Carol Oja. ***Making Music Modern: New York in the 1920s.*** Oxford University Press, 2000. xii, 493 pp.

Reviewed by Elliott S. Hurwitt

Carol Oja's *Making Music Modern* is a rare achievement, at once an essential musicological study and a major contribution to our general fund of knowledge on America in the twentieth century. Over fifteen years in the making, and encompassing a vast amount of knowledge, it is a prodigious labor of organization and distillation of materials. Many crucial figures, works, and artistic milieus of the early twentieth century are discussed in its pages, and much of the information presented is new, long-forgotten, or only vaguely familiar.

Carol Oja is Margaret and David Bottoms Professor of Music and Professor of American Studies at the College of William and Mary, and the former Director of the Institute for Studies in American Music at Brooklyn College. She has been publishing important articles on music of the 1920s since her student days over twenty years ago. Much of that work has now been re-deployed in *Making Music Modern,* and she has crafted a coherent, if discursive, story, in part from the disparate strands of her earlier research.[1]

There is much to praise here, but pride of place must go to Oja's marshalling of original research material, particularly from archives such as the Robert Schmitz papers and other previously unplumbed resources, and from the pages and archives of unjustly forgotten publications and organizations such as *Eolus,* the *Musical Courier,* the *Musical Leader,* and *Modern Music.*[2] She has also dug deep into the popular press of the 1920s, including the most influential magazines of the time, such as *The New Republic, Vanity Fair,* and *The Literary Digest,* as well as the famed "little magazines" of the period, such as *The Dial* and the *Little Review.* Most of all she has had repeated recourse to *Musical America,* also the source of many of her illustrations, and makes extraordinary use of correspondence housed in numerous archives.

As a serious scholar, Oja tells us only as much about her (often colorful) cast of characters as she feels we need to know in order to appreciate who they were and what their work was *in its time.* Her holistic approach, emphasizing context, is the freshest aspect of Oja's text. Too much cultural history is written from a Mount Rushmore or "big man" perspective.[3] This book fills in our map of the neighborhood, giving us the lesser-known musicians, patrons, critics, magazines, and new music societies, not to mention selected painters, philosophers, mystics, and cranks. Oja is virtually unique in her ability to fill in the picture in this way.

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That said, there are some minor flaws in this book, as in any study of its size and breadth. These fall into two general groups: minor errors of fact or interpretation, evidently a result of the effort required to assemble this mind-boggling assortment into a single volume; and a tendency to skate over the careers of some of the best-known figures in American music, as if the reader must already know everything about them. It is not, in any event, in her discussion of these relatively well known figures that Oja's book is at its most valuable. Rather, it is in chapters on lesser-known composers, patrons, and institutions, that this study makes its greatest contribution.

Oja's book is organized into twenty chapters divided among seven larger sections with large general themes: "Enter the Moderns"; "The Machine in the Concert Hall"; "Spirituality and American Dissonance"; "Myths and Institutions"; "New World Neoclassicism"; "European Modernists and American Critics"; and "Widening Horizons." A succinct introductory chapter is followed by individual chapters on particular composers and cultural milieus. The first musician examined is pianist and composer Leo Ornstein (b. 1893, and, amazingly, the last of these figures still among us, at an extremely ripe old age). He figures first in Oja's story for good reason: his period of great prominence came early, coinciding with the World War I era, and in a sense his vogue was a precursor of the modernist wave of the 1920s. This chapter is strong on several counts: in the discussion of Ornstein's early career and the patronage and press coverage he enjoyed; on the importance of philosopher Henri Bergson for the young composer; and on the "anxiety of influence" in composers of his generation, who arrived in the wake of Debussy, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky, but were as likely to be influenced by composers we tend to discount today, such as Scriabin.

