole realm of musical criticism – "As it is to-day, it is the offspring of certain currents of American life, Hebraic orientalisms, Negro rhythmatics and harmonies." This explains the complexities, but to understand the primitivism, one must consider the ethnological condition of the United States of America, as it exists to-day. America is a nation that is still in a state of flux and

fusion. The constituent elements are almost as numberless as are the sands of the sea. What, in another hundred years, it may become, no living individual can possibly foretell. But if the process of nondiscriminate immigration continues to be checked by means of the quote system, or otherwise, the time is not far distant when some indication as to what the future will bring froth, may be obtained. But in the meantime, the conditions are primitive in relation to whatever that future may hold. And the artistic manifestation of this particular form of primitivism is Jazz. Prophets have not been wanting, who suggest that the American Music of the Future will derive from this, and we are not prepared to dispute either the premises, or the conclusions, upon which they base these prophesies. Nor, in the light of universal Musical History, are we disposed to suggest that there lacks the possibility of the rise of American composers of this hypothetical school, whose works will stand comparison, in point of excellence and beauty, with the works of the greatest of the classical composers whose music we know and love to-day. The essential basis of all music is rhythm and this being so, it is only natural that the greatest bulk of all music, classical and otherwise, should revive from dance music and rhythms. Why, then, should one hold up one's hands in horror, at the mere mention and bare idea of the Beethoven of 2030 A. D. writing his pianoforte, chamber, and orchestral music in a floriated idiom, the root of which is jazz? One does not require to gaze far into the future indeed to understand and auralize the musical effects of so probable a development. Every student of Chopin has experienced the aesthetic value and artistic effectiveness of the *tempo rubato* when it is employed in the performance of his works. Exaggerate this, just a little, and, I am convinced, a page of the future will be open before us in the present. As may be judged from the title of his book, M. Mendl concentrates chiefly upon the question of the universal popularity of jazz and that is an aspect that cannot, nay, must net, be ignored, even by its bitterest opponents. We are not of those who regard a thing as worthless, merely because it is popular, indeed, we do not remember of anything that has enjoyed such universal popularity as jazz has had, which did not possess some essential quality the excellence of which was unquestioned. It is an interesting study to resuscitate some of the songs that were universally popular from a quarter to half a century ago, and sing them o0ver again, judging them in the sole light of their own merits. The wonder usually is found to lie in the fact that they were ever allowed to fall into oblivion.

Germany

1919 - THE LITERARY DIGEST - AUGUST 23

A GERMAN INTERPRETER OF JAZZ - Many have been the struggles to interpret jazz. It took a world-war and one of the adroit interpreters of the German cause to produce its master-explainer. George Barthelme, who will be remembered for his fanciful representations of America's position after this country entered the war, now regales his readers in the Kolnische Zeitung with an account of jazz. He begins by speaking of the obsequies of Lieut. James Reese Europe, the band-leader of the New York Negro regiment, as "a funeral of the

first class." But, he says, "It was not the lieutenant, nor the band-leader, nor the negro, nor the hell-fighter, nor the victim of a murder to whom New York paid honors. In place of the murdered-negro-bandmaster-lieutenant, New York paid honor to the great jazz-master. Just as Milwaukee was celebrated because of a certain kind of beer, so Jim had made jazz renowned, or jazz had done the same for Jim."

Having whetted the German appetite by alliteration, Mr. Barthelme enlightens his mystified countrymen, "since no dictionary in foreign tongue can accomplish" this. There is irony not too subtle in it all. To the eager inquirer he enjoins this:

"Thou must go to the very foundation-source of the ultra-modern German culture, where they brew American drinks and dance the two-step and the fox-trot, the tango and the bunny-hug. There alone can thou experience what jazz signifies. For Berlin marches here and yonder at the very pitch of Kultur which has been drawn from over seas. Shouldst thou not, however, afford the needed change in order to pay for a course in jazz, let thyself be satisfied with a little picture in words. Thou art, at any rate, accustomed to 'substitutes,' Still thou must know what jazz is, since jazz of itself makes talk. Therefore, listen:

"Jazz is a philosophy of the world, and therefore to be taken seriously. Jazz is the expression of a Kultur epoch, the result-crowned circle of psychical primitive movements seeking for a redeeming form, and this is especially the case with respect to music. The other muses always follow after music. Some might, indeed, suppose that this muse had her jazz age behind her. However, we will not stop to discuss that. Jazz is, therefore, a musical revelation, a religion, a philosophy of the world, just like expressionism and impressionism. These, however, are mere bits of things; jazzism is the whole business. It is the higher unity; the Hegelian synthesis, however, lies at the very end in the denial of every other synthesis. It's not a putting together, it's a tearing apart. It's not a solution, it's resolution. It's simply analysis gone mad. In jazzism you get careless of law-anarchy. Jazzism is amorphous music. It is the denial of all musical syntax and style, probably also of musical orthography, which you can't find in jazzism at all. It is a subversion of all measures of sound and time. It is anti, anti, anti-anti Wagner, anti-Strauss, anti-Reger, anti-Debussy. It is also musical Bolshevism.

"Perhaps thou thinkest, dear contemporary, that I have just been reading the last speech of Bagriele d'Annunzio, and that from that I am constructing a picture of American jazz. Reassure yourself, most honored one. In the first place, I can't read Italian, and in the second place, I don't need to because I have experienced jazz in my own person. I have been jazzed, as a matter of fact, in New York, and two years before the May speech of Gabriele. Listen!

"Scene: a great saloon on the Hudson. Much marble, much porphyry, much onyx, and very likely also a good deal of stucco. Add to this, gold and glass, and art-oh, lot of it-old art, oldest art, and oldest art of all- of course, really imported, and naturally, for such a palace of art, it is expressly created by true

Assyrians, fellahs, and Etruscans from Hicksvillage and brick-townes located on the mosquito meadows of Hackensack, on the other side of the Hudson.

"Suddenly thou startest to full consciousness-as if some one had read thee the Peace Treaty! The whole orchestra seems to have become bughouse, to have exchanged instruments, of wood and brass and strings, only the raw stuff remains; what previously was rich with tune is as tho it never had been. Primitive sounds crack the air like a folks-concert in a kafir kraal-but primitive sounds lifted with devilish art to impossible intensity. It is music with steam-power, music in thunderstorm tempo. Such a prestissimo thou never dist conceive! But soon thou beginnest to get on track of the measure. As a cultured frequenter of the concert-hall previously hast thou shunned annoyance of neighbor by marking time with feet or head. Here, however, count thou must, since the thing impinges on every nerve-end-and yet thou art ever more uncertain what the actual measure is. Thy musical sense of direction continues unsatisfied, thou art increasingly bewildered, thy musical compass is completely astray. Through this jungle of sound, no path leads. Thou canst see only that the 'rhythm' is 'free'-like vers libre! It might be five-fourth time, or seven-eighth, or eleven-twelfth, or (perhaps) all of these at once."

Mr. Barthelme imagines painful revolt in the hearers' mind, doubtless following in retrospect his own mental processes. "This is primordial, primitive," and his "self-respect" bids him not ask about it lest he '"be deemed a moss-back; a back number." Then the philosophizing instinct of the true Teutonic comes to his rescue."

'That melody,' think I, 'it suggest Mozart.' Why! Wagner first in 'Lohengrin' engineered a throw-back. Since then, it is quite all right and good form to throw form to the wind. Music to-day is a democratic art, and in a democracy every one's equal to every other-free road for the incompetent, even if he plays the bass-viol. There was only one requirement for the hour-you must play in the same key as your neighbor. That's 'harmony.' But-that is not thoroughly democratic. So jazz does away with such elements of an outworn past, and let's each one play his own key. Consequently, harmony is as superfluous as rhythm and melody. And so jazz is the logical development and completion of an idea that is called to introduce a new and better age! It's the last word in Kultur. There's nothing higher, nothing beyond! Yes, but-perhaps the whole idea of evolution is turned about, and suddenly stagnation, torpidity, the ice-age! Or finally recurrence to the old order.

"If it ever comes to the point when our future salvation depends on work, a course in jazz must be taken. So! Jazz is no amusement, Jazz is work. Therefore jazz is mankind's redemption. Before salvation come conviction and confession.

"Pfitt, pfatt!"

<u>1926 - April 14 – Berlin Says Jazz is dying</u> – Writes From London That People Want Sentimental Ballads.

The pendulum of popular favor is swinging away from jazz to ballads of the days of crinoline, in the opinion of Irving Berlin.

Writing to Sam H. Harris, theatrical producer, from London, where the song writer has been since his marriage to Ellin Mackay several months ago. Berlin declares his belief that the jazz age is passing and that "the people want something with a bit of feeling and sentiment." are at the mercy of the mob," said Supreme Court Justice James F. Minturn of Hoboken, in charging the Ocean County Grand Jury here today in the absence of supreme Court Justice Frank T. Lloyd.

Justice Minturn's charge included a picturesque description of present day jazz madness and the consumption of illicit beverages which, he said, was its usual complement. Mentioning the difference in the meaning of spring to rural and urban people, he said:

"The song of the jaybird will scarcely have died out in the fields and the call of the cuckoo will hardly have expired in the thicket are the more vociferous jaybird and vivacious cuckoo from the urban concert halls, seeking rest and rehabilitation from the tonic atmosphere of our shores, will march upon us with all the abandon and assurance of conquering heroes.

An "Ear-Splitting Avalanche"

"Keeping time as it were with the hilarious civic invasion with an intoxicating rhythm that defies and submerges the eternal song of old ocean, comes that vermiform appendix of the musical art known as a jazz band, exuding, as it were, that ear-splitting avalanche of monotonous noise which finds its counterpart only in the depths of Goethe's "Walpurgis Night" or in the heart-rending emanations from the condemned souls is Dante's "Purgatory."

"In response to its call there ensues a series of snakelike gyrations and weird contortions of seemingly agonized bodies and limbs, resembling an Asiatic pot-pourri, which for a more definite name is called a dance. To be effectually and consummately executed, this anomalous procession must be indulged in the midst of a meal and resumed at intervals, so that, in truth, jazz becomes the piece de resistance of the meal. While the meal, through neglect, shrinks into desuetude, the jazz becomes magnified in ethereal ecstatic exuberance and intensity.

"With the meal and dance inevitably goes the necessary elixir or ambrosia of the gods, drawn from the expectant hip pocket, apparently carried as a necessary appendage to the meal and dancing habiliments. And with its production arises a swell of exultation, glee and satisfaction that common decency has once again been subverted and law and order has again been overcome.

Tonic in the Hip Bottle

"To the innocent and uninitiated, this bottle contains the most sanctified medicated water or the most exhilarating tonic to soothe the strained nerves and stabilize the weary limbs of these overwrought terpsichorean devotees. But we who occasionally are permitted to lift the veil of the sanctum-sanctorum of this spiritual atmosphere and hear the harrowing tales of adventure by land and flood know too well that the bottle, thus publicly exhibited and flouted, as it were, with

exultation in the eyes of the law, contains nothing less than stupefying, death-defying whisky, the general use of which is outlawed, denounced and prohibited by the law and the Constitution as a crime.
"There was a time not so long ago when men observing this tragedy, this rape of the law, inquired in astonishment, "How did he get it?' But now the inquirer is assumed to be familiar with the modus operandi, and therefore he inquires only, 'Where did he get it?"

"It is with the complex conspiracy against the Constitution and the law that we have to deal. That we should deal with it honestly and vigorously as befits us, as the sworn guardians of the law, obviously goes without saying.

"To confess in the presence of its exulting excesses that we are imbeciles and paralyzed at the onslaught of chicanery and brigandage is to confess that the enforcement of law and order is impossible; that this temple of justice is a mere mockery and a sham; and when that is conceded we tacitly invite the black flag on piracy to enter our homes, and we practically confess that we are at the mercy of the mob."

1927 - Jan 8 – Foes of German Jazz Opera Employ Sabotage in Theatre

Opponents of jazz in opera, recently threw a monkey wrench into the machinery for the performance at Cassel of Ernest Krenek's jazz opera, "Johnny spielt auf."

Krenek's opera has been greeted with mingled applause and hisses wherever it has been given, but has remained on the repertoire of Dresden, Breslau, and Berlin despite the protests of adherents to the classical type of opera.

At Cassel, however, the anti-jazz faction resorted to sabotage. During one of the scenes an express train is supposed to move across the stage. It is set to motion by pulling a wire cable. When the moment came for the train to move, it failed to function. The stage hands found that the cable had been cut by some unknown person.

This was the signal for the anti-jazzers to start a rumpus which made further performance of the opera impossible.

1930 - SEPTEMBER - METRONOME

JAZZ REFERRED TO AS THE INVENTIVE SPIRIT OF AMERICA. Ignatz Waghalter, who has conducted opera in Berlin for a period of twelve years, came to America last season and conducted several concerts with the New York Symphony Orchestra, which had been engaged for that purpose. Some of his impressions of "Music in America" he aired in the *Berliner Tageblatt* quite recently. Her they are:

"The American lives only for new ideas. There is nothing like 'today' for the American'; 'tomorrow,' Always ahead! It's maddening! The same speed prevails in the field of music. It is surprising and admirable! New York is now the music center of the world. Any one who is some one in the field of music foregathers there. One finds the kings of the violin - Kreisler, Elman, Heifetz - and the titans of the piano like Godowsky, Hofmann, Rosenthal. And those

admirable orchestra! There is hardly a place in the whole world where one can find orchestras composed of artists of all instruments as in America.

"The senior conductor, Walter Damrosch, an experienced sensitive spirit, has devoted himself to symphonic music. His concerts embrace the whole orchestra literature up to today. Ossip Gabrilowitch of Detroit and Leopold Stokowski of Philadelphia are other leaders in the field. Paul Whiteman with his orchestra created 'jazz' - typical American music of unbelievable harmonic boldness and chromatic combinations of tricky and interesting rhythm - is this the way leading to a new style of music? Perhaps! At any rate, 'jazz' is a new departure with possibilities not yet surmised; it depicts the inventive spirit of America."

1930 - SEPTEMBER 11, - LIVING AGE

THE GERMAN SIDE OF JAZZ by Paul Bernhard. Students of the times are all much excited about the sudden break in the fence which has been set up between European music and the vulgar public. The culprits, it has been proved, are bold sailors, the instigators and instruments of all kinds of uprisings and revolutions. Their chief activity is poking their noses into shady American waterfront saloons, where they fritter their time away in immoral occupations.

Just as in the time of Louis XIV, when the European arts of sculpture, architecture, painting, and literature were suddenly refreshed by oriental discoveries and broke out in Chinese Rococo, and just as the recently discovered art of Africa and the South Sea Islands opened up new fields to men like Gaugin, so do we now stand in a new relation to musical ideas. For the first time in the history of Western music we are being subjected to an influx of non-European elements. The general widening of all human interests brought about during the last war, and the common economic struggle since, extends to European music-the racial expression of our culture.

This is inevitable. The kindly muse has deserted church and cathedral, and the romantic balconies of knights and troubadours. From the homely folk song's fruitful soil, this music developed in the palaces of an artistically sophisticated aristocracy Haydn wrote for it, and Mozart's charming orchestral music was composed for a select public. But the Revolution has opened a breach between music and the social aristocracy. Our spiritual attitude has changed from the ground up. Hitherto each man had to apply himself zealously to climbing up one more rung of the social ladder. Nowadays there is less prejudice, and for the first time in history the people are allowed to listen.

Beethoven reached the popular audience; it was sophisticated enough to understand his symphonies. But music is now played before still larger assemblages, to which everyone has access. The orchestra adapts itself to the dimensions of the hall, and the number of listeners grows apace. The light rests of the gavotte and minuet have disappeared. Rhythm and time remain. The scherzo, derived from the minuet or the slow waltz, persists in a new style that appeals to the people.

All boundaries are wiped aside. Tendencies that go down to the very basis of our social structure have for the last fifty years been on the decline. Iron

necessity splits musicians into little groups. The audience constructs its own conceptions, and the composition is addressed to it alone. A tiny fraction of Europe is still the heir, the echo, and the incentive of musical production. But the ordinary people, with their new supply of ideas, are very backward and incompetent. Their ego is incapable of grasping the challenge of common enterprise that only the writers of their music can understand.

In Germany, beer-garden music is a factor in our culture. In an atmosphere of steins, hot-dogs, and sauerkraut, the ability to appreciate it is being developed. The director of a military band steers his artistic course in constant danger of running aground. His programme is made to include numerous elements, ranging from *Parsifal* to military marches. The latter are naturally reminiscent of 1870, and in their performance the kettledrum makes a continuous noise like the shooting of guns. Part of the band must, in the interest of realism, sing or whistle at intervals.

We also have singing clubs, and even merry-go-round music, whose rhythm is formally set. True folk music is heard only in the mountains, where clog dances and little ditties take their traditional place in the spiritual life of the people. Long ago these forms congealed too solidly for any national music to spring out of them.

Jazz has adapted itself to the different countries that have taken it up, which have behaved as they always do during and after a war. They are now all simplifying matters by taking the same direction. The old rhythms are dead so far as everyday use is concerned. A single rhythm, simpler and more fluent, exists, and it is understood by all men, from the most primitive to the most highly civilized. It has a quick march time. Not only are gavottes and minuets historical, but polkas and waltzes are becoming so too. The national tunes of Italy, Spain, Scotland, Bavaria, and Hungary are disappearing. subsidized by foreign tourists, they eke out a brief life in the hearts of the older generation. European youth knows only the rhythm of the modern dance-a combination of walking and dancing.

In the years of the war and the Revolution, when there were no musical concerts, no beer or restaurants, the beer gardens disappeared one after the other. Our new aristocracy of young workers, who had money to spend on pleasure, passed their leisure in cafes, cabarets, and bars. There the piano player held sway in a so-called Paris setting, with first and second violins, cello, and flute. The programme of this little orchestra, which naturally availed itself of national airs, had no connection with the old-fashioned styles.

