

Why do people stay away from contemporary music?
 Because they don't hear right,
 or because there's so little worth hearing?

Live composers, dead audiences

By William Mayer

To set things straight from the start, "dead" definitely does *not* apply to that avid, fiercely independent audience for serious contemporary music. This audience is, if anything, 200 per cent alive. But, alas, it is tiny and growing at a snail's pace: a high-water mark was reached last season when 1,100 people attended an all-Webern concert at Carnegie Hall—leaving the hall more than one-half empty.

Our target, rather, is that much larger audience that dotes on the older classics but ignores the music of its own time—fidgeting through a modern work on its subscription series "until the real thing comes along."

One expects a gap between the innovator and the general audience. "But such a gap!" as Mrs. Portnoy would say. What is striking is the size of this gap compared with that in the visual arts. For every home that owns recordings of contemporary music, there must be 10 with contemporary art hanging on the walls. When out-of-towners come to New York, how natural for them to go to the Museum of Modern Art, but how extraordinary for them to head for a concert of contemporary music.

Actually, they don't have to go to a museum at all. Anyone walking around the city can't avoid being exposed to the art of today. Corporate collectors, recognizing that modern art is a prestige product, are bombarding the public with contemporary paintings, murals and outdoor sculpture. But who hears serious contemporary music being

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pumped into supermarkets, banks and elevators? Instead, we hear ubiquitous Muzak with its old-time pop tunes, presented in those dragging, soupy and toothless arrangements.

These disparities in the fields of painting and serious music are reflected in the cold world of the market place. Moderately well-known painters can make a living; their product is sought as a shrewd investment. But I doubt whether there are 10 serious composers throughout the country who can get by on composing alone.

Perhaps most distressing is the general public's inability to understand, much less appreciate, what the composer of its own time is trying to say. The comparatively greater time it takes to fathom a piece of music surely plays a part. A child summed this up quite well, comparing a piece of music to a toy: "It takes longer to like; once you like it, it takes longer to get sick of it." (Exceptions do come to mind: those pieces you enjoy less—or perhaps hate more—upon each new hearing, but I think it's safe to say they are exceptions.)

Music forces you into its own time frame. It demands a fixed duration of attention, at least if you want to grasp the architecture of the work. Granted that the sensation of sound has an immediate impact—but you are hardly going to understand a piece if you are an intermittent listener. Waking up for the climaxes will not do.

Rudolph Fellner reminds his classes at Carnegie-Mellon that "melody exists only in your memory, for at any given moment you are hearing only one note of the tune." Music is a cumulative art. It is a chain of sounds through time, each sound taking its meaning from those that have gone before. It is not the art for amnesiacs.

Hearing a piece through may be just the first step to really appreciating it. Repeated hearings

may be required, especially if the listener is unused to the idiom—all of which means it takes time in an age of instant gratification. Yet, as Eudora Welty writes, "there is no way in the world that understanding of the arts can be instant." The visual arts offer a lure to the impatient, however, for at least on one level theirs is an instantaneous presentation, although spending considerable time with a painting or sculpture may be just as necessary to penetrate the superstructure.

If today's composer feels slighted in walking around town and seeing up-to-the-minute architecture and avant-garde murals in banks, or finding mouth-watering bids at contemporary art auctions and found-object sculpture adorning otherwise stodgy households, he may begin to doubt his own existence if he measures it against the all-pervasive and seductive presence of television. For the medium has not simply ignored contemporary music (background music doesn't count; it is to be "felt and not heard"), it has damaged its audience's ability to respond to it. With television, we have become dependent on the visual. But, in listening to music, what do we do with our eyes? In TV, everything is there, explicit. Certain shows are doubly explicit: We see a comic routine and canned laughter reminds us it's funny. But in hearing unfamiliar music, our voyage—if we make one at all—is uncharted. Our dependence on having things spelled out may have constricted our capacity to call up independent and intangible associations. We're on our own, and this can be worrisome—and make for small, worried audiences!

But if TV has dulled our imagination, what has the music world done to itself? Right off, we have a vicious circle: Conductors shy away from programming contemporary music because audiences shy away from the unfamiliar. Audiences are less familiar with contemporary (Continued on Page 34)



George Crumb, with a page from his score for "Makrokosmos." Facing page, from left, composers Peter Maxwell Davies, Henry Cowell, Harry Partch.