Next in Oja's chronology comes Edgard Varèse (1883–1965), another crucial early modernist, who emigrated to New York in 1915 and spent the balance of his life there. Varèse has long enjoyed a deserved reputation as an original and radical composer, and has accrued a considerable mystique as a musical loner and outsider. Oja deflates this aspect of Varèse's reputation, showing him to have been a canny showman and careerist. Indeed, it is one of the strengths of this book that we come to see how isolation (and its assumed corollary, integrity) were built into the myths constructed around several of the American modernists. Instead, as Oja shows so clearly, men like Varèse and Carl Ruggles enjoyed considerable support from a variety of sources, and what little they wrote was quickly and eagerly performed and often published. Their supposed "heroic loneliness" was really a holdover of pop Romanticism.[4]

In discussing such charismatic figures as Ornstein and Varèse, there is an inevitable danger that the narrative will become personality-driven, de-

spite Oja's serious intentions. The danger is only compounded, tenfold, when Oja arrives at George Antheil (1900–1959), a vivid, bumptious character who stirred up the press and the public wherever he went in the 1920s. Antheil was like a brilliant, precocious, and very irritating boy of about sixteen; alas, he was in his twenties at the time. With his outrageous public pronouncements, ridiculous pretenses, monomania, and comical self-promotion, the man practically begs for fictional or cinematic treatment. Antheil's star burned bright in the 1920s; he was touted as the successor to Stravinsky by no less a cultural avatar than Ezra Pound. Yet his career burned out suddenly, following a round of exaggerated publicity, at a poorly executed concert at Carnegie Hall in 1927.

Oja's treatment of Antheil (chapter 5) is provocative, but raises more questions than it answers. For example, in a December 1921 letter to his patron Mary Curtis Bok, Antheil claimed to be perusing music by members of "Les Six," a loose confederation of composers who were then the newest craze in European modernism: Georges Auric, Louis Durey, Arthur Honegger, Darius Milhaud, Francis Poulenc, and Germaine Tailleferre. Oja ties Antheil's claim to an article on this group that had appeared in *Vanity Fair* that fall (74). But Antheil specifically wrote that he was *examining scores* by these musicians. Does Oja assume he lied in the letter? Or was he actually receiving printed scores (perhaps by Milhaud) at this early date? It seems possible. Granted, Antheil was in Philadelphia at the time, occasionally visiting New York, and had not yet gone to Europe, where he would spend much of the 1920s. Yet he was in contact with émigré artists in New York: Ernest Bloch, Marcel Duchamp, Francis Picabia, and Leo Ornstein, whom he had known for over two years by this time. (He was also in touch with Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, editors of the progressive *Little Review,* and others at the center of New York's artistic vanguard.) None of this would be relevant to Oja's general argument if she did not, throughout her text, ably describe a nascent avant-garde in New York before the 1920s, one that included a wide variety of both native-born and immigrant talent. These networks of early modernists, and the tendrils they sent out toward each other, either mattered or they didn't.

Oja's discussion of Antheil at least attempts to track his development, from early, musically conservative training to his exposure to more forward-looking movements. In dealing with his less musically outré contemporaries, such as Copland and Virgil Thomson, Oja neglects to sketch in this part of their development, although it parallels Antheil's to some degree. Granted, the stories of these composers have been dealt with more thoroughly in other texts, and it is a salient feature of this book that Oja prefers to give fresh information rather that reiterate twice-told tales. Still,

it would help to remind the reader that this is what she is doing. On the whole, her discussion of Copland is fresh, although she greatly exaggerates the neoclassical element in his earlier work; indeed, she tends to mix up neoclassicism with the primitivism and brutalism of early Stravinsky and mid-to-late 1920s Copland generally. In this regard, much of what she has to say about the *Piano Variations* (1930), while it may be new, strikes me as a curious misinterpretation. The "austerity" she identifies is clearly there, but it (and the great structural power of the piece generally) derives from a unique amalgam of several modernist breakthroughs, including Schoenberg's twelve-tone method, welded together through the force of Copland's genius. On the other hand, Oja's observations on neoclassicism elsewhere in the book are insightful, particularly her general discussion in chapter 13, relating music to such disparate artistic movements as International Style architecture.