In our larger towns the tendency will soon be toward a compromise, introduced by clever business managers, in the form of an American variation of piano technique know as the jazz band. Through it Germany will understand the character of the new popular dances in their full vehemence. There are scores of new compositions somewhere in the West being played in their original style and setting, and all the restaurant and cafe orchestras are picking up refrains from them. The well-remembered dance craze has found a new stimulus and breaks out in a regular epidemic.

The jazz band is an orgiastic dance orchestra such as Europe has never before seen. It is the instrumental and rhythmical expression for bestial instincts in all their primitive force. Originating among American Negroes, and taken up by sailors and the mass of the people, the jazz band as we know it to-day has developed along Anglo-Saxon lines into an art some-what similar to chamber music-an art in which naive but stupefying instrumental qualities are violently brought into play. Since its first appearance in Germany during the Revolution, it has enormously improved, and into the outburst of anarchy that followed the war the jazz band has step by step brought reconciliation's. When we lived on rations or margarine and smuggled supplies from neighboring States, it occupied the whole picture, and spiced our evenings with dance and song.

Cowbells, children's trumpets, and automobile horns were the fare that the returned warrior and his lady of the evening demanded. The noise specialist unexpectedly cranked his klaxon and unleashed a continual clatter, or our ears were greeted with rhythmical hammer-beats from a single iron bar. The originators of such novelties were at once accorded special favors by the management. With the progressing tendency toward city life, when crowded conditions forced us to set up house-keeping in public buildings where the temperature was sometimes below freezing, or even when we were forced to sleep out of doors, we had to confine ourselves to the so-called spiritual weapons in order to make life bearable, and the jazz band became a stimulating influence. People were apt to insist that the bass drummer, during his realistic reproduction of pantry noises, should at least stand on his head now and then, and that the snare drummer, as a true artist, should throw his sticks in the air, hit his bass kettledrum with his foot and his triangle with his head or hip, and ring a bunch of cowbells, all within a hundredth of a second, while he still kept up a continual roll with his drumsticks.

As the technique grew more complicated and the dictates of society more exigent, the jazz acrobats appeared in dress clothes. They abandoned their elementary din. Their repertory became quieter, and appropriate music was provided for refined people at a reasonable price.

The present make-up of the jazz band consists of a piano as the cornerstone, a violin, a banjo,-especially a five-stringed banjo, or sometimes a banjo mandolin,-a high-E saxophone, a C or B saxophone to carry the melody, a bull fiddle, and a drum. The secondary instruments may also include a cornet, bassoon, cello, Japanese or lotus flute (Suwanee whistle), and a flexatone. The lotus flute is a long wooden tube, which is made to run through the scale by varying the air space with a plunger running the length of the instrument. It has somewhat the same tone as our flute, and is also made in a similar shape. The flexatone-or tone swinger-is a kind of metal castanet. When shaken it brings two clappers in contact with a tongue of metal. It sounds like a loud electric bell, but the pitch can be varied. One of the most famous jazz bands has a singing saw-a toothed sword of steel which is either hit with a hammer or plucked, and sings with a peculiar ghostly majesty.

The piano is the true leader, but the score and effects are entirely different from what we are accustomed to. It is degraded to the role of a motor, an

automatic piano, a London hurdy-gurdy. The left hand plays the part of a percussion instrument, a sort of deeper drum, while the right hand executes wild runs like a mechanical piano, providing a tone background and leaving the melody to the violins or the saxophone. The heavily impressed accompaniment, with its unshaken mechanical rhythm, is typical of this kind of music. It follows that the noise of the tune-carrying instruments should be extremely think, so that the melody may make itself heard through all variations. This is the part the violin plays in its runs and trills, or in its countermelody when the saxophone takes the lead. The greatest possible contrast in tone is always sought for, together with increasing movement.

The banjo works on an entirely independent scheme. This long keyboard attached to a drum gives forth a hard metallic throb when plucked. Its harmonizing functions are to provide a mezzo-soprano accompaniment and to fill in for the second violin and viola. But what one gets from hearing the banjo in the jazz band is anything but varied. Its noise blends into a single din along with the beating of the snare drum, and its enervating sharpness and monotony produce purely rhythmical effects.

The jazz band received its un-European, grotesque, and noisy character through the introduction of the saxophone. This was invented by a Parisian manufacturer named Sax about 1840, and is named after him. It is unlike the classical metal wind instruments employed in big orchestras, being more like the wood wind. It has a reed mouthpiece, and its horn is like that of the clarinet, though its tone has a peculiar nasal quality. The competent jazz saxophonist brings to bear a comical technique-a nasal art, a dissatisfied, abusive, wailing speech, which the composer occasionally allows to carry a solo part.

Weighty and important is the development of the drum. It requires an especially experienced, even refined and tasteful, specialist. He is the man of surprises, the evoker of changes and jokes. No laws are set on his improvised fantasies. He represents the musical *prima causa,* sitting, rhythm in hand, beyond the boundaries of noise and tone; He beats his instrument as if he were killing the grandfather of all his enemies. He is the god of thunder and storm. He summons the dead from their graves and leads their skeletons a clanking dance. He sets ghostlike birds swirling in the air with shrill cries and whistling, flapping wings. He rings deep underground bells, and is a friend of blacksmiths, an old hand on the threshing floor, and knows the song of the motor. But he can also reproduce the twittering of tiny birds, the cooing of doves, and suddenly we see deep-green almond trees under the azure dome of heaven and listen to the lowing of herds. What is his musical equipment? The bass drum, with its cymbal on top and Tyrolese cowbell beside it. Next to the drum, two differently pitched tambourines, like kettledrums without any bells. To the left a wooden, four-cornered tom-tom, or Indian drum, either flat or composed of two tubes bound together. To the right of these is a little chime. At his feet is a pedal with which he sets in motion a drumstick and a cymbal-beating apparatus. There is also a flat snare drum and a singing saw. All about him lie castanets, rattles, tone-swingers, and such things.

As the ever-moving, magical figure of the bartender, all-knowing and sovereign, uncorks this bottle and that, shakes a drop here and a drop there,

crushes, grates, squeezes, and mixes everything into the drink that he is preparing, so sits the stoically moving drummer among his acoustical ingredients and seasons the musical brew with kettledrum, thunder, screams, bells, rattles, cymbals, whistling, singing, clapping, drumming, beating, scratching, rumbling, scraping, and smashing.

Only a few words about the composition. The best melodies are built on two motives, one high, the other low. But whatever is sunk or beaten into this musical mess comes out admirably. It is full of all kinds of devilish syncopation, rhythm-veiling, and stops. No tone or figure, however inharmonious, is avoided. A glistening mantle of the wildest colors is thrown over methods that are hopelessly banal and a technique and rhythm that are purely mechanical. One feels the orgiastic emotions of primitive slaves breaking through. Music? Certainly, though perhaps no more music than the Punch and Judy show is theatre. Was not *Faust* born from such a background? May not these pieces be produced even now in Krakow, Lemburg, or Berlin, with English titles to boot? They do not last long, but they represent the best-known European popular music. They have done away with national boundaries, and announce a common driving-force of the same living civilization. As English clothes for men once influenced all popular dress, so in another historical moment a similar manifestation of popular psychology is showing itself.

The psychological side of the problem is best illustrated in a study of the decay of gypsy music, so similar externally to the jazz band. The true gypsy band, with cymbals, tambourines, and gypsy clarinets, is to be found only in large inland country estates. Many an aristocratic generation heard its music. The players were not slaves, but the rich man's palace was the spot where their art originated. If the player were sick, he remained at his post with his instrument and knowledge. The little troupe hung on as the last survival of a private orchestra. Heredity and tradition, convention and prejudice, made it the inheritor and guardian of a universal music. They men can neither read nor write; they have no system of notation; but they master their instruments as poachers know their preserves, and they alone of all musicians in the world can take any melody they have heard even once, harmonize it, instrumentalize it, include it in their repertory, and never forget it.

Yet for all this artistic appearance, their music lacks the harmony essential to our epoch. In spite of the extraordinary ability of these naive masters, they lack initiative. They fall short of artistic freedom. As long as the gypsy players perform for neighboring gentlemen and tenants, their work remains as fettered as the course of a thoroughbred by the curb of its rider. These little groups always receive their impulses from without. Their ears are always turned in that direction, and are continually alert to the influences around them. The tempo and passion of gypsy music does not spring from their own restricted musical knowledge. Courtly tradition, the position and age of the dancers, and the occasion of the feast, go to make up the form and substance of their playing. Often the master of the house runs around behind the man at the cymbals and directs the evolution of the dance from the background. Thus the confined creatures are still disciplined, and their artistic existence would be impossible if their homelike ways and

rhythms were not so deeply in their peasant blood, and if the character of their music were not of just such a nature that their playing has a personal and appropriate quality. With the soul knowledge of the poor, they tickle the fancy of the aristocrat, improvising well-remembered passages in the hope of a good financial reward.

The inexorable critic cannot but regard the passing of such a perfect and complete artistic technique. Here stands a real flower of human culture. Being music of the eighteenth century, it is in a state of decay and must die. We have progressed beyond it, half glad, half sorry. As we no longer see beautiful horses in public parks, but insignificant, impersonal automobiles, so have we left behind the individual atmosphere of music, which was developed, to perfection by gypsy orchestras. The new music of democracy swings into another sphere. Here there are no more masters or servants, no subjects and no objects, for the tones to express. The new musicians don't care a hang whether their hearers and dancers are barons or bartenders, marquises or masseurs, but they accept them on sight on the strength of appearance and general bearing. Their rhythm rolls over their heads with a crash. The piston strokes of the machine-men work inexorably. Is there a soul here? There is something human, anyway. The musical epoch expresses itself in sound. The forest primeval is now a mere childhood memory dragged across marshes, hauled to and from over battlefields. Now it is lost in the complicated tempo of asphalt streets. History goes forward. Here is life, bitter and unpleasant. Are we men with feelings? We do not show them. Soul-stirrings? We twist our lips into a grimace. Pathos? We are worth what we are. Love? Yes, as a feast of spiritual fulfillment. Shall we be drowned in it? No, we are not poets; we must work. But we are apostles and very wise. Our speech is the speech of fools, but not the aristocratic speech of Shakespeare's fools. The world is no theatre; it is a circus. Only the clown can speak the truth unrebuked.

It is clear from such comparisons that gypsy and jazz are two opposite poles of musical expression. In analyzing each we find in the older from an overemphasis on feelings, and nowadays an overemphasis on will. Popular music is the mysterious expression of the deep soul of the mass. This music is not an essential, but a meaningful expression of the entire spiritual life of a people. It is not an accident that gypsy music has failed to take Europe by storm. The people, broken by machines, must logically bring forth other elements of a mechanical civilization and so fulfill their destiny. But it is for the good of the new European popular style to make so essential an element into art of the highest order. Here and there new flowers are sprouting. In lands unburdened with any traditions of their own-Russia, England, and America-trumpets and drums begin to supplant the string quartette.

The great masters of the future will no longer composer German or Roman, but European, music. Its home will be Europe and its ideas European. In the symphony of the future the dance step will appear improved, as the country and German dances were developed by Beethoven. The new rhythm, the gift of Africa and America, loosens European soil like a plough and makes it fruitful for a fresh crop. But in order to plant good seen in the native soil a noble personality is always required. The creative artist of any country will flourish if he carries his

work and music with him from his youth up. His visions should always be colored with the inheritance of his forbears, scented with the fragrance of his home. People can distinguish Easterners from Westerners, the seafarer from the mountaineer. The creator will always draw his strength from his native soil, though his visions and dreams may wander over far unknown countries. Europe will be the one mother of all, and her children will understand her word, wherever it comes from. No more national music will be written, yet national works of art will remain. The creator is eternally an individual. Indelibly marked with his own land, his native themes, he is like a tree with the wind whistling through its branches.

1930 - MARCH 19 - CSM

THE FIRST GERMAN JAZZ OPERA by Adolf Weissmann - The first performance of Ernst Krenek's opera. "Jonny is Playing," at the Leipzig Opera House, was a musical event not only from the standpoint of presentation, but also as a proof of the fact that we have progressed as regards the expression of the times in music. For it is the first time in central Europe that jazz has formed the basis of an opera. In operetta and in revue we may be accustomed to hear these sounds, which have become very familiar to every good European. It is, however, the privilege of one of the outstanding representatives of modern German music to make jazz enter the realm of the operatic stage.

This was a valuable contribution to the problem of whether music can keep up with the pace of modern existence, which strides along so rapidly. We always demand that music, in however close touch it may be with our time, must have something in it of lasting quality. As to its tempo, it certainly lags more behind its time then poetry and painting. If this is true, can we assert that jazz, which means the most complete musical expression of the present time, has brought about a change in the essence of music? A Notable success

Jazz opera has hitherto appeared to be a failure. In Krenek's case, however, it obtained a notable success. But this happened because between the libretto and the music there was a certain difference. In this case music could not keep up, however strongly the composer might desire it.

Krenek, who recently had the first successful performance of his opera "Orpheus and Eurydice" at Cassel, has written the libretto of "Johnny" himself. Now fancy a composer of our time so familiar with the excitements of this world, that he is able to catch it in a two-act piece, and at the same time to set it to music. Krenek is perhaps the only one able to do it. But he is equal to his task only by exhibiting a certain romanticism that many would not have expected from a composer so decidedly modern in his views, though I have often pointed out that "unromanticism," particularly with Krenek, is only a poser which may give place to more delicate musical feelings.

Most of the scenes in this opera take place in a Paris hotel and in a railway station. The hotel in Paris, of course, is the best place for harboring jazz music. Here is Johnny the king of players, the great violinist of the jazz band, but at the same time one of the sliest Negroes ever known. For he robs a great Balkan violin virtuoso, the celebrated Daniello, of his precious instrument.

While the story of the violin is going on, there is another event taking place, which is, so to speak, the kernel of the plot. Here romanticism plays an important part. For it is the love of a composer for the prima donna, who sings the title role in his opera, that forms the background of the whole libretto. But is it really the background? Actually an involuntary leaning toward America permeates it. All these persons, the composer, the prima donna, her manager, leave in the end for America, except poor Daniello. The American dance wins the upper hand over Europe. We witness the most fantastic chaos. But however chaotic, it is entertaining in the highest degree. The spectator is rapidly led from one place to the other. He travels with the prima donna, and he would at last be of the same opinion as the composer would make us believe himself to be if his music did not teach us that in practice he will not be deflected from Europe, in the musical atmosphere of which he was born and educated, and with the musical feeling of which he is saturated.

Jazz and Romanticism

There is a sensible antagonism between jazz and romanticism in the score of this opera. Perhaps it will not be called antagonism by those people who believe that jazz is making the path for a new romantic movement, though one that is to be very different from the former. In practice, however, and especially in the opera of which we are speaking just now, the difference in style between jazz and romanticism is very apparent. Krenek deals with jazz in a very clever way. He is, in a certain sense, a pupil of Stravinsky, who was the first to introduce the whirlwind of realism into art and to use jazz rhythm in an artistic way. None the less, Krenek proves quite independent of any sensible influence. His handing of the instruments of percussion is remarkable. He is never at a loss how to bring jazz into action. He even enriches it without modernity. Rhythm, harmony and instrumentation do their best to.....music, formerly a Mecca for so many foreign students and a center of musical life, has lost something of its drawing power. Berlin has for decades been ahead of Leipzig. First performances of operas are very rare in this town, where the renowned traditional Gewandhaus still leads an honorable existence. Let us not forget that Leipzig was the residence of Mikisch.

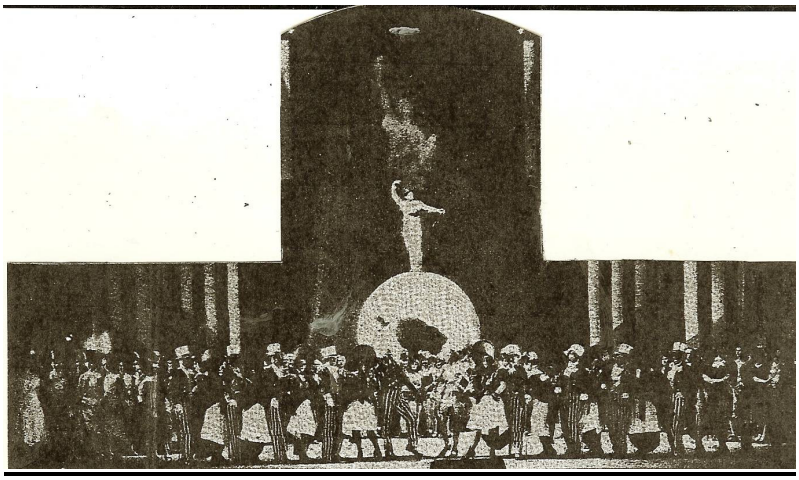
This time, however, the guests of the Leipzig Neues Theater attended a first-rate performance. The leader of this opera house is Gustav Brecher, once Kapellmeister in Hamburg and other towns, and a friend of Richard Strauss, who strongly protected him. He is, no doubt, a personality among conductors. His way of handing the baton may be curious enough, but the intellectual force of his musical interpretation is beyond any doubt. He gave the score of the young composer Krenek what it required from the musical leader. A certain swiftness that was lacking will come in future performances. On the whole, the performances was well accentuated and colored.

The most difficult, though a very grateful, task was that of the stage manager. It was very well accomplished. The scenes had their full realism, but were at the same time fantastic. The opera was given an excellent reception by the public who realized at this opportunity that modern composers are not so terrible

as they generally are believed to be. As for Krenek, he knows how to grip the public. The question will be, whether we know how to grip him.

Jazz Arrives at the Opera – The Review of Reviews – March – 1929

By Alfred V. Frankenstein



"Jonny Spielt Auf" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York

Jazz has found its way to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, and the cause of it all is a young man who has never been in the homeland of jazz. Here is an instructive paradox.