Composers

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music because it is less often programmed.

But even when the circle is broken, audiences may not be hearing the best new music. One reason is that it is difficult for a conductor to judge whether a complex new work is, in fact, good music. Many scores sport new notation; some look like mazes plotted on graph paper. Some look impressive, but will they sound impressive? To find out takes time, exactly what a harassed conductor doesn't have. Therefore, to program or not to program a particular work often hinges on extraneous factors. Here are some:

■ The halo fallacy: the composer is well-known and has written good works in the past. Ergo, this new score of his is bound to be good. And the new score comes with insurance, for if it turns out to be a turkey, the conductor can scarcely be blamed. After all, it was a "Sobolewski"!

■ "Will it play in Peoria?"—as Nixonians were wont to ask each other. Very likely, if

the composition is by a local composer who is a friend of the music director or on the faculty of the nearby university. (No aspersions on the real Peoria.) The chances are even better if there is an extra-musical occasion calling for a dedicatory work—a new hall, a centennial, a memorial. Of course, the local composer may deliver a first-rate piece, but that is rarely why it was chosen.

■ The work has box-office appeal, unrelated to its musical merits: it sets a well-known text; a renowned virtuoso will perform the solo part; it has a titillating gimmick, i.e., a naked cellist performing under water. The latter, to say the least, makes good copy, which, in turn, generates new interest leading to new performances, limited only by scheduling considerations brought on by the cellist's jail term.

A touchy point, but one which cannot be avoided, is that audiences often respond negatively to new music be-

cause it is often badly played. Too many good performers shy away from doing a lot of contemporary music, fearing they will be typecast. How can a leading exponent of that "brash new music," so the illogic runs, have the soul to play Chopin and Schumann? A cogent instance of an artist who disproves this theory is William Masselos. A brilliant interpreter of the music of our day, he is no less so of Chopin, Schumann *et al.* (As a matter of fact, Masselos brings out the romanticism of contemporary music that so often remains dormant in the playing of the bang-bang school.)

It is not surprising that audiences hear so many unconvincing performances: A new work frequently calls for new techniques, rhythmic virtuosity, tricky coordination within the ensemble, with, inevitably, longer hours of preparation. It also requires a sense of adventure, a spirit free of preconceptions and, once again, time for the piece to become absorbed by the performer.

Conversely, there is no getting around the temptation that unknown music may offer to a *weak* performer, who would just as soon not be

compared to his colleagues in playing the standard repertoire. My own favorite example is a singer we will call "the elevator." In rendering a song of mine, she would not only scoop up to the pitch but sail right past it, then go through a certain amount of corrective motion to get down to it again. This left the accompanist with awkward moments of nothing to do. Members of the audience probably thought I had written an "interesting" new work for lost glissandi.

This is extreme, to say the least. More often, a perfectly capable performer will give a correct but raw rendition because he has not had the time really to get into the work. Or the fault may lie with his teachers who have coached him inadequately, if at all, in contemporary style and techniques.

Did composers in previous eras fare better? Yes and no. John Freeman, associate editor of *Opera News*, states it well: "There has always been some indifference toward new music, in Schubert's or Bizet's day as in Debussy's or Schoenberg's. In

specified areas, however, where a current style was agreed upon and a ready audience existed, the demand for new music often flourished in a way that it does today only in the pop field. One thinks of church music in Bach's time or Italian opera in Rossini's, or of performing virtuosos who supplied their own repertory—Mozart, Chopin and Liszt among them. It was Wagner who separated art from popular entertainment and, since then, composers and audiences have tended to go their separate ways, viewing each other's preferences with impatience or contempt."

Add to this the proliferation of styles in the 20th century with a built-in obsolescence that would make the auto industry blush. The result is a breakdown in shared musical language, for the constant innovation deprives the listener of the necessary stability to grasp the composer's intention. And when he does finally catch that elusive rabbit, musical fashion tells him he is holding a dead animal in his arms.

The current composer explosion is an added factor. In these conditions the natural attraction of novelty palls,

'Listen to enough contemporary music so that you can be unerring in sniffing out a real stinker. You will impress your friends. You will make a mark.'

and stability becomes the novelty. It is true, however, that premieres still have a touch of the old glamour. The problem for a composer is getting subsequent performances. A premiere too often turns into a combined birth and burial.