One of the most curious chapters is on Virgil Thomson, a composer Oja herself interviewed at least once, and one on whom she has done valuable work in the past (1990). Her chapter on Thomson here is so brief as to be almost a throwaway; another reviewer has suggested that the discussion might have been incorporated into another chapter (Nicholls 2001). The obvious candidate would be chapter 16, in which Oja deals with four other neoclassical composers of the period. Yet this curious combination already has problems of its own, quite apart from the reductivism of the neoclassical label generally. The four composers—Roger Sessions, Roy Harris, Walter Piston, and Carlos Chávez—are more interesting for their distinctive features than for their similarities. (Unfortunately, it is difficult to get a firm sense of each composer's style from these brief discussions of a single work by each.) For that matter, Chávez was Mexican, and might have been dealt with as a visitor to New York, like some of the touring Europeans. Granted, Chávez was an important figure, and the Pan-American musical orbit, a cause dear to the heart of Copland, Cowell, and Nicolas Slonimsky, was a welcome antidote to American nativism. But Oja still manages to leave a number of interesting foreign-born New York composers out of her book altogether, including a few fairly important ones, such as Bernard Wagenaar.

Even so, a grand if shadowy parade of forgotten and dimly-remembered names passes fleetingly through the pages of this book: all the minor and secondary composers who vied (often quite successfully) for space on concert programs that also introduced the great talents of the era. Thus, we are reminded of such American composers as Theodore Chanler, Richard Hammond, A. Walter Kramer, and Bernard Rogers, and an even larger contingent of their European contemporaries, such as Nina Koshetz, Daniel Lazarus, and Georges Migot. Some immigrated to these shores,

others had their works played here. Most made only a secondary impression even then; a few, such as Lazare Saminsky, loomed quite large at the time. Today's listener might find little in their work to justify a revival. But there are definitely exceptions.

Chief among these redeemable composers would be those featured in Oja's chapters 6 and 10. Dane Rudhyar, the subject of chapter 6, wrote some excellent music during the period of Oja's study, and had a considerable and widespread influence on other composers of the time. Born Daniel Chennevière in 1895, Rudhyar was intellectually precocious in the extreme, publishing a monograph on Debussy at the age of eighteen; he would prove a prolific writer on music and spiritual matters, particularly during the 1920s. Rudhyar was deeply immersed in what we today refer to as "New Age" pursuits; in his day these included theosophy and Rosicrucianism, among other fads. These brands of "knowledge" have become so prevalent today that serious readers may feel a certain reluctance to read about them. But Oja connects Rudhyar's immersion in arcane ideas with his approach to dissonance in music, a kind of spiritual dissonance, as she calls it. This discussion is among the most masterly in the entire book. Curiously, Rudhyar joins a considerable list of interesting composers in this book who seem to have petered out or given up at some point. They included some of the biggest names of the era, including Ornstein, Ruggles, and Varèse.

Also outstanding is chapter 10, on the "forgotten vanguard," a group of composers about fifteen years older than Copland and Henry Cowell. While none of these figures individually is as compelling as Rudhyar, all four (Marion Bauer, Louis Gruenberg, Frederick Jacobi, and Emerson Whithorne) are unjustly forgotten today. In part this is because stylistically they fall somewhere between familiar camps; neither true modernists nor traditionalists.[5] Whithorne, in particular, wrote some wonderful things, such as the piano set *New York Days and Nights* (1920–23). Oja ably discusses the "Chimes of St. Patrick's" movement from this charming work; I wish she had gone further and discussed other movements as well. This is music that deserves to be far better known.[6]

Oja is superb on the institutions and groups that supported and promoted new music, particularly in her chapters 11 ("Organizing the Moderns") and 12 ("Women Patrons and Activists"). It is only quite recently that patronage issues in American music have gotten the attention they deserve, and Oja is sensitive to the need to honor the tireless and generous women, such as Claire Reis and Blanche Walton, who made so much happen through their advocacy. Oja does a better job than anyone before her in untangling the complex networks of musicians and supporters who made up the competing new music groups of the period, the League of

Composers, International Composers' Guild, and the rest. For those of us who care deeply enough to follow this crowded story, Oja provides a valuable service in debunking some of the myths that have plagued prior discussion of these associations, particularly a tendency to try to divide them into neoclassical and ultramodern camps. Here Henry Cowell emerges as a real hero of the period for his organizational work, as much as for his other contributions to music.