Ernst Krenek is his name, and he is an Austrian, twenty-eight years old. Son-in-law of Gustav Mahler, the last of the Brahmins, pupil of the totally jazzless Schreker, native of Vienna, the city of waltzes, symphonies, and romantic opera, he has taken an idiom quite foreign to his training and heredity, and given it a breadth that those to the manner born have not achieved. The opera's name is "Jonny Spielt Auf," which is translated "Johnny Strikes Up."

A sketch of the plot will be of interest. Anita, an opera singer, newly married to a composer named Max, leaves their home in Germany to sing in one of her husband's operas in Paris. In a hotel there she is pursued and conquered by a violin virtuoso, one Daniello. Johnny, the colored musician who leads the jazz band at the hotel, covets Daniello's violin, steals it, and hides it in Anita's baggage. Anita returns to her husband, followed by Johnny, leaving Daniello to think that Anita has, to use the only appropriate phrase, made a monkey of him to obtain the precious instrument.

Johnny succeeds in extricating the violin from Anita's banjo case, where he has hidden it. The singer and the composer quarrel, and Anita declares she will go on a concert tour of America. At a resort in the Alps Max and Daniello listen to the radio. First Anita sings one of the composer's songs, and the composer, hearing the beloved voice, resolves that she is, after all, the only girl for him. Johnny also broadcasts, and the violinist recognizes the tone of his beloved instrument, and sets detectives on the jazz player's trail.

There ensues a grand scramble, in a railroad station, Max after his wife, to join her before she can leave for Amsterdam and the steamer to America, and Johnny to elude Daniello and the police. Johnny "plants" the violin in Max's baggage, and the composer is arrested. But realizing that Max is a friend of anita's maid, with whom he has had a love-affair in Paris, Johnny jumps into the cab with the police and their prisoner, and succeeds in knocking out the officers. Max makes the train by the skin of his teeth. In the confusion Daniello falls under the wheels of a locomotive. The colored man mounts to the top of the great station clock, and there, with the coveted violin in his hand, Johnny strikes up, while the crowd below dances.

It is a typical movie plot, with the scenarist's tricks and methods. The music, too, contains all the elements of popular entertainment. But Krenek has also succeeded in mingling, to a certain extent, a degree of true novelty with these elements of *a la mode.* The persistent vigor of the new German music, containing all the elements of variety, plays its part in the score. It is not a great opera, because Krenek's is an amusing rather than a great talent. It is amusement raised to a high degree because skill and imagination have gone into the making. Krenek compares to Browning. But stack "Johnny" alongside of the "Rhapsody in Blue" and it towers.

Johnny makes a prophecy. At one place in the opera he cries:

> "Glittering the new world crosses the sea, and inherits old Europe by means of the dance."

He cries this aloud, with full lungs. Perhaps he prophesies too much. Perhaps the new world would be better off without inheriting old Europe. And it is a son of this old Europe who has given Johnny his depth of lung and breadth of phrase and range of vision.

The jazz of Broadway is a small, shallow affair compared to "Johnny." Once, when instrumental jazz was intended only for performance in the ballroom, there was no need for a form bigger than the sixteen-bar verse and the thirty-two bar chorus that has become law in Tin Pan Alley. Now that celebrated jazz orchestras perform daily in every movie house in the land, and in every revue, a growth into something intended for the delight of the ear is in order. It is worth doing. The jazz orchestra is a gorgeous instrument. But no development of the resources of jazz, as such, has taken place.

That the public will rise to such music is apparent. Witness the sensational success of the "Rhapsody in Blue," a piece none too original in itself, but indicative of what can be done. The jazz concert music, such as it is, that has followed Gershwin's piece has been spineless, passive, devoid of the punch of Gershwin and Krenek. It has bent the knee to the ossified traditions of Broadway.

The man who breaks through those traditions will create a popular music in Amereica that will drive away our blushes at the names of Arthur Sullivan and Johann Strauss. It will not be great music. No great space in future editions of Grove's dictionary will be given its creator's name. But it will make the most satisfying and most complete use of the materials given, as the artist uses his

substance, rather than the easiest and most obvious use of them, as is the manner of our present writers.

Meanwhile Copland and other American composers make of jazz a symphonic medium, which is a horse of quite a different color. In the purely popular, humorous, and theatrical field we must admit that an Austrian has stolen, a march on us. There is something in Johnny's veins beside gin and cigarette smoke.

(Sic: I had the opportunity of writing Mr. Krenek to ask if he would arrange some of his piano music for concert band. He wrote me back and said that he had no experience in orchestrating for such a group and that he would write his publisher and give me permission to arrange his music for my band.)

1934 - Hitler Frowns on Jazz – Literary Digest – March 24

Young Germany is not singing jazz. Hitler has "strenuously discountenanced " it, reported Leigh Henry in *The New English Weekly* (London). The songs of Nazi Germany are "utilitarian," something of "social service." "It unites them in team-spirit, team-action, unified impulse." Hitler is a music lover and especially devoted to Wagner, and looks upon jazz as "an expression of heurasthenia, debilitating to youth exposed freely to its down grad influence." Of course his argument falls in with his racial prejudices as may be seen in Mr. Henry's further analysis of jazz:

"Nostalgic in origin, the product of an American Negroid population of expropriated – too civilized to return to Africa, too undeveloped to fit into American modernity – the mood of plantation song, spiritual and 'blues' attracted the equally nostalgic Hebrew. He developed it. It became a hybrid of two races sighing for a lost homeland, creating a melancholic one of the lamenting mind. Broadway did the rest.

"It is not the place to discuss the idea that the Hebrew's sense of persecution, following centuries of nomadry, used jazz as a means of revenge, to debilitate the Gentile. The idea is held by many anti-Semites. Others feel that Hebrew sentiment, probably subconsciously, has reacted against the necessity for assimilation caused by migration among strange peoples. They feel that the Hebrew uses jazz and like methods to iron out racial differences and to produce a general neurasthenia in which Hebrew influence may ascend among peoples.

"The idea has been lent color by the fact that the leading jazz composers are mainly Jewish – Gershwin, Kern, Confrey, Youmans, and many more. What does matter, however, is that products of Broadway and Charing Cross Road have afflicted modern youth with a form of St. Vitus' dance, a neurosis; and that the sentiment instilled by jazz trends to negation and cynicism. Consider some recent refrains:

"Not a Ghost of a Chance for Me'; 'You've Got Me Cryin' Again'; 'It's Rainin' All the Time'; 'What's the Use of Worryin',' 'Let's Put Out the Light an' Go to Bed.' Such spirit is not likely to lead to courage, intrepidity, vitality. For that reason, at least, Hitler's ban is justified."

Austria

1927 - Jan 18 – Vienna To Devote Year to Schubert – It Sustains its Pre-eminence in Music on Centenary of Composer's Death. Shudders at Jazz Opera. But throngs flock to hear it and Others Quit Concert Halls for Sports. By Navarre Atkinson

The present year, which marks the centenary of the death of the immortal Viennese composer, Franz Schubert, bids fair to be another 365 days of music in Vienna, for an almost continuous program of the master's works has been arranged by the city of his birth.

Homage to the genius of Schubert, who lived in poverty through his short life of thirty-one years in Vienna and died in consequence of his privations, will be paid by Church, State and public in elaborate musical festivals, culminating in the autumn in an international celebration.

The war has not robbed Vienna of its love of music. Through the morass of post-war depression it has maintained its place as the musical centre of the world, an example being in the centenary of Beethoven's death, which was celebrated last year. A gigantic musical festival, when all of Beethoven's works were played, was held in the Spring. They were repeated throughout succeeding months, until even those with no musical sense learned to know his compositions by constant hearing.

Vienna will do the same for Schubert with even more willing heart, for the Viennese love their own composer for his light, gay songs which gave birth to the modern Viennese operas, still as popular here as they were decades ago.

The homage to Schubert began just on the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve, when by arrangement all orchestras in hotels, cabarets and theatres played from his many works. In the morning churches throughout Austria paid honors; his masterpiece, the "Deutsche Messe," was given in all the Viennese churches, and some of his easier works in the towns and villages.

His Old Church Has Service

At the old church in the suburb of Lichtental, where as a young man Schubert earned a scanty amount as organist, a commemoration service was held, attended by the leading composers, orchestra directors and singers of modern Vienna. The rusty bells of the church tinkled a few notes of his works, which were broadcast for the rest of the world to hear.

In the Augustiner Chapel of the old Imperial Palace, a far too regal place for the composer himself to have entered in the flesh, Cardinal Piffi celebrated a mass for the repose of his soul, to the strains of Schubert's masterpiece played by the famous Philharmonic Orchestra of the National Opera. A thousand people, unable to get into the chapel, stood in the cold and listened to the music as it came through the open doors and windows.

With such an elaborate beginning and with the hundreds of scheduled concerts, Schubert will be honored in death probably more than any composer of history

Jazz Opera is Produced

Just a few hours before the Schubert year began, a most noteworthy revolution in the musical history of the Vienna Opera House had taken place. Ernest Krenek's ultramodern jazz opera, "Johnny Spielt Aus," in English, "Johnny Plays Away," has just been performed in the house about which cling the somber traditions of Wagner, Puccini, Mozart and Beethoven, who have dominated the performances there since its beginning.

In the words of leading musicians of Vienna, the spirits of those composers must have flown from the opera house amid the shrieks of jazz; and, still in their words, the musical reputation of Vienna has been blackened by this bow to modernity.

The jazz opera was not produced without a severe contest among those responsible for the management of the Opera. Franz Schulk, the director of the orchestra, protested in vain against its presentation, and a constant stream of protests poured into the offices weeks before the piece was given. Franz Schniederhan, the director of the Opera, who is responsible for the budget of the State theatres, persisted in presenting it, and rightly calculated that it would benefit his exchequer.

The Opera House was filled to capacity, although the same high prices were charged as for performances by world-renowned singers such as Chaliapin and Jeritza. Tickets for the performances of "Johnny Spielt Au" were sold weeks ago, netting more than $30,000, an amount equivalent to the receipts for eight ordinary presentations at the Opera.

Krenek's opera, on its own merits, was generally well received by Vienna, although it was hardly welcomed by a city so long used to the old masters. As an innovation, Vienna was glad to know it; but there is a distinct hope among the older musicians that it is a freak of the musical world and does not herald a new fashion in opera. The younger generation, as was expected, was more favorable toward it, but all musical critics take the opportunity to decry the fact that sport nowadays takes the interest which in pre-war Vienna young or old gave to music

Turn From Music to Sports

Where once youths flocked to the opera and concert halls on holidays and at the week-end, now they leave Vienna for sport centres. During the Christmas ho9lidays more than 200,000 people, a tenth of the population, left the city to ski or go sleighing in other parts of the country or over the frontier. Citizens left at home spent most of the day-time skiing or skating in the environs instead of going to the opera and concerts, which had an unusually small attendance.

From another point of view, the increased interest in sports has been the greatest asset in revival of life and health in Austria. The children and the women

and the men at home suffered greatly in the last two years of the war from lack of food. One can pick out even yet undernourished children who were forced to live on the scantiest diet during the first few years of their lives.

1930 - MAY 1 - OUTLOOK

TREASON ON THE BLUE DANUBE! By T. R. Ybarra. - American jazz is conquering Vienna, the citadel of the waltz and of the best of light operetta music! For several years past composers of the gay, lilting tunes which have made this city famous have been abjuring them in favor of imitating the "barbaric" syncopations which, originating in the United States, promptly set out to march triumphantly around the world.

But the trouble is that the Viennese tune makers don't know how to compose jazz! They have abandoned something as natural to them as breathing or drinking their delicious "heuriger" wine for something which, try as they will, they cannot quite master. The result is that whenever a genuine American dance tune comes to Vienna it carries all before it. Because it has the rhythm and deviltry which only Americans seem able to impart to jazz, it is soon played here in every cabaret and whistled by every street urchin, whereas the locally manufactured brand of jazz must follow humbly in its wake. As for the old type of tune with which Vienna has delighted the world for decades, it still crops up plentifully every year, but it is under a cloud. A Johann Strauss melody is still as charming as ever, but somehow the tunes of his Viennese successors-with a few striking exceptions-sound as if the life had gone out of Viennese music, as if its present-day composers were a bit ashamed of trying to market such old-fashioned wares, as if their hearts were really in America a-hunting the jazz. But the trouble is that they can't catch the beast! For jazz seems to be as native to America as the highland deer to Scotland.

Some Viennese composers, to be sure, stick to what they know best. Franz Lehar, for instance. He whose "Merry Widow" set the whole world to waltzing and humming and whistling is still doing business at the old stand, turning out delightful tunes carrying in their every note the fragrant perfume of Vienna. Since the days of "The Merry Widow" and "The Count of Luxemburg" the fame of Lehar has waned in America, but not in his native city nor in the rest of Central Europe. While Americans have been busying themselves with ever wilder forms of jazz, while Europe has been eagerly snapping up these exotic offerings from over the water, the little, gray, dapper man who put Viennese operetta back on the map twenty years ago has resolutely refused to try his hand at the new syncopated rhythms. One after another he has turned out his tuneful scores; and even a jazz-ridden, jazz-maddened world has found itself unconsciously humming his irresistible melodies. Four or five years ago all Central Europe was pursing its lips to the notes of "Ich hab' ein blaues Himmelbett." And what a rival to jazz that insidious little song "Gern hab' ich die Frauen gekusst" was, year before last in Austria and Germany!

Yes, Franz Lehar sticks to his colors-the more honor to him! But how about Leo Fall? Shortly before his premature death a short time ago was he not constantly experimenting with American dance rhythms? And has not Emmerich

Kalman been turning away of late from his beloved Hungarian dance measures and casting a longing eye at the syncopations of Broadway? There is treason abroad in the city of Johann Strauss, the Waltz King!

So it goes with those who play music in Vienna cafes and night clubs. They, too, like the composers who have followed Johann Strauss and von Suppe, gung'l and Milloecker, have been bitten by the jazz microbe, but they, too, cannot get the hand of jazz! Desiring to please visitors-Americans, especially-who go out to see the night life of Vienna, these musicians are continually rendering a sort of pseudo-jazz, a jazz with Viennese trimmings, instead of sticking to the melodies which seem to spring out of the very soil here and which they know how to play to perfection.

Many of the visitors, Americans among them, would far prefer to hear the genuine Viennese tunes instead of pale imitations of what they have been hearing to satiety before coming to Vienna. No matter! Fashion is fashion! Better American Jazz badly played than the home-grown article played as only the Viennese can play, say the infatuated natives of the metropolis on the Blue Danube! So they go on picking their way gingerly over the notes. American tunes worn to tatters in York two years ago, trying to get into the rhythm of dance music which have been forgotten these few months on Broadway, while visitors from across the Atlantic listen piously and itch to get up and tell the musicians how to do it.

This does not mean that these are not good musicians. Heavens, no! They are probably as good as any in the world of night life! The trouble is that they are wasting their talents on something which is not for them, which seem to go flat and stale in the air of Vienna.

Just wait until they swing into one of the numbers that they really know and the difference is instantly apparent.

Ha! What is this they are tackling now? A waltz by Kalman? Something out of Lehar's latest. Good! Now we are in Vienna! Now we have lilt and rhythm and verve which these same musicians have sought vainly to put into the Irving Berlin tune they were playing a few minutes ago!

Ha!-keep it up, you fiddlers!-one, two, three-one, two, three! That is what one comes here to Vienna for, not for diluted jazz! Broadway is Broadway and "Wien Bleibt Wien" and never the twain shall meet! One, two, three-one, two, three-you can imagine the ghost of old Johann the Waltz King looking on from Spectre-land, nodding approvingly, after an hour of pulling wry faces at the saxophone and things without a name which have been shrieking and rioting and waking the nocturnal echoes in the city that he set to dancing fifty and more years ago.

Hurrah!-now it is "The Blue Danube" itself-as bewitching as the day it was composed-one, two, three-one, two, three-and now we have the "Fiaker Lied," that song with all the fun and light-heartedness of Vienna instilled into it. Hear how the people at the next table join in the refrain of it-and those at the table beyond-and at ten other tables!

Who wants jazz in Vienna? Certainly not Americans who catch the spirit of the city! It is as out of place as an open-air cafe on Forty-second Street! One, two, three-one, two, three..

Italy

1926 - July 16 – Home-Made Jazz for Italy – New association Piano Substitute for American Product

Italy is going to try to substitute Italian jazz for the American variety.

The newly formed "Association of authors of Musical comedies. Popular Music, songs and Dances" held its first national congress today and decided to take step to add American jazz to the foreign products which Italy is trying to dispense with in the interest of economy.

The association also decided to from a special association to be known as "The Writers of Musical Scores for Moving Pictures."

1929 - Sept 2 – Our Jazz Songs Rule in Venice – Grand Canal Gondoliers think "O solo Mio" Is Out of Date

Romance, which has long meant one thing for some people and something quite different for others, was to be found not long ago in the songs of the gondoliers on the Grand Canal in Venice. To ride in a gondola to the tune of "O sole Mio" or "Santa Lucia" was, for Americans in particular, the height of romance. But the gondoliers themselves have a different idea, and now they grin and think they are giving their American passengers a rare treat when they sing "Ramona."

In the evenings when the gondolas are clustered around the serenade boats opposite the Doges' Palace, no amount of persuasion can convince the serenaders that the old songs are best after all. Americans, they have heard, invented jazz; therefore they must like it. So the songs that drift out across the water are syncopated tunes that mean dancing and bright lights.

The vogue for American music in Europe, however, has been dealt a severe blow by the popularity of the German song, "I Kiss Your Hand, Madam," which has been translated into every language and is played several times in an evening by every dance orchestra in Europe. While the words to American tunes have been translated in French, German and Italian, singing orchestras take a greater delight in showing off their English by using the English words.

