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WITH THE MUSIC

*Symphony Orchestra Introduces Arnold
News of the Artists; Recitals and C*

Two points can be adduced in favor of Arnold Schoenberg's five pieces for orchestra, which had their first American presentation yesterday afternoon at the hands of the Chicago Symphony orchestra. They are not long, and, except for a few brief intervals, not noisy.

In spite of these merits, not frequently to be found in modern music, the audience met them very much as the famous old highwayman, Dick Turpin, met the hangman's noose, with manly resignation, though with considerable disgust. As soon as the first of the series was started there was a great waving of plumes, as though the emotions of the auditors were being rudely disturbed, and once there was the demonstration, unprecedented in the history of Orchestra hall, of a burst of laughter of distinctly derisive character.

Beyond that there was nothing. At the end a few brave souls who approve of European methods attempted to hiss, but the greater number preferred to save their comments as a topic of conversation for the intermission.

Schoenberg is by far the most radical of all the revolutionists in music. He belongs to the extreme red section among the anarchists. All of the others occasionally preserve something in their output with which their hearers may solace their bruised souls, but not so Schoenberg. With him the thought of what other people may consider beauty is as the thought of monarchial government to a nihilist. He is an uncompromising expounder of the doctrine that in the greatest ugliness lies the highest art.

There is a temptation to compare his music with the cubist pictures. It may have been only a coincidence, or it may have been intentional that the first performance of his five pieces came upon Halloween, for in them is found the essence of all the small boys who ever wrenched gates off their posts or made night hideous with rosined string and tin can.

It would seem an easy matter to write music after the fashion of this composer. The difficult part would be to divorce one's self from all feeling of tonality. If this could be done, a doubtful matter, the formula would continue to construct a theme of the greatest possible angularity and awkwardness on each of the days of the week and put them together on Sunday without memory or care as to whether they harmonize or not.

This is exactly what Schoenberg has done. There is not the slightest trace of harmonization, only a succession of voices which continue without regard for themselves or each other. In many places he has thought best to write the parts far out of the range of the instruments. The high squeals of the clarinets are one of the distressing memories of the performance. At other times there is a sudden cessation of the growling and grunting and snorting, and a single cello note, of ineffable beauty compared to what comes before and after, is produced. It was a forcible reminder of what a wonderful tone Bruno Steindel can produce to hear him in surroundings such as these.

It was an interesting experience to hear this work, but not entirely a pleasant one. There was other music, of course, Beethoven's first symphony and Brahms' second, but even this contrast was hardly enough to restrain the desire to rush home and commit emotional excesses, such as to play all the Mozart sonatas at a sitting, followed by the Clementi "Gradus ad Parnasum." Something like this was necessary to restore the spiritual balance. The concert will be repeated tonight.

EDWARD C. MOORE.

With the Melody Makers