In other institutional matters, however, Oja sometimes stops short of fully investigating new areas of research that she has opened up. What, for example, of the Modern Music Shop? We are told that this important business operated for much of the 1920s, both from a midtown store at 14 East 48th St. and from another at 219 East Broadway. This latter address is a most unlikely site for such an enterprise, located as it was in the Jewish ghetto of the Lower East Side. In fact there were two businesses with this name, and only the one in midtown carried any avant-garde materials.[7] Oja has seen a catalog put out by the Modern Music Shop; its reproduction would have made a valuable appendix to her book.

There *is* a considerable appendix in the book listing concerts of modern music held in New York in the 1920s, and also concerts held elsewhere, including Paris, if they were connected to the New York new music societies of the period. Much of this information is reprinted from earlier sources (e.g., Oja 1979). However, there are errors in these listings, such as the references to Martha Whittemore as a "vocalist" (373, 394, 404). Whittemore was a cellist with a long and distinguished career, and was still teaching as late as 1970. The abbreviation "vc." continues to bedevil musicologists and discographers in this manner. But did no one notice that there was already a singer listed for these concerts, and that none of the music in question called for more than one vocalist? A related shortcoming is the discography, which is valuable, but too small.

Chapters 3 and 17 treat the advent of European modern music in New York, first via critical coverage, later through the arrival of major modernists on tour. In the former case Oja gives an excellent historical overview, particularly regarding the early American reception of Satie, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky. However, in emphasizing such events as the Flonzaley Quartet's world premiere of Stravinsky's *Concertino* in 1920 she may exaggerate the importance of New York as a modernist center in this period. It would take the rise of Hitler and the cataclysm of World War II to turn New York into the capital of the international avant-garde. And while it is fitting that we be reminded of the anti-German sentiment lingering in the post-World War I era, to infer that this helps explain why Stravinsky was favored over Schoenberg in the 1920s (50) seems far-fetched. To this day many concert-goers find the

Russian master ingratiating, while the Austrian remains a pill too bitter to swallow.[8] Here, Oja's reading of general history for context may obscure more than it enlightens.

However, this lapse is more than balanced by the overall strength of her discussion of the European modernists. In chapter 17, discussing the American tours of Stravinsky, Bartók, Ravel, and others, she is ably supported by a wealth of little-known materials, such as the Robert Schmitz papers and several now-forgotten publications of the time. Chapter 18 is even more valuable. Here Oja restores to us the early work of Carl Van Vechten, still famous as an advocate of African-American music and literature (if less so for his novels). But who knew that Van Vechten was in the vanguard of American criticism, ca. 1915–20, when it came to figures such as Satie and Stravinsky?

One vexing aspect of this book is a certain American chauvinism that creeps in from time to time. We need hardly credit, for example, Antheil's claim to originality, or to superseding Stravinsky, to admire his *Ballet mécanique* and *Jazz Symphony.* The former, while an exciting piece, is clearly dependent on the rhythmic jaggedness of *Le Sacre du printemps* and especially of *Les Noces.*[9] The music of Bartók may have also entered his consciousness by this time. As for the *Jazz Symphony,* it is a lot of fun, and deserves to be better known, but some of its best moments are in its use of old pop and ragtime songs, and an unfortunate letter of Antheil's, quoted in Oja's text, makes it plain that the composer used such elements sarcastically, and regarded them with contempt and revulsion.[10]