1930 - Alfredo Casella Discusses Jazz – Music Courier – January 4

(Excerpts from an article which appeared in L'Italia Litteraria, Sept. 1, 1929)

Casella introduces, his article by saying that he feels it timely to write on the subject of jazz as he has never read in Italian any article, which discussed the subject with ant real, fundamental knowledge of the subject, which is being studied by all Europeans, with the exception of a few stubborn provincials. His opening thesis is that the jazz of the United States is a North American development of Afro-American material, and only partially that of Europeans.

He further adds that the commercial realization of jazz is essentially that of the white man of New York. He proves that jazz is the music of the Negro and not that of the Indian, because the Indians never participated in the real life of the United States and were not an active element of the nation's development, while their Negro, having accepted from the white man his religion, his laws, his tongue and his customs, became an important factor of the North American life. Furthermore, he states that it would have been impossible to reconcile the Redman to the impetuous sensual ardor which is a great factor of jazz.

"Jazz expresses with admirable sonorous eloquence that vertiginous mixture of blood and races which is the United States. Born in the jungle, this art transformed itself in the heart and on the lips of the American Negro so as to finally reach the North, and find its final expression in the works of the white man, such as Whiteman, who is a Christian, or Berlin and Gershwin who are Jews. Jazz is today a form of art, the only North American art, I would say, which has been able, in less than fifteen years, to conquer the world with a success which has not been previously recorded in the history of music.

"The derivation of the world 'jazz' is obscure, nor is it definitely known where it had its origin. There are various stories of little importance which try to clarify this fact. The important fact of jazz is that it rests upon two essentials, characteristic elements: the syncopated Negro rhythms, and the instrumental technic. The syncopated rhythm was introduced to North American by the Negro and the Mexican, and was prevalent even before the Civil War: but in speaking of jazz it is necessary to establish a dividing line between the rhythm of ragtime, such as was prevalent fifteen of eighteen years ago, and that of the fox trot which is the real typical rhythm of jazz, in ragtime the syncopation exists, but it is limited to some spots here and there in the melody, without this melody assuming an antagonistic character toward the accompanying bass, while, on the contrary, modern jazz has introduced in the accompanying polyphony a mélange of rhythms, which adapt themselves to the general rhythmic development of the piece, but which individually live their life within this medium.

"Of this harmony of jazz there is not much to say. This is a harmony which Europe is able to date to the Debussian epoch. It is, therefore. Not in this field of jazz that the European is able to find a subject for wonderment, bit it must be added that the instrumental technic of jazz, which is based on the instability of the voice parts, enriches the harmony by means of thousands of improvisations. It is also difficult to speak of the contrapuntal quality of this art as it is closely allied to the polyrhythm which has already been discussed as essential to jazz, and in all of this must be remembered the extraordinary polyphonic attitude o the Negro, which is based above all on a natural ear, and absolute infallibility as the intonation, and also on a marvelous instinctive predisposition of the Negro to conceive music parallel with comedy, in which each instrument plays an individual part and assumes an altogether dissimilar physiognomy to its companions.

"In passing, a quality of the polyphonic technic of jazz must be noted which likens this instrumental art to the best Mozartian technic or the most modern music of our times – that is, the total absence of doubles – in the

instrumentation, in this, jazz is anti-Wagnerian and come close to the best nineteenth century European instrumentation.

"As to the technic of jazz, it is to be said that it constitutes a new manifestation of the American mentality which does not know the past, and which can therefore a dare ____ in things which are totally impossible to the Europeans. It is because of this quality that the Afro-American was able to make use of certain instruments which the Europeans have known of for centuries, but which they obstinately refuse to consider because of certain traditional aspects which the Negro knows nothing about. The European is born with the idea that the trombone must be solemn and majestic, the trumpet must be heroic, and oboe pastoral, the drum military, the violin lyric, the pianoforte romantic, etc., etc., and no European would ever have arrived at the point of creating an agile trombone, a trombone capable of glissando, one which can sing like a cello or laugh like a hyena, or to make of the trumpet a hysterical and chattering old woman, or to suppress in the piano any possibility of expressiveness, and to limit its use to that of an instrument of percussion and of one totally anti-lyric. These ideas could only emerge from the virginal minds of the enfant terrible of the new world.

"The predominating element of jazz is the saxophone, which was invented in 1842 by Anthony Joseph Sax, and remained until the following century without use, with such few exception as in the Bizet Arlesienne or in the domestic Symphony of Strauss. It had to wait the coming of a new music to find its reason for being. It must be added that, used in a small ensemble of eight or ten instruments, and especially when combined with muted trumpets and trombones, the saxophone acquires a high value of expression. The art of the Afro-American also knew how to develop the technic of the saxophone in a very short time, utilizing its full possibilities, its capacity for the expression of nostalgic and sensuous feeling which are basic feelings of jazz.

"Another new element of jazz is the banjo, which, it is said, originated in Central Africa. It was first used in San Francisco in 1909 in the orchestra of Hermann Heller, who played at the St. Francis Hotel, and it was also at this same hotel that the saxophone was introduced to jazz, and this in the year 1914 in the orchestra of Art Hickman.

"In Europe it is generally understood that American jazz is noisy. This is not true. Aside from a few wild moments this music is sweet, velvety and soft as an Oriental carpet. There is nothing brutal in it, but instead a sweet, morbid and voluptuous sonority, and at times sad, which often achieves the expression of real emotion. Jazz is also a spiritual expression, because there is no technic which has not a spiritual essence. It is an integral part of the spirit of a new country, of a new civilization. Beneath its appearance the American life hides vast, nostalgic sufferings, infinite aspirations toward the unknown. An excellent example of this is Paul Whiteman's Sad Gaiety.

"Furthermore, jazz is above all a Negro creation and therefore a creation of a race which is most nostalgic and most unhappy; and has not this art been developed by another race essentially without a country, that is, the Jew.

Jazz faces new problems, such as is found in the right of the interpreter of this music. In jazz the interpreter becomes something altogether more audacious

that the interpreter of classic music, who must closely follow the composer's indications.

"Jazz must be considered not only as an important phenomenon in musical history, but also as an immense progress which has been accomplished in music of the more popular type. I do not hesitate to say that I consider jazz, and here I mean the American jazz, as a potential educational means for the masses. It is to be seen, however, what it will become in the future, whether it will remain dance music, or whether it's technic will be able to serve as a base of a symphonic or theatrical art. This is a problem which does not depend upon the European to solve, and I recall here the flights of Stravinsky, Hindemith, Ravel and of myself in an attempt to write a European conception of the blues, and our complete failure in this. This solution falls upon the American and the best talents of America are at this time working upon this development, of which an example is George Gershwin and his American in Paris, which may be termed already as something beyond an attempt. The European can consider jazz as an artistic fact of great importance, but also as a work which belongs to the United States, and which it's won musicians and composers will have to develop."

Berlin Philharmonic and Paris Symphony Orchestra. He said it was about time Europe should become acquainted with the fact that there is something in America besides jazz and mechanical display.

1930 - JULY 12 - MUSIC COURIER

CASELLA ON JAZZ Here is a very interesting extract from an article written by Alfredo Casella for the Italian paper, La Critica Musicale, translated for the Boston Transcript. Although Mr. Casella is quite mistaken in referring to jazz as "negro music," we have seen no more just appreciation of it than the following:

Among all the sonorous impressions that a musician may have experienced in the United States, that which dominates every other by its originality, its force of novelty and even of modernism, its stupendous dowry of dynamics and of propulsive energy, is, without doubt, the Negro music, called jazz. To explain what jazz is, is impossible with an ordinary vocabulary. And it is impossible, most of all, because it treats of an art made solely of continuous improvisations, of incessant rhythmic force, of constant energetic mobility. The occasional decadent examples of jazz which we have had here and there in Europe do not give, even faintly, an idea of that most curious music. Hear, for example, the jazz of Ted Lewis. Few instruments; a trombone, a piano, a xylophone, besides Lewis himself, who plays the saxophone unless he takes the clarinet or sings or talks to the public. There is also a fifth individual who, single-handed, manipulates a small arsenal of instruments of percussion: cymbals, Chinese block, drum and what not. But this dispassionate cataloguing of persons and things signifies nothing. The point, above all, worth while-and it is amazing-is the instrumental technic of those men Alas! friend Luizzi, with how much solicitude you explained to me months ago, on these same pages, the individual uses and moods of the oboe, pastoral; of the clarinet, affectionate; of the

trombone, passionate- (you neglected to state, solemn). Friend Luizzi, I say, you would be overcome to hear a trombone that capers about and vocalizes muted and without dignity; a saxophone which almost as distinctly as the human voice, appears to speak American; a piano such as Chopin or Liszt would not have dared to dream of; a clarinet, gossiping and brawling like a gay, fickle little woman; and, finally, a Chinese block, cheerful instead of terrible; a drum, impertinent rather than warlike; and a xylophone, insinuating and caressing instead of macabre.

If this instrumental technic is unusual and bewildering, not less so are the aesthetic values revealed through it. Art that is-art composed, first of all, of rhythm; of a brutal rhythm often; of a rhythm of other times sweet and lascivious; but always rhythm of a barbaric effectiveness which would raise the dead; rhythm, which, on account of its persistency, its tremendous motive force brings to mind not rarely, the more heroic pages of Beethoven or of Stravinsky.

1930 - JULY 8, - MUSIC LEADER

JAZZ IN ITALY - One wonders whether the status of jazz will ever be decided. Now, while everyone is chuckling over Mr. Paul Whiteman's genial apologia for his high art, a cry comes from Italy excoriating this delectable musical idiom in no uncertain tones. The spokesman for the infuriated classicists is no other than Pietro Mascagni. What he doesn't say against jazz is nobody's business.

"When I listen to the howling, groaning, brutal noise-making of a jazz band," declared the composer of "Cavalleria," "it makes me unutterably ill. Especially the saxophone players who try to imitate the voice of the most ignoble animals.

"Let us get rid of it and go back to Johann Strauss, who knew how to write dance music full of charm and abandon."

Mario Corti, famous violinist and professor of the Cecilian Academy, is less violent in his denunciations, and his explanations go far towards clarifying his colleague's advanced views. He even admits a fondness for American jazz, saying: "We love its vigor, its novelty, its gaiety and freshness, but"- and here is the key to the entire turmoil-"it is too much from the path of our traditions to be fused with or into our music. Indeed, it represents a danger which we must avoid."

It is obvious that Signor Corti considers jazz the indigenous idiom of these United States, for he continues: "Italy does not have to look to America for fuel for her musical genius."

Signor Corti, enumerating the "Big Nine" in the renaissance of Italian music, says that none of them are influenced by jazz, although his inclusion of Casella with these uncontaminated ones makes us suspect that his analytical sense was on a vacation. The case of Respighi, too, presents food for thought, for here is a truly great composer who, unaffected by jazz, yet introduced the tawdry device of a phonograph record in one of his best symphonic poems, in order that *verismo* might be attained.

American Negro spirituals and Negro work songs are becoming increasingly popular in Germany. Critics there are not often friendly to jazz,

although five concerts given in Berlin recently by Paul Whiteman. The Herr Doktors of the critical profession consider the spiritual the greatest American contribution to music.

1930 - DECEMBER 11,-CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

1900. By Alfredo Casella - There has appeared in Rome recently the first number of an artistic review which was preceded by a violent controversy in the press, for reasons which do not concern this article. But the title of this review, and its intentions, may be the object of useful reflections. The review is called "1900" (which in Italy means "twentieth century"), and it has as aim the foundation of the style of this century, or at least an active contribution to this foundation and to the definition of the artistic outlook which should in time to come represent, in the eyes of our great-grandchildren, the period of aviation and radio.

One question immediately presents itself: is it possible to define the style of a century, when one lives in the middle, or even, as in the present instance, at the beginning of it? This question gives rise to another: when does one century in art begin? For it would be difficult to admit that cycles of art coincide with those of astronomy. We should therefore-in the case which interests us-try to define the style of the twentieth century and find out at what period one can with any certainly fix the origin of this style.

The Century of Romanticism

One can practically affirm today, without fear of committing too great an indiscretion, that the past century was that of romanticism. Pessimists (not without some truth) call it the century of disorder. And it seems indeed that the vast phenomenon of social unrest and development (it would be more correct moreover to say revolution) which has characterized the whole historic European period since 1789, has had a remarkable repercussion in the sphere of artistic effort. So that it is legitimate to say that romanticism started with the French Revolution.

Musically, one can certainly consider Richard Wagner as the last great figure of romanticism, as the man who sums up in himself, but at the same time also exhausts, a whole period. After his passing, apart from the less distinguished successors of a great generation (even including the great worth of a Richard Strauss) we meet with the name of only one man who, in his turn sums up a whole period of music-although less vast than that of Richard Wagner: Claude Debussy. In this name, indeed, there seems to be contained today the whole period that takes us from "Parsifal" to 1914.

Impressionism

It remains to be seen whether impressionism is to be considered as a movement comparable to romanticism. But this question solves itself, as impressionism-a tendency limited mainly to painting and music-can in no way be

compared in "dimension" or in "profundity" with a movement as tremendous as romanticism, which took in the arts "en bloc." It has often been said of Debussy that he was a decadent. To tell the truth, this word is, for the most part, devoid of meaning. And, in the present instance, it seems to be singularly inopportune, as Debussy may rightly be considered as a man who has forcibly contributed to the renewal of the music of his time, and this is precisely the contrary of decadence.

The originality of Debussy's genius has had an enormous influence on the musical development of the last 20 years, in opening wide the windows onto the horizon of dreams, of happiness, and of light. But it is at the same time evident that Debussy, although totally free from the dogmatic shackles of a past which had become in certain respects too heavy, was none the less to the end of his days purely a lyrical composer. And that is why, in spite of his essentially anti-Wagnerian point of view, we should always consider him as a man of the past century.

Dynamism and Construction

People love to say, in advanced circles, that the twentieth century started with the World War. And certainly it is now possible to state that this cataclysm profoundly upset the field of original work. After the war came a new artistic conscience, and today it is noticeable that the new conception is in the direction of an art made up essentially of dynamism and construction. As a matter of fact, these two qualities can seem new only if one is thinking of the defects of romanticism, as otherwise they constitute for all time the highest characteristics of great art. But it is certain that the dynamism of today cannot be that of past centuries. The influence of mechanism is today an important factor in the sphere of even artistic thought, and no one can foresee at present what will be even the immediate consequences.

But it would be quite impossible to say, with any accuracy, what is the musical character of our epoch. In the domain of pure music, indeed, no other epoch has been so rich as ours in different and even contrary tendencies. In the theatrical field the confusion is still more serious, and it would be difficult, moreover, to find in this sphere the achievements that we have at least been able to attain in the symphonism of these last years. It is possible that in a century such contradictory tendencies as those, for example, of Schoenberg and Stravinsky may seem parallel and even convergent. But today such an appearance would be sheer foolishness

Jazz

If I were not afraid of being taken seriously-and yet I am speaking very seriously-I should venture to say that the only music that is of the twentieth century, and which in a few years has been able to impose itself upon the whole world by its dynamism, its originality and also by its luster, is undoubtedly jazz. It is easy to object that this music is of an inferior order. That is possible. But it is none the less true that our period seems to be summed up in its atmosphere of

jerky resticssness and in that rhythm whose beats so extraordinarily and submissively conform to a basis of unmercifully mechanical regularity.
Should we conclude from this that jazz is the music of our century, and its style is the one that will represent our period in the centuries to come? Far be it from me to make this claim. It would be absurd and presumptuous to predict in 1926 what will be the music of 1980 or 2000 (Beethoven would have been very much at a loss if he had foreseen only "Tristan and Isolde"). But practically, I simply mean this: that we live in a singularly tangled and chaotic period, in the midst of which it is more difficult than ever to play the prophet. And that, in this extremely complicated time, the only form of music that has attained in only a few years a popularity, a diffusion and a universality such as has not been seen in our art since the Italian opera of the last century, is, curiously enough, a form of art which has come from a new world. Must one conclude from this that the scepter of music is going to pass from old Europe to adolescent America? I do not know. But in any case, this phenomenon deserves the deepest attention and study of the musicians of both worlds.

1930 - Alfredo Casella Discusses Jazz – Music Courier – January 4

(Excerpts from an article which appeared in L'Italia Litteraria, Sept. 1, 1929)

Casella introduces, his article by saying that he feels it timely to write on the subject of jazz as he has never read in Italian any article, which discussed the subject with ant real, fundamental knowledge of the subject, which is being studied by all Europeans, with the exception of a few stubborn provincials. His opening thesis is that the jazz of the United States is a North American development of Afro-American material, and only partially that of Europeans.

He further adds that the commercial realization of jazz is essentially that of the white man of New York. He proves that jazz is the music of the Negro and not that of the Indian, because the Indians never participated in the real life of the United States and were not an active element of the nation's development, while their Negro, having accepted from the white man his religion, his laws, his tongue and his customs, became an important factor of the North American life. Furthermore, he states that it would have been impossible to reconcile the Redman to the impetuous sensual ardor which is a great factor of jazz.

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jazz it is necessary to establish a dividing line between the rhythm of ragtime, such as was prevalent fifteen of eighteen years ago, and that of the fox trot which is the real typical rhythm of jazz, in ragtime the syncopation exists, but it is limited to some spots here and there in the melody, without this melody assuming an antagonistic character toward the accompanying bass, while, on the contrary, modern jazz has introduced in the accompanying polyphony a mélange of rhythms, which adapt themselves to the general rhythmic development of the piece, but which individually live their life within this medium.

"Of this harmony of jazz there is not much to say. This is a harmony which Europe is able to date to the Debussian epoch. It is, therefore. Not in this field of jazz that the European is able to find a subject for wonderment, bit it must be added that the instrumental technic of jazz, which is based on the instability of the voice parts, enriches the harmony by means of thousands of improvisations. It is also difficult to speak of the contrapuntal quality of this art as it is closely allied to the polyrhythm which has already been discussed as essential to jazz, and in all of this must be remembered the extraordinary polyphonic attitude o the Negro, which is based above all on a natural ear, and absolute infallibility as the intonation, and also on a marvelous instinctive predisposition of the Negro to conceive music parallel with comedy, in which each instrument plays an individual part and assumes an altogether dissimilar physiognomy to its companions.