We have now arrived at that dreadful question for a composer to pose: Are we writing music that deserves to be listened to? Are we worthy of the concert-hall reverence, those rows upon rows of attentive pink ears, those unsung efforts to stifle coughs?

Here I can give you the predictable "yes" of a composer but I feel it is an overwhelming "yes." An impressive amount of provocative and highly skilled music is being written. The horizons of sound are being enlarged. Unheard of complexities are being realized. Composers know their instruments; much is being asked and a number of highly skilled players are giving it.

A good deal of the music is exciting, even shocking, such as Peter Maxwell Davies's "Eight Songs for a Mad King." Some of it is hypnotic and dreamlike—works by Gyorgy Ligeti and Terry Riley come to mind. Most of it is architecturally admirable. Elliott Carter's constructions are towering examples. Yet—and, of course, this is my subjective impression—a smaller body is lovable or ingratiating.

Composers are still plagued by two opposing pressures, though these are easing off: (1) the need to write down to general audiences to increase the chance of being programmed by symphony orchestras and opera companies; (2) the need to write *above* a general audience to win the nod from academe, where works with wide audience appeal remain suspect (if you find your cleaning woman whistling your music, you're in trouble).

Today's music is often involved. Listeners might be more disposed to grapple with complexities if composers dared at times to be simple. An alternation between complex patterns and simple

statements is at the heart of such landmarks as Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" and Ives's Fourth Symphony, as well as Milton Babbitt's unusual work for soprano, taped soprano and electronic sound, "Philomel."

One can't help wondering if certain composers are not hiding drab material behind a smoke screen of the arcane. Are they pouring their flat ginger ale into black bottles and then arguing that, if audiences could only see through the glass, they would surely find the bubbles? This is not meant as a diatribe against complexity. Some of the finest 20th century works are complex. It is merely a plea that unnecessary complexity—or for that matter self-conscious simplicity—be avoided.

The musical climate following World War II posed problems for the composer. Giants such as Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Prokofiev and Bartok dominated the scene. (Interestingly, Charles Ives was barely known, though the music that was to make his reputation had all been written.) The American composer once again came under the sway of Europe after having turned to his own special heritage during the nineteen-thirties.

In composing circles, great interest centered upon how a work was to be organized. Schoenberg had some time before devised the 12-tone system to replace the tonal system of key centers, which he felt had served its purpose but was now used up. Postwar composers continued where Schoenberg left off and became intrigued with organizing systematically every aspect of music: rhythm, dynamics and tone color as well as pitch.

This obsession with organization, I believe, was detrimental to spontaneity. There is no question that the coherence of a composition is vital. But, in the hands of all but a few, the Schoenberg legacy, by giving a rather mechanical and self-conscious tilt to the organizing of material, may have prevented a deeper,

richer and subtler organization from asserting itself.

A reaction to total organization got under way in the nineteen-fifties and sixties. Composers became interested in writing aleatory or "chance" music, in which the performers were asked to improvise certain parts of the piece, subject to various limitations, i.e., "play two minutes of very soft and serene music on small gongs and cymbals."

I'm equally skeptical about this trend, too, though the performers are sometimes better at improvising than the composer is at composing. When a composer has something urgent to say, he generally wants to pin down his ideas as precisely as possible. He knows that, no matter how carefully he sets down his ideas, the performance will involve an element of free play. In fact, it is an exaggeration of this freedom that he usually worries about. Letting the performers improvise hunks of the composition seems a ducking of responsibility by the composer. If he runs out of ideas, writing by committee is, of course, a kind of solution; he can, in common parlance, "let George do it." A number of composers I respect have written aleatory music from time to time, so perhaps there are hidden facets to the approach that have eluded me.

A healthier development, in my view, has been the search for new sonorities, electronic and otherwise, by such pioneers as Varèse, Henry Cowell, John Cage, Otto Luening, Vladimir Ussachevsky and Harry Partch, leading right on up to the present-day works of George Crumb and Robert Hall Lewis, who achieve form through color. (Youthful ears seem to take to the new sounds quite naturally. Perhaps rock, with its electronic distortions, has prepared them.)

