

Fund of its members. Members of its audience who do not admire discordant music wish that every program might be chosen on the basis that dictates the selection of the Pension Fund concert program, which is regularly dominated by Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, and similar composers. If the probable financial consequences for the musicians would not be so disastrous, it would be interesting to see how many people would voluntarily pay higher than normal prices to listen to the works of Bartok, Stravinsky, Berg, Webern, and other exponents of discord. The directors are not likely to risk the experiment.

4. Consider the programs of such eminent pianists as Artur Schnabel, Rudolf Serkin, Van Cliburn, and other artists of like caliber. At least 90, perhaps 95 per cent of their selections were composed before 1900. The obvious inference to be drawn from this unmistakable fact is that pianists either do not consider contemporary works worth playing or know such works will have a repelling effect on the audience.

It is only the symphony orchestra, as a general rule, that engages in the musical forced feeding represented by the sandwich program. And they are only able to do this because they have what is essentially a captive audience.

With the wide growth of musical enjoyment and appreciation and the increase in the population, the concerts of every large orchestra are sold out by subscription in advance every season.

A Vast Difference

It may be argued that contemporary literature and art show off-beat and "avant-garde" tendencies and that it is only natural that music should also seek new paths. But this brings one to the point that there is an element of compulsion in listening to symphonic music that does not exist in the case of literature and art.

Suppose one doesn't believe in the popular equation: obscurity plus obscenity equals genius. One can simply ignore the books which are written on this principle. No one demands that one read *Finnegan's Wake*, *The American Dream*, and *Tropic of Cancer* as a condition for being allowed to read *War and Peace*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, and *Vanity Fair*. People who measure the impact of a novel by its number of four-letter words or intimate descriptions of sex relations can satisfy their taste. Those who have other standards can exercise their right of rejection.

This same freedom of choice, of acceptance or rejection, applies in art. If one visits one of the famous

European art galleries, the Uffizi or Pitti in Florence, the Prado in Madrid, one doesn't face a jarring contrast between the works of Raphael and Michelangelo and Titian and Velasquez on one hand, and on the other the weird "abstract" painting of the type easily imitated by a child or a chimpanzee. Modern art is reasonably housed in separate museums.

Forced Integration

But in music one enjoys no such freedom of choice. In music, alone among the arts, the pernicious dogma prevails that works of profoundly different style and content must be "integrated," presented on the same program. The psychological effect of hearing, after a beautifully melodic symphony of Schubert or Schumann, some modern experimental work that suggests a concrete mixer operating in high gear is jarring, to say the least. It is unfair to the listener of conservative musical tastes. And it is entirely unnecessary.

To dislike unmelodic music is not to be so arrogant or intolerant as to call for its suppression. All the musical conservative asks is a kind of co-existence, a system of programming that would give the nonmelodic composers as much time and representation as the conductor may believe they deserve, but not on the same pro-

grams as musical works constructed according to entirely different standards.

The writer recently had an opportunity to argue this case on a televised panel that also included Erich Leinsdorf, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Gunther Schuller, an American atonal composer. The reaction was surprisingly strong. I personally received scores of letters, telephone calls, greetings in public places from strangers, all favorable to my viewpoint. And on a subsequent television appearance Mr. Leinsdorf, although he did not agree with me, stated that his mail had also been strongly on the conservative side — one more proof of the gulf that yawns between the modern composer and his audience.

Homogeneous programs, two or three all pre-Schoenberg, followed by one devoted to the newer experimental forms, seem the obvious answer to the problem of how to take the curse of compulsory cacophony off symphony programs while giving full freedom of expression to the nonmelodic schools of music. When some conductor recognizes this truth and shapes his programs accordingly, hosts of unwilling listeners who have put up with Bartok and Stravinsky and Bloch and Toch and Roy Harris and David Dia-