"In passing, a quality of the polyphonic technic of jazz must be noted which likens this instrumental art to the best Mozartian technic or the most modern music of our times – that is, the total absence of doubles – in the instrumentation, in this, jazz is anti-Wagnerian and come close to the best nineteenth century European instrumentation.

"As to the technic of jazz, it is to be said that it constitutes a new manifestation of the American mentality which does not know the past, and which can therefore a dare ____ in things which are totally impossible to the Europeans. It is because of this quality that the Afro-American was able to make use of certain instruments which the Europeans have known of for centuries, but which they obstinately refuse to consider because of certain traditional aspects which the Negro knows nothing about. The European is born with the idea that the trombone must be solemn and majestic, the trumpet must be heroic, and oboe pastoral, the drum military, the violin lyric, the pianoforte romantic, etc., etc., and no European would ever have arrived at the point of creating an agile trombone, a trombone capable of glissando, one which can sing like a cello or laugh like a hyena, or to make of the trumpet a hysterical and chattering old woman, or to suppress in the piano any possibility of expressiveness, and to limit its use to that of an instrument of percussion and of one totally anti-lyric. These ideas could only emerge from the virginal minds of the enfant terrible of the new world.

"The predominating element of jazz is the saxophone, which was invented in 1842 by Anthony Joseph Sax, and remained until the following century without use, with such few excepti9onb as in the Bizet Arlesienne or in the domestic Symphony of Strauss. It had to wait the coming of a new music to find its reason for being. It must be added that, used in a small ensemble of eight or ten

instruments, and especially when combined with muted trumpets and trombones, the saxophone acquires a high value of expression. The art of the Afro-American also knew how to develop the technic of the saxophone in a very short time, utilizing its full possibilities, its capacity for the expression of nostalgic and sensuous feeling which are basic feelings of jazz.

"Another new element of jazz is the banjo, which, it is said, originated in Central Africa. It was first used in San Francisco in 1909 in the orchestra of Hermann Heller, who played at the St. Francis Hotel, and it was also at this same hotel that the saxophone was introduced to jazz, and this in the year 1914 in the orchestra of Art Hickman.

"In Europe it is generally understood that American jazz is noisy. This is not true. Aside from a few wild moments this music is sweet, velvety and soft as an Oriental carpet. There is nothing brutal in it, but instead a sweet, morbid and voluptuous sonority, and at times sad, which often achieves the expression of real emotion. Jazz is also a spiritual expression, because there is no technic which has not a spiritual essence. It is an integral part of the spirit of a new country, of a new civilization. Beneath its appearance the American life hides vast, nostalgic sufferings, infinite aspirations toward the unknown. An excellent example of this is Paul Whiteman's Sad Gaiety.

"Furthermore, jazz is above all a Negro creation and therefore a creation of a race which is most nostalgic and most unhappy; and has not this art been developed by another race essentially without a country, that is, the Jew.

Jazz faces new problems, such as is found in the right of the interpreter of this music. In jazz the interpreter becomes something altogether more audacious that the interpreter of classic music, who must closely follow the composer's indications.

"Jazz must be considered not only as an important phenomenon in musical history, but also as an immense progress which has been accomplished in music of the more popular type. I do not hesitate to say that I consider jazz, and here I mean the American jazz, as a potential educational means for the masses. It is to be seen, however, what it will become in the future, whether it will remain dance music, or whether it's technic will be able to serve as a base of a symphonic or theatrical art. This is a problem which does not depend upon the European to solve, and I recall here the flights of Stravinsky, Hindemith, Ravel and of myself in an attempt to write a European conception of the blues, and our complete failure in this. This solution falls upon the American and the best talents of America are at this time working upon this development, of which an example is George Gershwin and his American in Paris, which may be termed already as something beyond an attempt. The European can consider jazz as an artistic fact of great importance, but also as a work which belongs to the United States, and which it's won musicians and composers will have to develop."

Berlin Philharmonic and Paris Symphony Orchestra. He said it was about time Europe should become acquainted with the fact that there is something in America besides jazz and mechanical display.

<u>1939 - July 16 – Home-Made Jazz for Italy</u> – New association Piano Substitute for American Product

Italy is going to try to substitute Italian jazz for the American variety.

The newly formed "Association of authors of Musical comedies. Popular Music, songs and Dances" held its first national congress today and decided to take step to add American jazz to the foreign products which Italy is trying to dispense with in the interest of economy.

The association also decided to from a special association to be known as "The Writers of Musical Scores for Moving Pictures."

It is pointed out in Anthony Clyne's article in the August 1925 Sackbut that "composers like Stravinsky, Milhaud, Debussy, Ravel and others have written rag-time or jazz is not so significant of the potentialities as the gradual development of what may be called the main stream of jazz music, the evolution of, so to speak, genuine jazz composers."

China

<u>1929 - Nov 16 – Jazz Grows Popular in China, Dance Record Sales Reveal</u>

Western jazz is enjoying a growing popularity in china, the Department of Commerce has discovered.

The popularity of the rhythms which have captured the fancy of other nations has resulted in greatly increased sales of American and English dance records as well as American, English and German phonographs, according to reports from consular officers at Nanking, Tientsin and Canton.

The growth in this trade with china has been built up in the face of a considerable Chinese industry, which manufactures cheap phonographs selling up to $18, and records as well. Most of the machines sold in China are the cheaper portable models, only the wealthy and the foreign residents buying the more expensive cabinet models.

Japan

1930 - JULY - METRONOME

THE JAZZING JAPANESE by Grace Thompson Seton - (in the New York Times' Magazine). The Japanese are jazzing by day and by night. The "foreign craze" trips merrily on it s way through the sacred traditions of Nipponese etiquette and of the home. Although not quite so fashionable, the foreign fever is even more popular than last year, and the new Imperial Hotel, beautiful, bizarre, unique, in Tokyo, is its temple. On its dancing floor almond-eyed faces, peeping out from huge black coiffures, the slim, narrow-whipped figures of its devotees in their rich kimonos and gorgeous obis, are to be seen several times a week, whenever there is a the or Souper Dansant.

And they make a curious, brilliant picture. Girls and young married women manage the intricate steps of the jazz in tabi and zorii with surprising

case. When one considers that the Japanese foot is encased in tight-fitting linen gloves with a separation for the big tow called the tabi and then slipped into a straw, heelless sandal held in place by two thongs, called the zorii, the performance is little short of miraculous. Some of the clever ones have had the two sewed together, which looks much more comfortable. All of the Japanese men I saw dancing were in foreign clothes. Most of the women wear the native dress, even though the long steps of the dance often spoil the straight lines of the kimono, which etiquette demands always should be "just so." Another popular place for the native dancers, though not so "smart," is Tsurumi, on the way to Yokohama. However, the upper-class woman is still shy about public places, and the grip of custom still causes her to do her jazzing at private parties.

Effects of the Foreign Dance

One naturally asks if the mixed social dance has come to stay in Nippon, and what is its effect? Also will it be a factor in breaking the rigid etiquette and form another wedge in the wall of custom that has kept the well-born lady of the kimono strictly in her home? Will it cause a social let-down?

Foreign dancing undoubtedly has come to stay. It is much in evidence in Tokyo and has spread into Yokohama, Osaka and Kobe, although not to any extent outside of the big cities. The majority of dancers are foreign-trained students, who got the spirit of the dance by contact with Western life. What will be the effect upon national life is a problem occupying many thinking Japanese. In the main they approve of it-with reservations. That is, they approve of the social principle it involves, of bringing young people together in a more informal way. Dr. Takuma Dan, a Harvard graduate, around whom revolves the activities of the House of Mitsui, had this to say

"I approve of the mixed dancing, but we have to go slow. It is dangerous for our young girl, brought up in the purely Japanese way, and who therefore never sees outsiders except in a formal way. She has been taught that she must embrace no man except her husband. It is confusing and dangerous. But to the girl who has had a foreign education, who has spent two or three years in the United States, it is all right. She has got the spirit of the thing and it is good. It allows a proper opportunity for the sexes to meet before marriage as Americans do our marriage arrangements will be the last of our customs to change. We are adopting very fast all sorts of Western customs and practices, but parents will arrange the marriages of their children for a long time yet. The so-called love matches which now occasionally take place are rarely happy. My son goes to dances. My daughters have not learned as yet-they are all married and have their duties."

Indeed, every Japanese wife, no matter how well placed, has her "duties." She is the housekeeper, first, last and always, and gives to her work the attention and personal service rarely met with in our country. However, the new woman has arrived in Japan, as elsewhere, and many progressive women are alive to the need of a broader education and life for Miss Cherry Blossom and Madame Maple Leaf

Mrs. Akiko Yosano, a poet and educator of girls, approves of jazz and of "free action" dancing generally. In her ultra-modern school she has instituted classes for the Greek and Russian forms of the terpsichorean art that the Japanese mind may learn Europeans rhythm.

Decorous Dancing

Although I saw a great many kimonoed women dancing, I never saw anything but the most proper manners and most conventional garb, and I am still looking for the enticing frock of the diaphanous texture.

The reason why dancing in public places is taken up gingerly by the better class woman is because mixed dancing always has been associated with the geisha and tea house festivities, between which and the well-brought-up lady there is an impassable gulf. Occasionally a geisha is seen at the Imperial Hotel dancing with a man socially prominent, and this brings about a conflict of old and new ideas in the mind of the high-class woman, which usually results in her staying at home. The occasional introduction of a geisha upon the polite dancing floor arises from another anomaly. With us the pampered male picks and chooses his partners in lordly fashion, whereas the dancing bachelor in Japan has a limited supply of partners, because the Japanese husband as yet permits his wife to dance only with trusted friends, and a geisha need not necessarily be an impossible person. In old times the geisha had much influence on the men, and through them, on the politics of the country. The Marchioness Okuma was a geisha, and a charming and cultivated one of good birth. Highly respected, she was one of the class who served as a geisha to help out the fortunes of her family.

But the whole geisha business ought to be done away with, as it is a menace to the home. Whether the geisha be moral or immoral she is in the position of the "other woman," and one-trained to be amusing at that, which puts the home-making wife at a disadvantage. Therefore it would seem the part of wisdom for the intelligent Madame Kimono to learn to jazz with her husband and his friends, and not leave the important business of entertainment to a professional class.

Unusual circumstances have played their part in popularizing jazz in Japan, the number of returned foreign students, the foreign legations and visitors, with the social functions incidental to them; the Prince Regent's run around the world, seeing how the other half lives, and the visit of the heir to the British throne.

At the lepers' ball fifty to seventy-five Japanese ladies were to be seen on the dancing floor. The wife of the military attach, to the American Embassy chaperoned twelve little girls from the peeresses' School, all good dancers, trained in this exclusive school where the daughters of the imperial families and peers receive their education.

This Lepers' ball is a great social event, which for twenty years has been held under the auspices of either the American or British embassy, and under the patronage of an Imperial Princess on the Japanese side. The money goes toward the maintenance of a leper hospital, which is a valuable, nay, priceless, institution

in a country where there is much yet to be done in the relief of these afflicted ones.

The Princess Kitushirukawa, now in Europe, danced with the Prince of Wales at the great ball given in his honor, and the Princess Nashimoto, a noted court beauty and a great belle, daughter of Marchioness Nabishima and now an Imperial Princess, also was one of the Prince's dancing partners. Her Imperial Highness, Hygashi Fushimi, the ranking Princess, opened the ball with him, having taken lessons especially for the occasion. Needless to say she was the centre of all eyes as, ablaze with jewels, in foreign dress, she started to negotiate the two-step on that historic occasion.

There is no doubt that the coming of the Prince of Wales and the festivities planned for his visit caused a spread of jazz among the upper class of society, and , of course, quickly and joyously throughout the middle class.

In a country where precedents count so largely, for the Imperial Princesses to trip through the two-step or the fox trot put the stamp of propriety upon a performance that had been looked upon askance by most of the noble parents of budding womanhood. On the other hand, at the recent opening of the new ballroom of the Imperial Hotel, I noticed a father, mother and five daughters, ranging from 19 to 7 years of age. the father, who had been in America, said he had brought the younger ones so that they might become accustomed to the dance and get rid of their shyness, and have the right point of view toward the new social order under which young girls and young men meet informally. At this same table I saw a new product of the jazz, the Japanese "lounge lizard" or effeminate young dandy of the always-available fetch-and-carry type that frequents our own places of public dancing.

What Are The Rules?

An amusing story is told of an American woman in the legation set who was asked two years ago by a group of young Japanese business men, diplomats and university students to teach them the jazz steps. She consented and a club was formed of fifty men and an approximate number of women. This was a tremendous step forward and precedents had to be established.

"Will you give us some rules?" demanded the committee, after suitable quarters and music had been found.

"Rules?" questioned the instructor. "I do not know of any rules that can be formulated. I must show you the various steps."

"Yes, rules of conduct," the committee insisted with some embarrassment.

It was asked if men might smoke in the ballroom and could a lady come without her husband. What should a man do with a lady when he had danced with her? A question by no means confined to Tokio ballrooms.

The mental processes of the oriental mind are the reverse of ours. Left instead of right is the honored place, and from left to right the method of writing. White instead of black is Imperial mourning. The sun is feminine. She is the glorious Ama-Terasu, or Heaven-Shiner, the goddess of the sun from whom is descended the Imperial Family of Japan. The moon is masculine and belongs to

her brother, the rough and violent Susa-no-o, a strange contrast to the occidental classification, where the moon is always depicted as feminine.

When one considers that almost every plane of thought is thus reversed, it is surprising how well the alien toe has been made to trip. The women are light and graceful, though as a rule they do not "guide" very much. The men I danced with had not caught the rhythm with that precision necessary for the poetry of motion. Still it was a good imitation, and it must never be forgotten that while the enterprising progressives of Nippon imitate us the do so only to get the gold of our civilization and add it to their own. By gold, I mean not only the bright, shining metal, but also the worth-while in the realms of thought and action. They are always and eternally Japanese, and in their hearts feel the same superiority over us as we do toward them. We drink their tea and wear their kimonos - as bath robes. The jazz and wear our "foreign style clothes" - when it suits them. Neither dances nor clothes make the man.

Russia

1930 - JULY/DECEMBER - DIAL

THE MUSIC OF THE DEGENERATE by Maxim Gorki (translated from the Russian). It is night. Yet-it seems somewhat unsuitable-the word night-confronted by this wonderful sky of southern Italy, this atmosphere impregnated with blue light and with the aromatic warmth of a kindly soil. The light seems to pour not from the sun, reflected by the golden rays of the moon, but from that indefatigably prolific soil, laboriously, masterfully tilled by human hands. The silver-tinted olive-leaves, the stony foundations of the mountains breathe noiseless light; these walls protect from landslips, defining on the rocks, vast plains sown with corn, planted with beans, potatoes, and cabbage-laid out with vines, and orange and lemon groves. How much wise, tenacious labour has been lavished here!-The orange and yellow fruit also shines through the transparent, silvery mist, adding to the earth a queer likeness to the sky blossoming with stars. One is led to think that the earth has been carefully ornamented by its labourers for a great feast and that after resting to-night, to-morrow, at sunset, they will rejoice and make merry.

The silence is immutable. Everything on earth is so still, it would seem to have been chiseled by the hand of a great artist, cast in bronze and blue silver. The perfection of peace and beauty inspires one with solemn thoughts of the inexhaustible power of human labour, labour that creates all the miracles of our world; communicates to one the certitude that with time this triumphant force will compel even the soil of the extreme North to work for man twelve months of the year, will break it in, as it does animals. Joyfully and as the French say, reverently one meditates upon man, the miracle-worker, upon the splendid future which he is preparing for his sons.

Memory evokes the figures and faces of workers in the field of science: Professor Vaviloff, strolling about Abyssinia, seeking the dissemination centres of nourishing graminaceous plants with a view to spreading in his country such of them as do not fear drought; one recalls D. Prianishnikov's story of beds of acid of

potassium at the source of the Kama; all the men whom one has come to know rise before one: the great man J. Pavloff, Rutherford in his laboratory in Montreal in 1906; dozens of Russians, founders of science, stand forth in memory and, bringing back all one has read, contribute to the concept of the wonderfully prolific, ever increasingly active work of the world's scientists. We live in an epoch when the distance from the maddest vagaries to the most matter-of-fact realities is being diminished with incredible speed.

Recently one of our territorial investigators, Andrej Bokhareff from Kozloff reminded me in a letter, of two such miracle-workers, Luther Burbank, the American "self-made man," and our man of genius, Ivan Michurin. I take the liberty of publishing an extract from his letter, hoping that Bokhareff could have no objection. The Letter:

"Luther Burbank discovered, as is known, a number of mysteries in the domain of interceptive miscegenation of fruit-bearing plants, and managed to produce species of plants not only marvelous but monstrous in their luxuriance, adaptability, taste, immunity to illnesses and plant enemies, thus enriching the entire continent of America. To mention his eatable, thornless cactuses and the nuts, the stone-hard shells of which he transformed into a membrane think as a leaf, suffices to suggest the picture of this giant of fructification.

There is in the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics-in the district of Tambov, on the meager soil of eternal snow-drifts, hemmed in by the foliage of wild willows, poplars, and maples, the smaller in proportion, but even more marvelous truck-garden of the hybridizer, Ivan Michurin.

Luther Burbank worked for subtropic California with its favourable climate; Michurin, for the stern climate of Central Russia.

Luther Burbank produced many new species of fruit-bearing plants intended for the consumption of the rich. Michurin has produced more than a hundred species of fruit-bearing tress, among which are pears that ripen just before Christmas (in cellars and cases) and are preservable in prime condition until April. This alone means riches to the workers. Then in the stern atmosphere of Tambov, Michurin has managed to grow luxuriant apricot tress, grapes (four kinds), almond-tress, nuts, mulberry-tress, rice, quinces, et cetera-all for the workers, for our country, for the inexperienced peasant-orchard-grower with his limited knowledge.