In the last 10 years, the white-knuckled grip of the 12-tone school has completely loosened; in fact, it seems as obsolete as tonality must have to Schoenberg. Not surprisingly, tonality—considered paleolithic only a short while ago—is once again permissible. Donal Henahan wrote of the 1973 Festival of Contemporary Music at Tanglewood: "Traditional tonality? That did not seem outlandish as one listened here to the most enthusiastically applauded piece of the week, James Drew's 'West Indian Lights.' Drew invoked traditional tonality to a degree that would

have been laughable to the avant-garde not long ago." Whether there will be a major resurgence of tonal works remains unclear. What is clear is that the style of a work looms less large than formerly in the reception accorded it.

Things have loosened up on many fronts. An element of theater has penetrated the concert hall. Instrumentalists are sometimes asked to act as well as play. In certain pieces, visual projections are coordinated with sounds. Composers are definitely taking the audience into account. Indeed, in certain works, the audience becomes part of the performance. In one work by 20-year-old William Wanamaker, the audience is asked to stamp, clap and scream on cue.

Boundaries between composers are also breaking down; heretofore airtight compartments are pleasantly leaking. Composers such as Lukas Foss and George Rochberg are drawing on all kinds of sources to build a collage. On the other hand, there has been what might be called a traditional leakage of jazz into serious music through the years. (Works by Ravel, Copland, Siegmeyer, Gunther Schuller, Hall Overton and, of course, Gershwin and Bernstein come to mind.) This trend continues unabated in the work of younger men such as William O. Smith and John Harbison.

Eclecticism, once anathema, is king. (Perhaps the ultimate may be found in a composition unearthed by Harold Schonberg; its length is dictated by the time it takes a vegetable to decay. My youngest daughter suggested the tempo be marked "vegio.") Charles Ives, a symbol of eclecticism, has become a folk hero of sorts. As the popularity of Scott Joplin indicates, nostalgia plays a role in our musical tastes as it has in our dress and our movies. (If our habit of nostalgia persists, the future generation may be nostalgically looking back to our present nostalgia.)

Now, to temper all this optimism, there is the opposing view of Max Pollikoff, whose "Music In Our Time" series has steadfastly presented the new to New Yorkers for 20 years. "We are not attracting new audiences," he says. "At contemporary music affairs around town, I see the same faces again and again. . . and again. It is good to see them, but I wish they'd bring their friends."

Pollikoff's words bring us back to the reality that, despite the gains being made, the living composer is still not

reaching and communicating with an audience the way he should. Both are the losers. In his "The Dynamics of Creation," Anthony Storrs reminds us that man's artistic striving is vital to his being: "Man is a creature inescapably, and often unhappily, divided; and the divisions within him recurrently impel the use of his imagination to make new syntheses. The creative consequences of his imaginative striving may never make him whole; but they constitute his deepest consolation and greatest glory." Certainly music from our own time should not be excluded from playing a part in this striving to become whole.

What, then, can be done to bring composer and listener closer? Nothing seems more important than exposing the young to contemporary music. The other day an official of an educational TV channel said, "I'd like to present live composers, but I'm afraid our sponsors [in this case, corporate foundations] would balk at anything that esoteric." Esoteric! To be alive and writing for other people who are experiencing the same events we are is "esoteric." The mainstream, then, must be the dead writing for the dead.

So, if our children are not to grow up equating serious contemporary music with a rite no more relevant to them than the Tibetan marriage ceremony, ways will have to be found to permit such music to become a part of their lives. The young, or at least the very young, are not boxed in by classifications—serious vs. popular, old vs. new. So, if you can't teach old dogs new tricks—no reflection on subscription audiences—you had better concentrate on the young ones.

Thus, elementary school teachers could familiarize students with recordings or tapes of compositions that are scheduled for live performance in their community. Obviously, some pieces aren't right for a young audience, but many are. The entire class could then be invited to attend a final rehearsal. The key is to be sure the exposure is coordinated.

Sometimes the composer of a work to be played is in town for rehearsals. Certainly the conductor ought to be! An appearance by either at the local school should prove stimulating.

An interesting development is the number of youth symphonies appearing throughout the United States. Some, such as the Youth Symphony of

New York founded by David Epstein, tackle works by living composers who, in turn, discuss and rehearse their music with the young instrumentalists. This kind of exposure is matchless, for the youths are learning the music from the inside out. And foundations such as New Music for Young Ensembles are encouraging composers to write pieces especially tailored for young players.

