

Music.

for very many days. We shall all, of course, be sickened to death at the inevitable yells of "mere Wagnerian pastiche" from those who cannot see the originality, power, and genius of the mind using a superficially Wagnerian method of expression, and cannot see that it is only very superficially Wagnerian and used in a way quite different from Wagner. Apart from these things, if we ask ourselves: how is the work made?—is it a well-planned, masterful structure?—has it absolute mastery of all its means?—does it move inevitably and with conviction and power?—has it the authentic glow of great music?—what possible answer can there be, except to the *possédés* of Stravinsky, but a most emphatic affirmation to all those questions? The score is a miracle, a polychromatic marvel of every conceivable tint, a glowing fabric of incomparable richness and imaginative beauty. The sonority obtained from the huge body of strings (nearly a hundred strong) minutely and intricately subdivided, often desk by desk, is something absolutely new and enchanting to the ear. Familiarity with the gigantic score only makes one wonder and admire the more at the perfect clarity of the most complex passages in performance, under the masterly guidance of the composer himself. There is, for the first time in modern music, in this work a just balance between strings, wind and brass, owing to the multiplication of the latter against the subdivided, albeit enlarged, string section. The amazing nature of the texture of the music, its wonderful polyphony, so intricate and closely drawn and yet so natural, easy and free, is only to be fully realised after much study. Those not knowing the work could only surrender themselves to the sheer magnificence of its sound pure and simple, *sans y regarder de plus près*. Here, indeed, is texture in excelsis; and the work is one colossal refutation of the nonsense of people who talk about the Schönberg as being mainly "vertical." The performance, all things considered, was a remarkable one. Herr Schönberg had a complete grip of the immense forces under his control, an absolute certainty of what he wanted, and the ability—within the capacity of English orchestral players—to get what he wanted out of them. He is a masterful and able conductor. The outstanding soloist was that splendid artist Miss Stiles-Allen, who not only brought her beautiful voice to the music of *Tove*, but a fine sympathy with, and understanding of, the wonderful music she had to sing. A very beautiful and moving performance that immensely increases one's already great admiration for this singer. Mr. Parry Jones worked hard at the also very difficult music of *Waldemar*. But imagination and sympathy with anything are not that gentleman's conspicuous qualities. Miss Gladys Palmer was competent but unexciting as the *Voice of the Wood Dove*. Two very admirable performances were those of Frank Phillips as the *Peasant* and the long, difficult *Sprech-gesang* section given to the *Speaker*, Arthur Wynn. Good, too, was John Perry as *Klaus the Fool*. The choir rose well to what was asked of them, particularly in the gorgeous final *Sunrise* chorus, in which alone is the entire choral force, male and female, used, bringing the astonishing work to a fittingly magnificent close. But one trembles to think what this mighty work must have sounded like via the multitudinous and multifarious horrors called loud-speakers up and down the land: an intelligent and conscientious Government would forbid the manufacture of most of the abominations we hear as corrupting to the ears of the people, and blasphemy against music, but our Government is too busy plundering us to think about anything else.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

Gurrelieder, Schönberg: Queen's Hall, January 27.

This was the towering event of the season, and nothing of equal importance is likely to be heard