Luther Burbank carefully tended his nurslings. Michurin bred his in Spartan conditions, that the species might withstand any environment and produce the necessary economic result. When he started his work, Luther Burbank was poor, but after his scientific successes, he reveled in the luxuriousness of American culture. Owing to the sad condition of Russian life formerly, Michurin existed in poverty close to misery. During his long life of struggle, of anxieties, failures and disappointments, defeats and victories, he attained results that will enrich not only Central Russia, but the whole temperate zone. In a word Michurin transplants the south to the north.

Luther Burbank and Ivan Michurin symbolize the opposite poles of gardening, but in their general aspect are very much alike.

Both began their work in early youth, both were poor, both became great philosophers, artists, and creators. Both made great discoveries in the domain of plant-growing. To Michurin's lot has fallen the great discovery of adaptation in methods of fruit-growing, by the aid of which man will probably in the immediate future produce not only new types, but also new species of fruit-bearing plants, more fully corresponding to the demands of life and better adapted to the inevitable changes in climatic conditions. etc., etc., - going on in article that speaks about radio and fox-trot:

The stillness of this night, permitting the mind to rest from the various if paltry grievances of the day's work, seems to whisper to the soul a solemn music of the universal labour of great and small, a magnificent song of a new history-a song boldly raised by the working people of my country.

Then, all of a sudden, in the sensitive stillness resounds the dry knocking of an idiotic hammer-one, two, three, ten, twenty strokes and after them-as a splash of mud in clear transparent water, there come with a crash, a wild whistle, screeches, rumbling, wailing, howling, the snorting of a metal pig, the cry of a donkey, the amorous quacking of a monstrous frog. All this insulting chaos of mad sounds is submitted to an imperceptible rhythm and after listening for one, two minutes to those wails, one begins unwillingly to imagine that this is an orchestra of maniacs, stricken with sexual mania and directed by a man-stallion who brandishes a huge genetic member.

That is the radio-one of the greatest discoveries of science, one of the mysteries wrested by it from nature, hypocritically silent. It is the radio in a neighboring hotel, bringing consolation to a world grown gross, the world of birds of prey-transporting to them on air the tune of a new fox-trot executed by a negro-orchestra. It is the music of grossness. To its rhythm in all the magnificent "cabarets" of a cultured continent the degenerate, with cynical fluctuations of the hips, pollute, simulate, the fecundation of woman by man.

From time immemorial the poets of all nations, all epochs, have lavished their creative power in ennobling this act, adorning it, making it worthy of man that in this he should not be on a plane with the goat, bull, or boar. Hundreds, thousands of beautiful poems have been composed in praise of love-an emotion which has ever been potent in stimulating the creative powers of men and women. Through the force of love man has become a being far more social than the cleverest of animals. Poetry expressing a matter-of-fact, healthy, active romanticism in sex relationship has had great educative and social importance for humanity.

Love and hunger govern the world, said Schiller. Love, as the basis of culture, hunger as that of civilization. Then came an over-grown vampire, a parasite living on the labour of others, a semi-man with the motto: "After me the deluge," and with his thick feet he tramples all that has been created by the finest nervous tissue of great artists, the illuminators of the working classes.

He, the gross, does not need woman as a friend and human being; she is for him a mere tool of pleasure, unless she is as much a bird of prey as he is himself. As a mother she is of no use to him, for although he is fond of power, children are an impediment to him. Power, too, seems necessary to him only for

fox-trotting and the latter has become a necessity because a man grown porcine is already a poor male. Love for him is-depravity, and not, as it was, mere appetite. In the world of the gross, homosexual love acquires an epidemic character. The evolution of grossness is-degeneration.

It is the evolution from the charm of a minuet and the passionate vitality of a waltz, to the cynicism of a fox-trot with the convulsions of the Charleston; from Mozart and Beethoven to the jazz of the Negroes who undoubtedly laugh in their sleeves seeing how their white masters evolve towards a savagery which the Negroes of America are leaving behind them more and more rapidly. "Culture is declining," cry those who would like to see prevail over the working-man, the prestige of grossness. The proletariat threatens to do away with culture! Its constituents cry and lie, for they cannot remain blind to the fact that it is the universal herd of the bestial which is trampling culture; they cannot fail to understand that the proletariat is the only force capable of saving culture, of fathoming and widening it.

The monstrous bass throws out English words; a wild horn wails piercingly, reminding one of the cries of a raving camel; a drum drones; a nasty little pipe sizzles, tearing at one's ears; the saxophone emits its quacking nasal sound. Swaying, fleshly hips, thousands of heavy feet, tread and shuffle.

The music of the degenerate ends finally with a deafening thud, as though a case of pottery had been flung from the skies to the earth. Again limpid stillness reigns around me and my thoughts return home; the peasant Vassily Kucheriavenko writes to me from there: "Before, in our village we used to have one school for three hundred houses; now we have three, a co-operative society, three red 'corners,' a club, a library, a reading-room, various groups; we have a wall-newspaper, we subscribe to countless reviews, papers, books. In the evenings- from white-haired old men to red pioneers-the clubs are crammed with all kinds of people. Lately an old woman of seventy-two died; before her death she used to say she would have loved to join the union of young communists had she not been so old. Why had it all begun so late, she said! She begged to be buried in the Soviet manner, with the flag. She went to all the meetings, walking many versts, and was like a girl,-recently in an American review, Asia, there was an article about all this, with photographs."

She is a curious person, that old grandmother. Of course: "One grandame will not make culture," as the proverb says, but how many do I know of such, let us say, amusing cases of rejuvenation of the ancient peasant, all pointing to one conclusion: the Russian nation is growing young.

How fine it is to be working and living in our time!

1932 - No Jazz on Russian Air – Literary Digest – August 27

People not strictly attuned to jazz – and there may be some such, should find Russia a paradise of sorts.

There is “a total absence of jazz and popular music on the Russian air waves.”

So says Mr. Albert Coatos, the English-Russian conductor, now holding the baton over the Philharmonic-symphony Orchestra at the Lewisohn Stadium, New York.

Also there is a "lack of comedy and shorter broadcasting hours."

There may, therefore, be less temptation there to tune in and go about one's business indifferent as to what results.

In *The Musical Leader* (Chicago), Mr. Coates, six foot, broad shouldered, waving his want with the breadth of the Russian steppes, seems to imply that he likes his quiet moments:

"Radio has been developed to a remarkable degree in Russia during the past few years. The broadcasting studios, outfitted with the latest modern equipment, are among the most beautiful buildings in Moscow. The finest musicians of the country are heard in frequent broadcasts, and the popularity of the programs has increased appreciably.

"In technical methods both for network broadcasting and single-station transmission, the soviet stations are very similar to those in America, probably the greatest difference being in the amount of power used. In this country, I understand, the maximum power output in general use is 50,000 watts, whereas in Russia there are stations with more than 100,000 watts power.

"A government ban on jazz prevents any performance of popular American melodies and your so-called 'hot' music. Similarly, the dramatic skits and the many comedy presentations popular in the United States are replaced in Russia by talks by government officials and authorities on a wide variety of topics. About four hours a day are devoted to symphonic music in the large Russian broadcasting stations. The radio orchestras rank with the best in the country, and the leading conductors of the Soviet direct the programs.

"There is one other great difference between the Russian and American systems of broadcasting that is worthy of mention. Your stations remain on the air a full eighteen hours a day without a break, presenting an unbroken series of varied programs. In Russia there is a complete cessation of broadcasting around dinner time, and the stations are off the air from about 4:00 to 6:00 P. M. similarly, the total number of hours on the air is much less in Russia than in this country."

Sofia

1926 - Feb. 2 – Jazz Wins in Sofia – Devotees Force Its Adoption at Royal charity Ball

A fierce dispute has arisen in Sofia over the modern dances. Many influential persons, including Mgr. Stephen, the Archbishop of Sofia, denounces them as immoral and ungodly.

The climax was reached last night on the occasion of the charity ball organized by the Princess Eudoxis, the King's sister, when the orchestra was allowed to play only waltzes and Bulgarian national dances.

The guests refused to dance. So, finally realizing that charity would suffer, the enemies of the foxtrot yielded and jazz returned to its own. The dispute, however, is not over, and a vigorous anti-jazz propaganda is being planned.

Europe

By 1926 the European movement to use jazz is sputtering and in the November/December issue of ***Modern Music*** ("**Jazz Structure and Influence**) by Aaron Copland) we read of the structure of jazz and the use of polyrhythms:

"….The Polyrhythms of jazz is different in quality and effect not only from those of the madrigals but from all others as well. The peculiar excitement they produce by clashing two definitely and regularly marked rhythms is unprecedented in occidental music. Its polyrhythm is the real contribution of jazz.

This has not been appreciated by modern European composers although in other ways our American popular music has to some extent influenced them. In the days of ragtime, Debussy and Stravinsky, in the days of jazz, Ravel, Milhaud, Honegger, Hindemith, Jean Wiener exploited it as an exotic novelty. But with most of them it remained a novelty, a monotonous bass, a whining melody, a glisssando on a trombone…..These tricks soon lost their first charm. Meanwhile, however at least one authentic small masterpiece had been inspired in Europe by America, Darius Milhaud's *La Creation du Monde* – little know, strangely, in this country. But according to Milhaud himself, jazz is now distinctly passé in Europe and not a young composer there is interested in it any longer…."

1926 - Sept. 19 – College Jazz Aces Home – Orchestra Completes Third Tour of European Resorts. American Orchestra Overseas

The Intercollegiate Ace Orchestra, made up of eight jazz experts from Princeton, Yale and Dartmouth colleges, got home Friday night on the Holland-America liner Veendam. The orchestra sailed from New York on June 19 for its third summer abroad.

After three weeks in Paris playing at the Chateau de Madrid and at Le Perroquot, the Aces went to Hiarrits and St. Jean de Lus and spent seven weeks at

those resorts. They played for the Queen Mother of Spain, Maria Christina. This was done upon invitation of Ambassador Ogden H. Hammond.

On July 3 the orchestra played at the intercollegiate ball at the Claridge, in Paris. It also entertained Princess Hohenlohq-Waldenburg. Returning from St. Jean de Lus, the Aced gave exhibitions of American jazz at the Chateau de Madrid, spending three weeks in Paris before sailing for home.

The leader of the orchestra is Avery sherry of Milwaukee, a Princeton student. George Beesley of Princeton and Nashville, Tenn., is the manager. The players are Robert Bole, Princeton and Philadelphia; Clement Welles, Ridgeword, N. J. and Princeton; William Priestley, New York and Princeton; Walter Neff, Springfield, Mass., and Yale; Richardson Turner, Brooklyn and Yale; Robert Slater, Evanston, Ill., and Dartmouth, and Laurence Braman of New York and Princeton.

1926 - **Sept. 26 – Sad, Raucous Blues Charm World Anew – Their Music, as Old as the Hills, is Working a Weeping, Sweeping Jazz Revolution – by Hollister Noble**

Blues, raucous blues! Blatant, tender, sardonic, sentimental, poignant or pathetic, this musical medium of modern life has attained the proportions of a phenomenon worth attention. Battles over jazz continue to rage. Ernest Newman, noted English music critic, pronounces jazz "dead from the neck up." Enthusiasts point to its vitality from the waist down. German bands are beseeching Government legislation to bar American jazz bands, which are over-running the Fatherland. Native musicians here lay their troubles to a queer ingredient of popular music called the "blues."

Blues in the original form are vanishing, but their influence has wrought a revolution in jazz and the moans of sad horns and the walls of demoniac saxophones have caught the country's ear until the intelligentsia debate their worth; sponsors of the blues produce erudite anthologies, and sober psychologists ponder the social significance. While they do so, the blues sweep and weep over the world. Zulus in Africa are reported to have retreated before the menacing strains of "The Memphis itch." A war tribe in the Congo was delighted with the "Rockpile Blues." Park Avenue debutantes, Harlem "Creepers," and Birmingham belles languish to the melancholy moans of this blue-tinted jazz.

1927 - June 13 – Conference: all nations - Jazz and the Disposition

At the opening of the music exposition in Frankfort on Saturday jazz came in for comment from some of the distinguished delegates in the League of Nations Council. A number of these statesmen are dropping questions of politics long enough to see the priceless exhibitions of original scores by great composers and the collections of musical instruments, and to take part in the discussions.

Dr. Gustav Stressemann brought jazz into the meeting, but not with approval. He admitted that it is popular, but this he regrets. It is an assault on the nerves, and should be stopped. M. Herriot, former Premier of France, expressed the hope that music might be made "a valuable instrument for peace." Jazz, to the

minds of many French and German music lovers, could never be anything but an instrument of torture.

There are some competent judges of music, thoroughly familiar with its history, who believe that there are a few good things in jazz which will remain with us after the craze for novelty and variety has passed. The popularization of difficult broken rhythms has enriched the rapidly turned out songs of the day. Americans who regularly pass several months of each year in Europe say that our musical comedy hits penetrate the Continent several months after every newsboy is whistling them here, and that many of them enjoy as great a vogue.

Breeders of canaries have complained recently that the young birds are hard to train since jazz is omni-present. Its strident notes are said to spoil their tempers too. Let us hope it will spoil no tempers at the Geneva conference.

Groups of Europeans Countries

1927 - March 12 – Disapproved by Royalty

Until yesterday jazz music was high in favor of the Allmanach de Gotha King George's three livelier sons have demonstrated their deep appreciation of its moans and rhythms on dancing floors from London to Auckalnd. His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain only lately has been showing his skill in the capers which are inspired by the muted clarinet and the groaning saxophone. Other princes and princelings, particularly those of Denmark and Greece and Russia, who have gone the social round in New York, have expressed themselves as approving America's contribution to the literature of music, and it was generally believed by the Messrs. Berlin, Gershwin, Youmans et al, that they had lightened the pace of the foot which supports the head that wears a crown.

A note of royal discord comes now from Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia, and what Bourbon-Hapsburgs, Windsors, Wittelsbachs and Hosteins joyously dance to, one Hohenzollern finds "pandemonium," Prince Joachim is a distinguished musician, and the indictment he draws against jazz is the familiar one urged by the followers of Euterpa. The occasional "nice melodies are marred by the accompanying wood and brass instruments that, with their intentionally eccentric and often ugly phraseologies, turn then, into caricature." Exaggerated clarinets-he means the long, shiny tube with the derby hat over it – and deafening percussion instruments – he refers to the cymbals which the comic member of the orchestra bangs in mid-air while he claps his heels together – create the "pandemonium" which to the ears of so many other royal personages is stimulating harmony. We may have much sympathy with what the Prince says, but we in America have little chance to get back even a small way to the perfect timing and sweeter sound of stringed instrument music unless he takes his princely kinfolk in hand. So long as they gladly and preferably kick their heels to the "pandemonium," American democracy will follow its immemorial frenzy for giving royalty what it wants in entertainment.

1929 - April 30 – Jazz All Over Europe – Sandor Harmati Says it is Only American Music Known there.

Sandor Marmati, director of the Omaha, Symphony Orchestra, arrived from Europe yesterday on the Cunarder Laconia. The only American music known by the present generation in Europe, Mr. Harmati said is jazz, which is played in the hamlets as well as in the great cities. Mr. Harmati spent six weeks as guest conductor of the 1930s

1919 - MUSIC REVIEW - AUGUST

THE DOUGHBOY CARRIES HIS MUSIC WITH HIM - by Gilbert Elliott, Jr. - Cher, as any doughboy will tell you, is related to "Cherie," a polite term to be used in addressing young French ladies to whom one has not been formally introduced. It is also, howler, the name of a river, a quiet, lazy, winding river, which lingers awhile among the green Touraine valleys and empties softly into the Loire near Chinon. It is visible from the old Roman towers of Tours, and was doubtless accustomed to martial sights and scenes before the times of Charlemagne, but certainly the summer of 1918 brought with it events which mightily stirred the sleepy old villages along its banks and disturbed the wonted peacefulness of the little stream in a manner it will not forget for many a year.

First it took to its bosom the lithe white bodies of American youth, billeted nearby or camped in pup tents, who speedily sought out its ancient swimming holes and woke its echoes with their shouts. On the roads along its banks there were dignified American colonels gliding past in official brown limousines and dispatch riders tearing along on their motor cycles in great clouds of dust. Its bridges groaned under the weight of roaring caterpillar tractors, while nearby could be heard the deep voice of great American locomotives straining through the night with their heavy trains of supplies. In short it found itself in the midst of all the panoply of the lines of communication of a great modern army. And amongst other strange things, in place of the voice of Jacaues, singing at his plowing some fragment of a Parisian ditty Leonard on his last visit to Tours, or old Margot, crooning beaucoupan almost forgotten air as she grazed her cows on the rich grass by the riverside, there came the American rags, shouted from lusty throats along the riverbank, or pounded out on one of those untuneable French provincial pianos in a nearby Red Cross of Y hut.

"A sacrilege," remarks some old timer. Ah yes, but the war has changed all that. The doughboy among these old scenes may have been a sacrilege, but he was certainly a very necessary one. And wherever he went, there went his jazz songs, for they were as much part and parcel of his property as his O. D. shirt, and when he rolled his pack for the last time at Hoboken he must have put his music right in, somewhere along with the razor and the extra suit of underwear, and although he may have lost his soap overboard in Brest Harbor, and never seen his towel again after he left la Mans, he managed to stick to his music thorough think and thin; no hardship was severe enough, no experience terrible enough to make him forget it. It did not appear on any Quartermaster list, nor among the numerous articles furnished by the ordnance Department, but it put their choicest offerings to shame as far as comfort and cheer are concerned, and certainly the most hard-boiled old leatherneck would not have traded his music for a full new equipment of all of them.