As for the "older dogs," I feel I have maligned them somewhat. Old dogs, if they are young at heart, can be taught new tricks. What sometimes helps an audience is hearing the composer say a few words before his piece is played. I'm not sure if it matters whether it's about the piece or not. To see the actual man or woman who wrote the notes may be logically beside the point, but it does seem to vivify the piece for the listener, or at least to give him staying power until the music itself takes a meaningful hold on him.

If the composer prefers to avoid what might be a nerve-racking appearance seconds before his piece gets under way, the conductor might have the orchestra play a few passages that had been rejected by the composer along with the one finally settled upon. This might give an inkling of how a piece evolves.

Two interesting innovations have taken place in New York. Pierre Boulez and the Philharmonic have introduced Rug Concerts, during which the audience sprawls comfortably about on the floor of Avery Fisher Hall. Across Central Park at the 92d Street "Y," Max Pollikoff's "Music In Our Time" series has new works being aired simultaneously in four different rooms. A listener is given the choice of wandering from room to room or sitting tight in one room and hearing many times over one composition that has caught his fancy. Pollikoff believes the freedom of movement has therapeutic value for the older concertgoer who succumbs to napping under the don't-move-or-squeak imperative of conventional concertgoing. The drawback, as I see it, is that people wandering in and out of a room are distracting. Also, catching a piece after it has started, or leaving before it is over, slights its formal design—unless it is of the chance variety, in which case each listener improvises the end by the timing of his exit.

On the other hand, the opportunity to hear a piece

through a number of times is exactly the kind of exposure an audience needs. In addition, a tape of the work just performed could be sold, the profits going to the musicians and the composer.

One way to encourage conductors to program the unfamiliar is to give them the necessary time and peace of mind to study new scores, parallel to the tranquillity the MacDowell Colony offers creative artists. I would suggest a salaried three weeks for conductors to do nothing else.

Whether a piece does, in fact, get played is not always up to the conductor. The Los Angeles Philharmonic canceled its plans for the performance of Harrison Birtwistle's "The Triumph of Time," which had been scheduled for Jan. 16. "We're in a recession and money is exceptionally tight," a spokesman for the orchestra said. "I doubt if the general public is aware of the tremendous expense involved in doing contemporary music. Other pieces are in the public domain, musicians are familiar with them, and fewer rehearsals are required." I can think of no more useful subsidy than one to pay for the extra rehearsal time, performance fees and unusual instruments contemporary scores so often call for.

An understandable complaint from performers is that, when they perform an unfamiliar work, the critic devotes the lion's share of his review to the work rather than the performance. "Why should I knock myself out learning a tough new piece only to be given less coverage than if I were ploughing through an old warhorse?" is the common gripe. Reviewers, of course, are naturally cautious in discussing the interpretation, for, not knowing what the work should sound like, how can they comment intelligently on the faithfulness of execution?

What would help would be to make sure that someone—logically, the manager—sends the critic a score of the work and also invites him to the final rehearsal. The performer, then, could be more assured of being given credit when credit was due. A further dividend for the composer: The performer would have an added incentive to prepare his work carefully, knowing that the critic will very likely be checking his performance against the score.

Big-name performers have a special responsibility to the living composer, for they have the power to draw the general public and invest works with

their own charisma. But instead they usually reinforce in the audience a veneration for the accepted classics. This is hardly new. "There has been too much servility on the part of American artists to [European classics]. The American composer should not allow the names of Beethoven, Handel and Mozart to prove an eternal bugbear to him..." This was written in 1845 by composer-critic William Henry Fry.

But when star performers do invest works with their charisma, the results can be dramatic. According to Harold Schonberg, the only piano composition that has been picked up as a repertory piece is the Barber E flat minor Sonata. The work is immediately communicable, but just as significant is that no less a pianist than Horowitz introduced and recorded it. Above all, Serge Koussevitsky and Leopold Stokowski must be cited for their effective championing of new music.

New York City's own radio station, WNYC, has created interest in the American composer through its annual festival of American music as well as a relatively new format entitled "Composers Forum." Martin Bookspan has interviewed nearly 200 composers on this program, which is happily rebroadcast over 150 stations scattered throughout American campuses. On the campuses, college FM stations have themselves been particularly venturesome.

