

briefly to Stravinsky. It is something of a tragedy that the influence both of Stravinsky and Schönberg should, through the coincidence of history, be exerted upon the young American composer at a time when their own creative powers are waning. The influence of the Stravinsky of "Fire Bird," "Petrouchka," the "Sacre," "Les Noces," and "Symphony of Psalms" is the impact of a strong, dynamic, creative mind. The influence of the latest Stravinsky symphony is in my mind another matter. In spite of the countless physical, economic, and spiritual problems which beset the present-day composer, the era ahead does not need to be sterile. It might become so, if we follow the wrong guides.

The problem of Schönberg is simpler in one sense, and more complicated in another. Since his determined effort to throw off the Wagnerian yoke, apparent in such an early but moving work as "Verklärte Nacht," he has set up a self-imposed tonal discipline which seems to be more at home in the laboratory than in the composer's study. I shall not ape the critics by attempting to pass judgment on this gifted man. His influence, so powerful in Europe in the earlier decades, has seemed to be considerably less potent in the United States. There are many composers who have come under his influence, but only those who became disciples have remained faithful. Even they have had only a minor influence as their music has not been widely

**FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT: No. 320**

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 320 will be found in the next issue.

RLDRFVRBPR VBSCFAG IG

IIUWH HUR SVFGH

QRSRBPR CS KRWY

AVBQG VG HC

FRPFVAVBWHR.

—G. H. PCZRFVQTR.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 319

Every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man.

—SIR RICHARD STEELE.

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As One 25-Year-Old
to Another 25-er

THE HERALD TRIBUNE'S WEEKLY BOOK REVIEW

...confesses an overwhelming
urge to invite every reader
of the Saturday Review's
noble 25th-anniversary issue
to attend our own celebration
eight Sundays hence—the
25th anniversary issue of
the Weekly BOOK Review
to be published September
25, 1949

in the
NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

Share with us

...a backward but not wistful
glance at the books and book
reviewing of the past
quarter-century...

...a forward and inquiring look
at the trends and undercurrents
which will produce the books
ahead of us...

heard. I do not believe that the almost
mechanical methodism which his
theories impose is a natural part of
the young, vital, creative age which
I hope we are developing.

Paul Hindemith, on the other hand,
has had, and continues to exert, a
strong influence. A master craftsman,
possessing a logical mind of great
keenness, and with a technical ap-
proach which is more understandable
to the student than that of his great
Austrian colleague, Mr. Hindemith is
laboring indefatigably both as creator
and teacher in the propagation of his
ideas. America is fortunate in having
men of such eminence teaching in its
colleges. Whether they will assimilate
the student, or whether the American
student will assimilate them, it is yet
too early to see.

Out of these influences have come a
plethora of styles, technical points of
view, and esthetic philosophies. Can
all of these heterogeneous modes of
music-making live together and de-

velop in peace and harmony? If they
can, there is a possibility that the new
world may at last lead the old in the
arts as well as in the sciences and
economics. Such a possibility, how-
ever, calls for a greater tolerance and
a nobler consecration to beauty than
we have yet seen. The world of music
is still too full of raucous voices shout-
ing, "You must do this, you dare not
do that; this, and this only, is the one
true path!" Frequently the voices
which cry the loudest for the freedom
of the artist are those which would
cast the heaviest chains. Too often
differences in viewpoint harden into
tightly knit, arrogant cliques, each
braying loudly for the rights of the
artist, but intolerant of everyone who
is not of its own herd.

America is broad enough to embrace
every honest conception of truth and
beauty. It is great enough to inspire
many men in many ways. It is toler-
ant enough to grant to every artist
the right to sing his own song.

Public Gardens

By Frances Minturn Howard

THERE is a spell on these blue walks tonight,
Pollen of love upon the gentle air,
Music subtler than sound to which these lovers wander
Two and two, two and two, with soft identical gesture
In a pattern formal, repetitive and ancient,
And new as green uncurling from a bough.
Why should these white trees whirl against the dusk,
More luminous than in full glare of sun,
Littering the ground with spendthrift glory
As if they made a mirror of the grass
Spilling their own white image back again?
Why should the bridge tonight have taken off
Into the blue recessive evening sky? Round pearls
Of light mark the ascent, dim-burning planets
Above a stairway with no end in view.
In the black water sleepless ducks revolve
Two and two, two and two, a pair of floating questions
Drifting above the golden hives of light
The street-lamps paint upon the waveless pond.
And up and down the paths
The petaled faces of lovers
Float on the dark, intoxicate with scent,
Their eyes intent as walkers in a dream
Two and two, two and two, as if their slow feet trod
The winding paths of some green cunning maze
Whose center lay in this enchanted park.
Two and two, two and two, arm seeking waist,
Hand cupping breast in gentle formal gesture
As if some music that they listened to
Required just this motion, that response.
This light air turning up the sudden leaves
Is made of sighs scudding across the grass
Warmer than any stirring of the wind.
The feet of the walkers slow as the sky grows darker,
Faces turn upwards in dim-seeking gesture,
Yet still there is no moon.
The scent grows heavier over the twisted paths,
And the darkness is lit by the haunted eyes of lovers
Flitting in pairs among the shadowed trees,
Their petaled faces white upon the grass.