If we had wandered into one of those Y huts last summer in the evening when the weary K. P.'s had finished and the day's details had been dismissed we might have caught the doughboy at his music and learned some interesting things. The building would be a long low wooden affair divided into two rooms of unequal size by a board partition. The larger room is fitted up as a rough hall with rows of wooden benches, and at one end is a stage with a battered piano. Round this we might find gathered a typical group of doughboys. One of their number with hefty fist and beaucoup rags in his repertoire is seated at the piano, pounding them out to the delight of his audience, not excluding a group of French village kiddies gathered just outside the window. He passes rapidly from one to another, and finally hits one, the chorus of which is evidently very familiar to one buddy for he makes bold to shout it out with a terrific voice. At first this is received in silence, but not for long. After a series of fancy catcalls have produced no effect a thunderous, "Hey, where do you get that stuff?" from the rear of the hall effectively puts an end to him. Strangely enough, however, when an enthusiastic comrade decides to assist the jazzer by doubling the melody for him in the upper octave, and even when another raps out the rhythm with a stick against the side of the chair there is not the slightest objection, the additions being apparently considered improvements. In fact everyone keeps time to the music in one way or another, movements of the hand and foot being the favorites.

An interruption presents itself at this merry juncture in the shape of a pretty youth, with sheet music in his hand. He is followed by two lady war workers; evidently he is going to sing for their delectation. The doughboys, always courteous to women, make way for this trio, while the leather-fingered jazzer at the instrument resigns his place without a murmur. Our youth turns out to be none other than Jones, late of the church choir in his home town, more recently of the -the Pioneers who has loyally answered his country's call and is employed in guarding most valuable government stores in that warehouse just beyond the Hotel Gerbe d'Or. Is he going to sing something good and jazzy which will make his comrades forget the marsh-mellow fudge underfoot thereabouts when it rains? Not he, he scorns all that. No he is going to sing some of those touching ballads which he sang at the Sunday School sociable last winter.

To do him justice his voice is not half bad, and the two ladies are evidently delighted. But where are the doughboys, who crowded so eagerly about the instrument while the jazz was at its height? They waited until he had begun to sing, and seeing that the music had no interest for them they vanished. And outside in the writing room, where everyone looked up so eagerly when the jazz began, they are all busy reading and writing once more. In fact over in the corner, old top Smith of --the Company, surrounded by a little group of willful sympathizers has started the phonograph with *There's a Lump of Sugar down in Dixie* and is having a little rival jazz concert all his own. An end comes to all trials, however, and just so the pretty youth at length finishes his eye moisteners and departs with his music and his two lady admirers. His departure is the signal for a magical change. Another jazzer is found almost instantly, a doughboy audience reappears from nowhere in particular, and as we leave the *Darktown Strutter's Ball* is going full blast with the melody doubled in the upper octave and

the rhythm being pounded out with a stick. And as we pass through the outer room we note that top Smith has shut off his phonograph and everyone has ceased reading and writing and is listening to the music. Outside the French kiddies are still grouped about the window, they have stuck it out through thick and thin. The Americans will be there but a short time, and when they leave there will be no more music, jazz or otherwise, in the little village, so they make the most of opportunities while they may.

These scenes bring up some interesting surmises. The doughboy, I suppose, is instrument bred, particularly piano bred. It is a far cry from him back to ancestors who sang at their work and whose only acquaintance with instruments was with the church organ on a Sunday. He sings well en masse, when the psychological enthusiasm of the crowd touches him, but he does not care to sing alone very much, or to have others do it in his hearing unless the singer has a really good voice. I shall never forget a certain dark hold in a ship full of soldiers. Night after night it was clear the deck and close the portholes at five P.M., and we lay there for hours in the darkness with only a few blue electric lights along the floor. Our only means for passing the time and keeping up our spirits was by singing. And oh, how we did sing, "Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip," and "Over There," and all the war songs that had come out up to that time. But we would only sing together. If anyone started a little solo he was immediately howled down by the others. Now on the deck below us was a labor battalion, largely composed of newly arrived Italian immigrants. With them it was very different. One of them had a guitar and his friends sang Neapolitan folk songs to its accompaniment with the greatest gusto. They had no hesitancy about singing alone, but we on the upper deck soon got so that we knew the melodies of many of their solos by heart and would drown the soloist out by shouting the melody in chorus. Perhaps another reason why the doughboy is not so much of a soloist is that the voice does not lend itself to jazz as does an instrument, or the lowly whistle, of which he is very fond and which is so nimble in getting away with syncopations. And as it is the rhythm on which the doughboy specializes he prefers to get his rags from an instrument, or, if need be, whistle them rather than to sing.

When the A. E. F. first arrived in France it received a certain heritage of soldier songs from the British and Canadians such as "Tipperary," "Pack up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag," "There's a Long, Long Trail," etc. All these songs are well adapted to singing en masse because they have rhythms free from syncopation. For this reason they had quite a vogue for a time. But lacking the real "kick" which is the sine qua non of doughboy favor, they gradually lost ground and were replaced by the good old home grown variety such as "How Yer Gonner Keep 'em down on the Farm," "You'll Find Old Dixieland in France," etc. In fact the only European song which seemed to greatly attract him and to permanently hold his attention was "Madelon" with which he fell in love, probably because of its martial rhythm.

At that, however, the doughboy did not altogether lack catholicity of taste. Although a man of strong likes and dislikes he knew how to bite immediately he saw what he wanted, no matter what the nationality of the bait. Thus he would sit

for hours and applaud politely thorough one of the long concerts which French artists frequently gave for him, although obviously horribly bored. But let the violinist play some little Hungarian or Spanish piece, full of rhythmic interest and he would "Snap out of it" like magic, whistle, stamp, and demand an instant repetition, much to the astonishment of artists not familiar with his manners. To be sure these were not the only things he liked. He liked well-sung operatic arias-who doesn't? He had a liking for good part singing, and as is not unnatural for a nation with "canned" music in every home, he had a certain traditional interest in florid and dramatic singing even if the rhythmical interest was small. But is was easy to see where his real affections lay. The music that would set a French audience afire, left him merely an amused spectator, outside the pale, the fire was in his blood, but it took a different kind of music to arouse it.

Not only did the doughboy substitute his own music for that which was, so to speak, "wished on him" on his arrival, but he served also as a mighty good propaganda for his own brand. Soon no French "revue" was complete minus a jazz band to play between acts, and no French piano up to date without a sprinkling of jazz songs on the top. I well remember being, one afternoon, in a tiny music shop in Paris behind the Madeleine, one of the few places where American rags could be procured. A number of French, mostly girls, came into the shop to buy ragtime while I was there. Most of them either did not know the name of the piece they wanted, or could not pronounce it if they did know it, but they could invariably hum the tune, and this generally produced the desired piece.

The British, not handicapped by the language difficulty, were even more interested. I remember a tiny estimate behind the British front to and a slightly inebriated Tommy, in a cockney that was perfectly "affreuse" singing of the beauties of "My Home in Tennessee," cheered to the echo by his fellow Tennesseeans. Another, a particularly bright fellow, who had evidently been taking his ragtime very seriously and thoroughly in the British manner, analyzing it much as a chemist would a suspicious new brand of breakfast food, said that he had noted that jazz sometimes contained two simultaneous syncopations, one in the right hand and the other in the left, and that when these two were cleverly commingled it was generally at its best, which is perhaps a decidedly shrewd observation after all.

Such were some of the experiences of our jazzes "over there." Of course, no one would be foolish enough to pretend that the war has laid the ghost of the vexed problem-the melting pot-or that it has definitely determined just what we have left in the pot after the melting. It did do one thing, however, in this respect. It took a portion of this melting pot product, chosen indiscriminately-transported it to Europe and there threw it into a clear relief against a strange foreign background, something never before done on a large scale. And in this way we were able to observe some of its qualities very much more difficult to determine accurately at home. Musically at any rate, our doughboys in France exhibited unanimity of tastes and liking which were very striking and would indicate that in this respect we are as much a whole as any other nation, theories and theorists to the contrary notwithstanding. And as their music echoed over the wheat fields of that Cher valley, red with poppies in the spring, and was not of them, nor of their

world, and over the tiny wine barges stealing down the Cher with their huge wine casks in the soft twilight, and was not of them nor of their world, it seemed as if the music the doughboy rolled in this pack at Hoboken, so strange sounding in these strange surroundings was a thing American, somehow characteristically bound up with our national life. Traces of Negro in it-certainly Mr. Analizer-a bit of the wild free breath of the Indian too, here and there a splotch of Spanish coloring and occasionally a reminiscence of Irish and Scottish forbears. But in the main its principal element is just plain American and its rhythms are the rhythms of our American life. France brought that out if it did nothing else. Perhaps in a general way we have known this all along about our rags; if we have taken the time to think about it, but it was certainly not until the doughboy taught it to us that we could realize it so clearly.

1930 - DEC. 18 - NEW YORK TIMES

"JAZZ 'ER UP!" BROADWAY'S CONQUEST OF EUROPE - American composers of "jazz" tunes and similar lowly but popular outcroppings of the musical art have accomplished in their field something which American "highbrow" musicians, in theirs, have never even come within hailing distance of accomplishing. They have utterly vanquished their European rivals.

In the matter of providing light music for Europe they have forced Europeans to take a humble back seat. They have compelled scores of European composers, under penalty of forfeiting popularity among the dancers and hummers and whistlers of Europe, to produce melodies as much like the genuine Simon-Pure. American article as the non-American musical brain can compass. They have dominated music-hall Europe.

In all the length and breadth of the Europe of nocturnal enjoyment, of restaurant orchestras and variety shows and reviews and cabarets and cafes-chantants and dance palaces, the American jazz fraternity are lords paramount. In fact, the only popular composers who seriously rival them are the Spanish and South American manufacturers of popular dance tunes, such as the tango, "paso-doble" and "Spanish schottisch," and what these latter gentry are up against in the matter of competition is enough to make even the stoutest-hearted Castilian musician shimmy-I mean, shiver-with apprehension.

In Paris and a score of other European centres of gayety the words "fox-trot" and "one-step" have become so much a part of the local language that natives have to think twice to remember that the words were originally imported from America and are still members in good standing of the English language. Moreover, the regular European name for a place where you go to practice the terpsichorean art is a "dancing"-used just like that, without any supplementary word like "academy" or "hall"-and Parisians toss off the word with such a Gallic touch in the pronunciation that it might just as well be a bit of classic French, sanctioned by the immortals of the French Academy.

If a Mexican, touring music-hall Paris shuts his eyes after being shown to his seat at the Folies-Bergere, the Concert-Mauol or some such place of supposedly ultra-Parisian entertainment, he will find himself wondering again and again whether, after all, he has really left Broadway. Copious doses of American

"jazz" played by the orchestra, assail his ears. From the stage, singers pepper him with song after song which first burst upon a listening world from the jazz-factories of Tin Pan Alley, Manhattan. These ditties, of course, are served up to him with French words. Just as French chefs serve to Americans in Paris beefsteaks and mutton chops with mysterious and complicated sauces, but even several thickness of the French language wrapped around a Broadway melody and tied with a stout knot of French irregular verbs cannot rob it of its essentially out-and-out, devil-may-care Broadwayism. It remains as American as a wheat cake.

The number of popular American tunes which are the small change of the orchestras and bands which provide light melody for Europe is amazing. You stray into a place for dinner and you get "Avalon" with your soup, "Whispering" with your roast, "Bright Eyes" with your dessert. After paying the waiter-to the notes of "The Vamp"-you stroll along the boulevard, turn into an inviting looking music hall, take your seat to the strains of "The Love Nest," and are forthwith regaled in the course of the evening, with the Parisian conception of four or five more American-to-the-marrow ditties whose Farthest East, you confidently supposed, was Coney Island. All these tunes may be a bit stale now in America, but that doesn't bother the Parisian in the slightest; his passion for American "jazz" is so great that, once he gets hold of a tune that he likes, he will play with it and worry it as a cat does a mouse, and he won't drop it until he has squeezed the last squeaks of life out of it and left it as dead as "ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

American tunes which were rampant in Paris when I was here more than a year ago are still doing duty on the boulevards; they are still being whistled, or hummed-with a sauce of French words-by French enthusiasts who simply cannot bear to lose them. There is a saying that Paris is the place where good Americans go when they die. Be that as it may as regards ourselves, it certainly applies to American jazz tunes when they die in America. It is quite a pleasurable sensation when one is walking along the street in Paris to hear suddenly, issuing from the lips of a light-hearted Parisian, an American tune which anybody around Forty-second Street and Broadway would have told you had died-after long and honorable service on some of the hottest sectors of the Broadway cabaret front-in the Autumn of 1917.

There is a music publishing firm in Paris which seems to have something like a monopoly of the job of Gallicizing American popular tunes. In its window are displayed two or three dozen piano or vocal scores of melodies well-known along Broadway, but oh! what a change is there! They have been decked out with covers drawn by French artists, and underneath their English titles they have a translated French version of them-sometimes, in fact, the main title given is French, with the original American title displayed underneath in modest, retiring type. The whole effect which these transplanted Broadway flowers produce upon the American onlooker outside the show window in which they are displayed is very much like that produced by the American who, after a few months in Paris, is totally unable to remember enough English to keep French words out of his conversation.

In addition to the main title, the French adapter of these American songs often adds little subtitles to give prospective purchasers a rough idea of what a

grand little thing the music hidden within the covers really is. For instance, you will be informed that such-and-such a ditty is "le plus celebre des fox-trots," or that another, of a wild and abandoned character, is "le veritable shimmy!" This same publishing house, by the way, makes a specialty also of dressing up in French garb the great successes of Spanish light music, so, in American slang parlance, it may be said to "catch 'em coming and going," seeing that it deals in the two kinds of music, which, in Paris, are driving the native article to the wall.

There is something irresistibly funny to an American in seeing a song, an old friend of his in its original American heyday, now dressed up in Parisian toggery and described as "Le Vamp," just as there is in the talk which one hears on every hand of "le shimmy" or "le fox trot," and in the intention, expressed with astonishing frequency, to repair with as much expedition as possible to "undancing." These things give the visiting American a feeling of internal joy similar to that which he experiences when, walking along the boulevards just beyond the Paris Opera, he comes upon a theatre where they are giving the French version of that great New York success of a few years back, "Peg o' My Heart," under the delicious Parisian disguise of "Peg de Mon Coeur." It is to be hoped that no American song with a title including the word "sweetheart" will become popular in Paris and, therefore, expose itself to translation into French, because there is an instance on record of a Frenchman who, in conversing with a young American girl and trying desperately for a French equivalent of "sweetheart," called her, in honeyed accents, "coeur sucree"!

The English, by the way, have not been slow to take advantage of the craze for American music on the European continent. Having the great advantage of speaking the same language as the creators of American songs, and having, moreover, acquired the craze some time before the Parisians and the rest of the continentals, the English are now in a position to do a considerable export trade not only in "jazz" singers and dancers, but also in "jazz" tunes. English composers being by this time remarkably proficient in the production of fox-trots and one-steps almost impeccably American in character. At one of the leading cafes-concerts in Paris (described to the American visitor, be it observed, as typically Parisian) there is a dazzlingly pretty young English actress. When she first appears on the stage she stars talking a strange jargon. The American auditor, after paying careful attention and comparing it with what is being talked by the Parisians in the seats around him, suddenly realizes that this jargon is supposed, by the dazzlingly pretty young Englishwoman in question, to be French. But just as he has come to the conclusion that she will stick to this amazing lingo throughout the show, seeing that she is in Paris and bent on pleasing the Parisians, she suddenly turns upon the audience with a fascinating smile and announces that she will sing and dance a "jazz" tune, whereupon she bursts into a ditty with Broadway written all over it. Broadway woven into its inmost notes. And with what zest that young person abandons her Anglo-French-which sounds as if it had had a very rough passage from Dover to Calais and switches into English, dwelling on every syllable with devilish gusto, and how her teeth and eyes flash with joy at being in her own element again! And the Parisian audience shouts its approval. Probably had she failed to give them an American jazz song, in

accordance with the true Parisian etiquette, they would have gone out to the box office and demanded their money back!

But, as has been remarked, American composers of popular dance tunes have a group of rivals in Europe. Up to the present these rivals have been unable to compete, in quantity, with the flood of American melody which has been poured across the ocean from the jazz factories of Broadway- but they are formidable, nevertheless. I allude to the composers of Spanish popular ditties and to those who turn out Argentine tangos and other South American dances. The tango experts are sometimes native South Americans' sometimes they are Spaniards, who have always shown great facility in composing according to South American rule, just as North Americans have always excelled in turning out "coon" songs of all sorts; sometimes, again, they are natives of France or some other European country, who have noted the trend of popular musical taste toward Spain and South America; in many cases, finally, they are natives of the United States, where many a tango has first seen the light. But the best composers of South American tunes are native South Americans or Spaniards, and, as for the dance measures peculiar to Spain, it takes a genuine 'Spaniards are mere imitations, just as European attempts at an American jazz tune are pale and unsatisfactory compared with the genuine Broadway brand.

