

The main fault I find with the young Englishmen is that they wash out their pedal, produce rosy nuances, lack rhythmic draughtsmanship, and have many other technical faults in common with their blood brother, Cyril Scott, who they seem to detest as much as I by word of mouth and by printed articles.

If Bloch in America were more Bloch and less Beethoven string quartets which he constantly studies, he would be one of the greatest musical names of the age. His biting elliptical line is new to music, and his locomotion and machinery is of the most improved type, but he writes always too much to the sentence.

Among the names: Branchusi, Léger, Picasso, Gertrude Stein, Lipchitz, Joyce, Braque, Gris; we can today only put the name of Strawinsky among them. The musicians stay in their holes and refuse to function. One comes out sometimes and does something that Strawinsky or Debussy has done before and is acclaimed a madman. Musical life becomes dull and uninteresting. So far we must think that the musician of today is a lower artistic type than his colleagues.

And it is equally as futile to write string quartets in quartertones which present no newer musical lines or musical locomotive mechanism than Brahms, or at best Debussy. It betrays the searcher for something yet newer — the fadist again.

Let us consider the musical line!!

We do not need to find new sonorites. Nuance as nuance should not exist.

Let our youngest composers buy a drum or two and limit themselves to one or two lines of rhythm for a year. Let them work with a pencil and learn dynamic draughtsmanship. Let them experiment with space and create new musical dimensions.

Without this there is no beginning.

To anyone who has lived every day of his life in America and heard the cheap and almost primitive cafe orchestras, especially of the smaller cities, and has heard the infinite variety of headlong rhythms produced by a single clarinet upon a single tone with the strongest and most fascinating relationships between the entire time spaces — to claim monotony because of the lack of vertical interest—i. e. the nuance, or the change of tonalities, or other musical machineries and pharphanelia that belongs to the immediate past is to declare ones pedantry, and if one is a composer it is to declare ones unnecessary.

For American Jazz is the product and folksong of an enterprising and daring blood that has left other lands in the spirit of materialism and dissatisfaction. Jazz is not a craze — it has existed in America for the last hundred years and continues to exist each year more potently than the last.

And as for its artistic significance, the organization of its line and color, its new dimensions, its new dynamics and mechanics, — its significance is that it is one of the greatest landmarks of modern art.

George Antheil

M O R G E N

Deine Jugend schimmert reif und bunt.
Trunken seh ich alle Schatten fallen.
Wissend und wie sterbend zuckt dein Mund.
Glocken fangen jauchzend an zu schallen.

Ewigkeiten lächeln ungesund.
Spreizen lüstern ihre blut'gen Krallen.
Aller Schwermut Sterne funkeln wund . . .
Morgen aber wird dein Schritt verhallen . . .

•Friedrich Eisenlohr