Commercial stations have a problem, of course, for they cannot afford to alienate the conservative segment of their audience if they are to hold on to their sponsors. One of the most enterprising, WNCN, was voted into oblivion last August by its board of directors. Another, WQXR, is very much alive. Especially innovative is Robert Sherman's "Listening Room," on which anything may happen and often does because the guests are interviewed live. Composers often appear shortly before performances of their works—a good example of coordinated exposure.

With rare exception, television has been as timid as radio has been bold. The argument that television, being a visual medium, is unsuited to presenting "foreground" (vs. background) music is specious; one might as well argue that concert halls are the wrong place to hear music be-

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cause the audience can see the players. Granted that the sound fidelity on TV is not what it should be, nevertheless, seeing a composer in action can be ample compensation. Many are colorful and articulate. And if they're not, their music is often dramatic.

It is hard to find a composer who hasn't written an opera. Yet commercial television is doing next to nothing about it. Gone is the noble NBC Opera Company. Educational channels are doing a little—operas by Jack Beeson and Thomas Pasatieri come to mind—but nowhere near enough. The cost of mounting an opera is staggering; but once again, this is the place for subsidy.

A glorious exception to this dreary record is CBS-TV's Sunday morning show, "Lamp Unto My Feet," which truly is lighting a candle in the darkness. Its director, Pamela Ilott, has commissioned and presented oratorios by Ezra Laderman, Robert Starer and Carlos Surinach.

In many areas, the composer's star is rising: There are grants from the Federal and state governments and from foundations; a surge of interest in contemporary music among proliferating chamber ensembles; a new willingness

to program living composers by major orchestras in New York, Buffalo, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Louisville, Denver, Seattle, Los Angeles and San Francisco; and all kinds of Bicentennial commissions.

Yet all this is for nought if nobody is listening—or listening without hearing. Too often a listener will approach a new piece with a grim attitude of self-improvement. He may even be poring over the program notes during the actual performance, using them as a road map as the piece unfolds. Far more helpful is to keep one's spontaneous self alive, to approach a new piece as an adventure—one that may not reveal itself immediately but may gradually become apparent, like a message written in lemon juice that darkens over a flame. Knowledge of new music should hasten this process.

Or to approach the question in a different light, I fall back on a dictum from the notorious musicologist-cum-psychiatrist, Gottfried Grautheim: "Listen to enough contemporary music so that you can be unerring in sniffing out a real stinker. Give yourself the treat of being specific about what you hate. Expressing hate is an obvious joy, and your pinpointing just what you hate makes it all the bet-



Innovation—At Music In Our Time concerts, the audience may wander among four rooms to sample modern works, or, as here, sit in one room to hear one work repeatedly.

ter. You will impress your friends. You will make a mark." While Grautheim is, of course, being perverse, he does remind us that audiences tend to be too timorous. We hear people equivocating at intermission with the bland and deadly "I found it interesting." If you hated it, don't be timid, say so. But don't make a judgment for all time.

Equal courage must be mustered if you like the work but the crowd you travel in knocks

contemporary music as a matter of course. Perhaps the hardest opinion to stand up to is that of the critic. "Don't ask me what I think," a concertgoer was heard to say, "I won't know until I read the review tomorrow." The laughter that greeted her self-mocking remark died away and the truth of it sat there, heavy in the smoke-filled air. I'm sure reviewers don't welcome such sheeplike deference. Besides,

what if the critics come up with divergent opinions? Whom should one believe?

My piano concerto, "Octagon," for example, was reviewed as follows by High Fidelity-Musical America: "Mayer is his own man. The eight movements of his 'Octagon' contain a wealth of originality and brim over so with ideas that it is almost impossible to grasp them all on a single hearing." Then, for contrast, this from The Milwaukee Sentinel (the Milwaukee Symphony under Kenneth Schermerhorn recently recorded the work): "'Octagon' is 29 minutes of disjunctive ruminations passed off as variety. It is the Schoenberg of 'Verklärte Nacht' mixed in with the Prokofiev of the Third Piano Concerto."

Musically derivative? Or so full of original ideas you can't grasp them all on a single hearing? (I have a preference for one review over the other but I don't want to give it away.)

So it comes down to there being no substitute for doing one's own listening. And to quote the mythical Grautheim for the last time: "If you find yourself getting to like pieces you told your timid friends you hated, you have left these eunuchs even farther behind. You have *matured*. You dared to hate—now you dare to love!" ■