Antheil's ambivalence was only one of several troubled attitudes toward popular culture that plagued composers of the period, from both sides of the classical/popular divide. Granted, there were a few, such as Copland, who used jazz elements in a few of their works with no apparent discomfort. But equally common were love/hate relationships, such as Antheil's, or cases of intense anxiety over not measuring up to high art standards, such as George Gershwin's. Oja makes as good a case for Gershwin's *Concerto in F* as one can, given the extremely uneven quality of that work. The piece has had brilliant advocates before her, beginning with the critic Abbe Niles (1925), and more recently Charles Hamm (1990).[11] But Virgil Thompson, Marc Blitzstein, and Lawrence Gilman were not *wrong* in judging it inferior to the *Rhapsody in Blue.*

Other composers of the period, such as Louis Gruenberg and John Alden Carpenter, used musical elements that they identified as jazz but that we may have trouble recognizing as such today. Oja is too willing to give Carpenter, and his co-creators of *Skyscrapers,* the benefit of the doubt in racial matters; I detect depressingly familiar stereotypes in the photograph of performers in the work (337), and some of what Oja reveals in

her text only confirms this. She also gives Carpenter and his co-creators too much credit for originality in their conception of the work generally; relating the generic character names in Carpenter's ballet *Skyscrapers* to those in Blitzstein's later *The Cradle Will Rock* makes a certain sense if we limit our discussion to American works, but that seems unrealistic in dealing with 1920s New York modernism. Both in the character naming and in the use of pop culture "play" scenes—here related to Coney Island—one is reminded inevitably of Parisian precursors, such as *Les Mariées de la Tour Eiffel* (Cocteau/Les Six, 1921), or the earlier *Parade* (Cocteau/Satie/Picasso, 1918). Nothing Carpenter could offer in this vein measures up to similar work by Poulenc, or for that matter, by such contemporaries as Jacques Ibert, in the 1920s and 1930s.

In creating her broad overview of the 1920s, Oja faces a dilemma that haunts academic specialists generally: how to maintain one's primary focus while also relating our work to, and offering something of interest for, culture and society as a whole. One finds abundant evidence of Oja's breadth of reading in the background material with which she astutely introduces cultural eras, movements, and contexts (e.g., the writings of iconic 1920s figures such as Sherwood Anderson and Malcolm Cowley, and more recent cultural/historical work such as Ann Douglas's *Terrible Honesty* [1995]). Yet once in a while Oja has trouble pulling together the disparate strands of her great tapestry. It's a labor that would probably defeat anyone.

Most of the problems in this book concern petty details, rather than broad concepts, but they come up as often in relation to musical matters as the more general contextual ones. In her discussion of George Antheil, Oja misstates his age in 1927, and claims that his use of percussion in the *Ballet Mécanique* "takes pride of place next to" that of Varèse in *Ionisation* a few years later, and of John Cage a decade later still (73).[12] But in fact Antheil's piece, unlike *Ionisation,* includes pianos and pianolas as well as both pitched and unpitched percussion, a very different matter from the more revolutionary scoring of the Varèse work. Moreover, Milhaud had written entire movements of pieces (*Les choéphores,* 1915–16, *L'homme et son désir,* 1918) with no instruments other than unpitched percussion several years before either Antheil or Varèse did.

More troubling is a patchwork quality that occasionally becomes evident in this book, a sign that the author has taken on so much material that the finished product resists thorough editing. Thus, on the same page on which Antheil (1900–59) turns twenty-four in 1927, we find a reference to the painter Fernand Léger as a "Spanish cubist."[13] In fact, Léger was as French as they come, and while he went through a cubist phase around 1909, he is best known for his "machine" style art, drawing on tubing and

other industrial forms and applying them to humans and other organic subjects.[14] What makes the misrepresentation doubly unfortunate is the reproduction (66), of some of his wonderful *décor* for Milhaud's ballet *La création du monde.* This is some of the finest faux primitive art of the twentieth century, and it shows clearly that cubism was just one of the styles Léger was playing with by the 1920s. Contradictions of this nature trouble the text repeatedly. On page 119, Oja mentions the remarkable instrumentation ("only trumpets") of *Angels* by Ruggles. Yet on the facing page she also reproduces the opening of the score (one of many valuable music examples in the book), and there, for all to see, is a score for four trumpets and two trombones.

