

be more to the purpose to write a similarly sized volume which would serve as a criticism and complete rebuttal of all the faults of the present work. With the limited space at our disposal, we must conclude this writing by calling attention to our Professor's climactic folly, perpetrated on page 160, wherein we are warned of the "insidiousness of the Jewish menace to our artistic integrity." The allegation herein contained is a falsehood, pure and simple. As our Professor has no facts to prove so serious a contention, we need not give this matter further consideration. In view of his conviction does it not seem strange to our Professor that both the publisher of his book and the New York interpreter of his symphonies are Jews?

Considering the general mediocrity of the Professor's mental processes we strongly urge him to ponder Shakespeare's lines:

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Alexander Smallens

MEDITERRANEAN STRAVINSKY—A NEW MYTH

THIS writer has never participated in the general overrating of Stravinsky's creative pitch and diapason, but has always maintained that he is a great artisan rather than a great artist; a keen and brilliant laboratory pathfinder, aware of the market value of any newness, rather than a possessed builder lashed by the divine insanity of genius.

Nonetheless, I wish to call attention to a new and ardent book* on Stravinsky by the gifted, young Domenico de Paoli of Milan, whose writings and progressive zeal place him in the forefront of the young Italian musicians.

De Paoli sees Stravinsky's creative kernel as a peculiar will-tension that has resisted his racial predilections and has gradually brought him into the cosmopolitan fold where his spiritual affiliations naturally lie. De Paoli very subtly juxtaposes this will-tension of Stravinsky to Reger's stubbornness, to Strauss' megalomania to the "agressive drive of Wagner permeated by theatricalism."

**Igor Stravinski*. By Domenico de Paoli. Milan: 1931

Predestined and predetermined by this trait, Stravinsky's creative route leads from his early Russian nationalism and discipleship at Rimsky-Korsakov's academy to a cosmopolitan creative attitude colored by a radiant "Mediterranean" tonal feeling. De Paoli is so eager for the Latin or the "Mediterranean" race to own Stravinsky that he explains the composer's recent domiciles and the birthplace of the last decade's work—Switzerland, the Riviera, etc.—by an urge to compose in surroundings that are inwardly native.

This thought has a fresh turn and the racial loyalty underlying De Paoli's ideas wins one's sympathy. But in spite of his thesis—which one might find supported by Stravinsky's neo-classicism; the return to Scarlatti etc.—the Mediterranean Stravinsky seems to me something of a new legend.

Lazare Saminsky

A CONDUCTOR ON THE MODERN ORCHESTRA

The formidable complexity of rhythm and orchestral color—to say nothing of the tonal concepts—in modern music, makes exigent two technical requirements in present-day conducting. They are clarity and stability of wrist motion to govern the orchestral rhythm and achieve coherence in the ensemble: and mastery in the working out of orchestral sonority.

The composer of today very often—and on most occasions justly—accuses the conductor of distorting his work because of a superficial egotistic and casual approach to its spirit. But an ignorant dislocation of the very body of a new piece is an even grosser misdeed; a composer who looks at a score and does not comprehend its actual tonal goal, as the French say, *n'existe pas*. Yet misrepresentation of the all-important tonal aspect of a composition by inarticulate rhythmic guidance and by a blurred and haphazard orchestral sonority is common.

In the invaluable new book* on conducting by Hermann Scherchen, especially in the chapter "Orchester Kunde," at last we find a systematic and painstaking description of the endless labor involved in dealing with the great palette of tone-colors used by modern composers.

**Lehrbuch des Dirigieren*. By Herman Scherchen. Leipzig: J. J. Weber Verlag, 1932.