The tango has never lost its popularity in Europe. In Paris and many another European big city it is still being danced assiduously, to the typically South American strain of "Pan y Agua," "Lulu," "El irresistible," "El Joaquina," "El Reservao" and many other really Spanish-American tunes, some of which have never become acclimated in New York, where the tango failed somehow to gain a real foothold. In addition to the regular tango, various variations of it, as well as other South American dances of the same family, have swept thorough the dance halls of Europe in an irresistible wave, actually daring to raise their heads in competition against the ubiquitous overlord of present-day dancing, the Broadway jazz tune. In this audacious revolt the languorous semi-Spanish melodies of South America are ably backed by those of Spain herself, "La madre patris," the mother-land of Spanish America, the land which, in the eyes of Spaniards and many non-Spaniards as well, is the real home of dance music. At the most up -to-date dance halls of Paris nowadays you are sure to hear one Spanish "paso-doble" in every four or five pieces played by the musicians, and you are also practically certain to be regaled with a Spanish schottisch," the latest importation from Madrid, which is sweeping, by way of Paris, all over the European Continent. This invasion of Europe by Spanish dance tunes may be new to Europe in general, but there is nothing new about them to Spain. The Spaniard, who is supremely indifferent to other countries and what they think of him or his amusements, has been composing "paso-doble" and "schottische" tunes, and dancing to them for dozens of years. The former are the darling of the bull-fighting public; no bull fight is complete unless a rattling, ultra-Spanish "paso-doble" is played as the bullfighters march into the ring, unless another is blared forth by the band every time there is a lull in the proceedings. There is a raciness, an originality, an irresistibly barbaric verse about a true Spanish "paso-doble" capable of causing the most confirmed pessimist, or the most uncompromising

partisan of "highbrow" music to start humming and beating time with hands and feet in helpless abandon. The Spanish "schottisch" is the pet dance of the lower classes of Madrid and has been for decades past: to see it in all its glory it was necessary, a short time ago, to go to the "tough" dance halls of "La bombilla," just outside Madrid. But now you can go into any Parisian dancing emporium, high or low, and see flocks of dancers laboriously attempting to dance it as the Spaniards do. They don't succeed-that goes without saying-a Spanish dancer is born, not made-but they have a mighty good time, apparently, and what more can one ask? An idea of the extent to which the Spanish "schottisch" has forced its way into Paris may be gained from the fact that the most popular of all present-day French tunes "Mon Homme"-well known in America as a fox-trot-is one sale in Paris arranged as a "genuine Madrid Schottisch."

One reason for the great popularity of Spanish dittis just now in Europe is the tremendous hit made in Paris during the last two years by Raquel Meller, a Spanish singer, who is freely compared with Ycette Guilbert and the rest of the best singers of popular songs. Although she sings in Spanish, the Parisians have been flocking in crowds to hear her, they never seem to get tired of hearing her rendition of Spanish songs which, formerly known only to Spaniards, are now played in Paris and all over Europe. Raquel's most famous song, the one that infallibly bowls her audience over, is "El Relicario," She was singing it fifteen months ago in Paris. she is singing it there now. I have heard it played in Madrid, Vienna, Budapest, Rome, Stockholm, Berlin and Copenhagen. Its composer, Senor Padilla, who enjoyed a modest fame in his native country before "El Relicario" resounded from one end of Europe to the other, must be rubbing his eyes in amazement and wondering what has happened to him.

"Know any other Spanish tunes?" I asked a violinist at a leading Berlin restaurant. Without a word he launched into the wild strains of "Alma de Dios," one of the best of the songs of that clever Valencian, Serrano, and a dozen Teutons in the dining room took up the refrain. The last time I had heard it was in a Montnartre resort several months before, along with the "paso-doble" composed in honor of Gallito, the greatest of Spanish bullfighters, who was killed by a bull last year.

"El Relicario," by the way, is also a "paso-doble," so that Raquel Meller, in singing it, has done her bit toward further popularizing that typically Spanish dance measure. And she is helping along the vogue of the Madrid "schottisch" also by treating Parisians to "Ay, Cipriano!" which is so essentially a "schottisch" that I doubt if it could be warped or twisted into being anything else even by the cleverest of musical adapters.

Popular as Spanish and South American dance tunes are all over Europe they are but a poor second to American "jazz." The most that can be said for them is that they materially aid the latter in chasing away the native article in whatever countries they appear. If you ask what the latest production of Christine or some other popular Parisian composer is you are almost sure to be told that it is a "fox-trot" or a "Spanish schottisch."

Now and then some Frenchman turns out a waltz that reminds one of the good old days of French waltzes, and, of course, Franz Lehar is still busy composing

Viennese waltzes, and Leo Fall is still on the job. But a mistakable air of mustiness seems to cling to them. The waltz, somehow, reminds you of grandma. And only at one place in Montmartre can you still witness the dancing of the genuine Parisian can-can. Hail, Broadway! Viva Espana! To them it is that Terpsichore today pays allegiance.

1930 - JUNE - VANITY FAIR

JAZZ: A BRIEF HISTORY A consideration of Negro harmonies and Modern Dance Music by Samuel Chotzinoff - The Invasion of Europe

Meanwhile, the popularity of American jazz music, both here and abroad, is beyond dispute. As far back as 1920-and in the history of Jazz that is a long time-most of the large cities in Europe had succumbed. In the winter of that year I found in most of the cafes of Paris two orchestras: an American Jazz band and the usual French orchestra which played only tango and waltzes. While the French band played, most of the patrons remained at their tables; with the first crash of American banjo and snare-drum, there was a rising en masse and a rush for the floor. In London the better hotels and dance-clubs had imported American bands. In Berlin, though the music was entirely American, the orchestra were native, with a consequent loss, it must be added, of brilliancy and "pep."

It is not surprising that America and England, nations without a musical culture or tradition of their own, have embraced Jazz; but that France, with a peculiar and definite musical idiom extending over a period of several centuries, and that Germany-which has been to music what Italy has been to painting-have both succumbed so wholly to Jazz music, is astonishing. A serious analysis and appraisal of Jazz should reveal either a degradation of the artistic sensibilities of nations hitherto notable in the development of music, or new and unsuspected merits in the quality of the American creation.

1930 - MARCH 17 - THE LITERARY DIGEST

WHEN EUROPEAN COMPOSERS JAZZ - Foreign composers affect to scorn jazz, but can not keep away from it; also they apparently can not master it, but use a substitute which they doubtless think just as good. *La Press* (Paris) asserts that a class in jazz has been determined upon for the conservatory of Frankfort, but that Frankfort musicians have protested, declaring that the accursed thing shall have no place in an art school. Kind words were spoken of it by Maurice Ravel, the French composer, who is now a visitor here. Here is a pen picture of the famous composer, by Olin Downes of the New York *Times*:

"Mr. Ravel is neither young nor robust. His mentality, which is acute and highly developed, is not that of a youthful, ebullient people, or, perhaps, of any modern civilization. Like his art, he is delicately and fastidiously organized. Living can not be easy for him. Yet his qualities maintain him. The rapier withstands the onslaught of the bludgeon.

"Other European visitors, with more physique than Mr. Ravel, and apparently better geared to the exigencies of the young civilization, have not

withstood it so well. But that is Mr. Ravel's quality. He has traveled America under the auspices of the Pro Musica society from coast to coast. Americans in large numbers have examined him. Mr. Ravel has courteously and curiously returned the examination-this without rancor or misunderstanding, but, on the contrary, with cognizance of the richness of a future that contrasts formidably with the boundaries of his present and past. The thought would make some artists of Mr. Ravel's years and sensibilities uncomfortable; but he is too sure and aware of himself and his background for that. A characteristic product of ideas refined and re-refined by centuries of an aristocratic culture, he has been watching with coolness and curiosity the formation of a new and cruder society and its groupings in the field of an expressive art. He has surely felt the pressures, the potencies, and the swirling forces of a young, impulsive people. But he has stood against other inundations than the one which now sweeps against his defenses, and for the present, at least, he holds his own."

Mr. Ravel's "kind words" occur in Mr. Downes's article, and lead out of some observations he makes on composition in general here in America:

"In the field of composition I have found my earlier impressions of American music confirmed. I think you have too little realization of yourselves, and that you still look too far away over the water. An artist should be international in his judgments and esthetic appreciations and incorrigibly national when it comes to the province of creative art. I think you know that I greatly admire and value-more, I think, than many American composers-American jazz. I have used jazz idioms in my last violin and piano sonata, but from what point of view? That, of course, of a Frenchman. Fascinated as I am by this idiom, I can not possibly feel it as I would if I were an American. It is to me a picturesque adventure in composition to develop some ideas suggested by American popular music, but my musical thinking is entirely national-unmistakably so, I fancy, to the most casual listener. I am waiting to see more Americans appear with the honesty and vision to realize the significance of their popular product, and the technique and imagination to base an original and creative art upon it."

When his interviewer remarked that this was an astonishing opinion from a classicist and the inheritor of an ancient culture, Mr. Ravel raised his eyebrows:

"No, it isn't strange. It is only logical. It is not the developed artistic culture which fails to comprehend the significance of a culture and civilization different from itself. On the contrary, a developed artistic consciousness implies such appreciation. If we in France, for instance, listen to German music, we wish it to be fundamentally German. The thing we are inclined to reject is the German music which leans toward that of the French. It is precisely the same with the good German criticism. Criticism in that country, when it is not a matter of prejudice or chauvinism, is the criticism that recognizes immediately, and appraises at its full value, what is essentially the expression of the spirit of another race. You are most courteous and receptive to the ideas of your neighbor when you are most certain of the quality and the value of your own. There are musicians, I am happy to say, who feel that way in Germany and in France. A world brotherhood of art should include-must, indeed, imply-the confident

affirmation by the creative spirits of national and racial consciousness. It is surely time for the American to look about him and found his own art traditions."

Mr. Ravel is not mentioned by Mr. Henderson of *The Sun* in his article on "modernism" and "jazz." Having exprest all there is to say, or nearly all, in the modernistic formula, certain Europeans turn to jazz. "Why let Brother Jonathan have all the fun?" Mr. Henderson "would be the last in the world to be so vulgar as to intimate that European composers don't know their opinions. He honestly believes they do. But they certainly do not know their jazz." He shows us why:

"On Tuesday evening last Pierre Monteux, conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, produced in Carnegie Hall the third symphony of Willem Pijper, a Dutch composer highly recommended by Willem Mengelberg and also Rudolf of the same name. M. Monteux was engaged in the discharge of a pious duty in presenting the work because it is dedicated to him.

"Authoritative information declares that pijper is the most radical of the Holland composers. His symphony proved him to be entirely abreast of the progressive movement in the treatment of harmony, cross rhythms, atonality, polytonality and instrumentation. It also showed us a native of Utrecht in the act of struggling to assimilate jazz. And there was no difficulty in perceiving that the music jazzed originated in the creative recesses of the soul of one Debussy.

"Try, kind reader and lover of the tonal art, to conceive George Gershwin or Zez Confrey aiming to make a jazz piece out of a few pages from 'Pelleas et Melisande' or "L'a res midi d'un Faun.' Can you see either of them making such a blunder? Yet over and over we find the European musicians, who are striving to be up to date, and who believe that jazz is the high sign of the spirit of this age, endeavoring to transform melodic material rooted in their own soil into jazz by the mechanical process of tacking some syncopations to the beginnings of phrases and muting the trumpets and trombones.

"What they all fail to grasp is that the basic substance of jazz is the tune. If the tune is not suitable to jazz treatment, the result is just musical nonsense. And the tunes which belong to the domain of jazz grew in this country. Think of a spectacled German gentleman trying to compose 'blues.' What does he know about the half-desperate laughter of the Negro torn by grief?"

1939 - Eight Years Abroad with a Jazz Band – Etude – April

By Samuel Wooding, Conductor of “Wooding’s Southland Spiritual Choir.”

A Romance of the remarkable Journey of “The Chocolate Kiddics” Band, through Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Romania, Austria, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Lithuania, Scandinavia, Tunisia, south America, and parts unknown. (This is the simple and ingenuous story of an ambitious colored youth who spend many years of his life conducting a remarkable jazz band over a good part of the world, in order that he might carry out his ideal of organizing a spiritual choir of high character. On these extensive tours he had opportunities to hear repeatedly the great orchestras and opera companies of many nations. The narrative of this grandson of a slave, and son of a butler, who elevated himself

until he commanded the attention of crowned heads, is one of the most human and striking ever presented by The Etude.)

Just why people are expected to tell when and where they were born, I do not know, because that is one thing with which they have the least to do. I was born in Philadelphia. My father was a butler, and a very good butler at that. He worked for the famous Biddle Family, on Walnut Street, and was very proud of his job. My mother was a housewife; but in the summer she took on washing. They had great ideas about the future of my two brothers, became a doctor and is now chief Pathologist of the Frederick Douglass Hospital in Philadelphia. The other one entered the postal service. My sister studied to be a nurse; and I became a musician. My parents wanted me to become a dentist; but I saw one of the Williams and Walker colored shows and decided to enter that field.

After graduation from the south Philadelphia High School for Boys, I studied music for five years under W. L. Layton, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. ----then I have studied piano with Pro --- William Butler, who had a Negro conservatory in Harlem, New York; and then in Philadelphia, I had advanced piano and theory under Prof. Franklin E. Cres--- at the Hyperion School of Musical art, and then at the Temple University School of Music directed by Dr. Thaddeus Rich. Finally, after my eight years' roving career through twenty countries in Europe and South America. I studied for three years under Miss Minerva Bennett and Miss Nancy Campbell of the division of Music at teachers college, Temple University. When the United States entered the World War I went to France with the band of the 807th Pioneers in which I played a tenor horn. I went into service when I was a year under age, by telling a little white lie about it; but I did not think that Uncle Sam would mind that if he got another patriotic doughboy. When I was mustered out I went back to playing at night clubs, in Atlantic City. I knew the classical repertoire and had played through tomes of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann and other masters; and they had an exalted appeal to me, but the need for earning my bread and butter was paramount. Therefore I had to spend hours and hours at jazz with any higher ambitions subdued while I wanted to attain loftier ultimate arms, which I am now realizing with my "Southland Spiritual choir."

An Interesting Birth

Just how the "Chocolate Kiddies" band evolved is a curious story in itself. I started the group with the piano, which I played myself. To this I added a drummer who beat out the rhythms – a terrific musical combination, but a necessary step. We had to play from nine at night until --? The wild craze for jazz of the "Dixie Land Five" and the Jo Oliver "Creole" type was submerging the country. Prohibition came along with its poisonous bootleg liquor. Many people were afraid to drink. Consequently the night club proprietors sought to entertain their patrons with orgies of "hot" music. The players started by standing on chairs, blowing into sand buckets, milk bottles, or Derby hats. Any kind of buncombe went. Then came the era of the plungers that were inserted in the ends

of horns to produce what is so aptly called "Wa-Wa" music. The more a player could make his instrument do anything it was never intended to do, the greater musician he was. This seemed all wrong to me. Every instrument has a natural, normal function; and this business of making a freak of it produces effects that are musically ridiculous. An automobile is all right on the road, but all wrong when you try to make it climb tress.

Johnny Dunn, who is credited with the adoption of the plunger, told me how he discovered its weird virtues. He was playing in the West with Mamie smith, the original woman "blues" singer. One night he found a plunger, used to force out a stoppage in a drain pipe. Having lost the regular mute for his trumpet, he tried the plunger. The effect was astonishing. It was like an old colored parson trying to talk with a mouthful of tobacco. Audiences broke down with laughter, and, behold, a new instrumental effect was born. This had a marvelous influence upon the careers of many colored musicians and their bands, particularly Duke Ellington. Bubba Mily, Ellington's cornet player, used it; and Ellington built his arrangements around it. It gave a kind of jungle effect that "caught on like wild fire."

Baron Wilkins at that time owned the most famous night club in Harlem. He engaged my band, after hearing it in Atlantic City. Wilkins was a kind of unthroned emperor of Harlem. He was head man everywhere. Everything he said "went." Playing at his club meant that we were "tops" in jazz in the jazz heaven of Harlem. Soon my band became the attraction at the "Club Alabam" in Nora Bayes Theater in Times Square, just off Broadway. While there, a Russian impresario came to America looking for a Negro jazz band to take to Berlin. The band at that time numbered eleven – three saxophones, three trumpets, a trombone, bass horn, piano, tenor banjo and the percussion section. Most of the players "doubled" on other instruments.

A Campaign of Europe Begins

We sailed on June 22nd, 1924, and opened in "Admirals Palast" in Berlin. The Germans "ate it up." In the roars of applause the audiences on the first night started shouting "Noch'mal," "Bis," "Hoch," and "Bravo." My boys were actually scared. Most of them had been in the war; and they thought that the "Heinies" were coming over the top again. In High school I had had two and a half years in the study of German; but somehow my German didn't seem to register in Germany. They just do not speak high school German over there. For over two weeks I ate nothing but Wiener Schnitzel, because I did not know how to order anything else in German. All of the other men were in

Need page 234 – hard to read in original

heaven-like, velvety sweetness were so irresistible that I went again and again to hear them. I had long been dreaming of the time when I could give up jazz and devote my life to a choir that might reveal the beauties and the infectious rhythms of the southern Negro, in much the same manner as these marvelous

choirs presented the folk music of Russia in spiritualized form. Thus The Wooding Southland spiritual choir had its inspiration in Russia. Of all places!

We were sorry to leave Russia with its art loving public. Their politics was none of our business, but the people were. The serious Russian musicians took an unusual interest in our work, particularly from a standpoint of rhythm. Russia now is more literate than it was twenty years ago; but our men had to keep together for fear of getting lost. Once I went out in a taxi and became beautifully lost. The driver could speak no English, and I could speak no Russian. The time for our show at the theater was rapidly drawing near. I remembered having seen a poster on a well. This I pointed out to the driver. It had a fantastic black face upon it. This, nevertheless, meant nothing to him, as he could not read his own tongue. We had to wait before a girl who could read Russian came. Then he raced me to the theater for the show.

Thus, for a total of eight years (during which time I and the band made a return for a year in America) I was moved from pillar to post all over Europe and parts of South America. I wish that I had the space to tell of the interesting and amusing happenings in Scandinavia, Belgium, Holland, England, Brazil and the Argentine Republic. It is scarcely necessary to say that I am very grateful for our kind reception everywhere. Our band played repeatedly for royalty. The Queen of Spain, by royal etiquette, had to start all dances which she attended as the guest of honor. She was also expected to end the dance. We played a Red Cross engagement for Prince Carl of Sweden. When we played at the Negresco at Nice, King Carol of Romania was in exile, and he heard our band nightly. Edward VIII, now Duke of Windsor, when still Prince of Wales repeatedly attended our performances.