There is also one really glaring example of runaway ambition in this book, in Oja's discussion of Henry Adams's philosophical memoir *The Education of Henry Adams* (64). In her consideration of Adams's famous dichotomy between the "Dynamo and the Virgin" (modern mechanization versus medieval faith), Oja refers to his story as that of "a young American" encountering a dynamo at the Paris Exposition of 1900. In fact, Adams had two such mind-bending confrontations: at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 as well as at the later Exposition. Adams was a rueful, alienated old man at the time of these incidents—still guilty over his failure to serve in the Civil War, haunted by the ghastly suicide of his wife Clover in 1885. His book (a posthumous best-seller) is the philosophical (and selectively evasive) rumination of a man who felt old, failed, and a throwback to an earlier age that was dead and unlamented. It isn't as if Oja fails to understand the *themes* of Adams's book. The broad concepts are handled quite well, yet a single error of fact is so egregious as to call the entire discussion into doubt.

On the whole, however, the book's discursive, contextual approach serves Oja well. Her brief discussions of the artistic/intellectual climate surrounding her composers is superb, and will keep the non-specialist glued to the page. Like any pioneering study of its magnitude, *Making Music Modern* provokes the reader to wonder about possible future avenues of exploration, in this case a great many of them. Ultimately this fine book, which gives such importance to hitherto forgotten figures such as Rudhyar, will be judged more as a catalyst than as a *summa* of our knowledge of this exciting decade. It will not, for example, allow future historians to arrive at an accurate appraisal of the many important figures discussed in its pages. How could it, when many of them wrote their finest pieces after the 1920s had ended? This is obvious in the case of someone like Copland, less so in the case of George Antheil; after the dust of the latter's career had settled, he went on to write, in relative obscurity, such wonderful works as *La Femme 100 Tetes* (1933), a set of forty-five piano

preludes inspired by the work of surrealist Max Ernst. Oja's book has the unintentional effect of returning Antheil to the prison of his youthful vogue as an *enfant terrible;* with its disastrous denouement, this makes for a depressing story.

It is also unfortunate that Oja takes for granted the hoary assumption that the truly forward-looking, revolutionary composers of the period were the experimentalists (who practiced a type of modernism that would largely die with them) and the mystics and spiritualists of the era, such as Rudhyar. It is true that there are more recent composers (Oja cites Peter Garland) who revere the "ultra" camp, and have extended their tradition, and Oja has plenty of company—e.g., H. Wiley Hitchcock and Kyle Gann (2000), David Nicholls (2001), and Paul Griffiths (1985)—in viewing the extreme modernists as harbingers of things to come. But to some degree this entire line of development petered out during the war between the Stravinsky and Schoenberg camps. More recently, young composers seem blissfully undaunted by (sometimes unaware of) any of these groups and developments.

Reception of Oja's book has been mixed. Within the musicological community it has been greeted with a range of comments running from respect to rapture. Critics have been less unanimous. In a flippant and highly negative review, Gregg Sandow (2001) trotted out the most shopworn of critical clichés, using a George Bernard Shaw quote to poke gratuitous fun at Oja for using musicological jargon (there is little enough of it in the book). Allen Hughes (2001) was far more positive, although he was puzzled that Oja did not make more of Charles Ives, who for Hughes (and others) was clearly the most important American musician of the early twentieth century.[15]

For my own part, although I find fault with this book on more than one score, on balance it is unmistakably a major achievement. As she works her way through the veritable mountain of material that has gone into this study, Oja corrects innumerable errors that have gone unchallenged in the past, and sheds considerable new light on her subject in general. The book restores to view a great many important persons and institutions of the 1920s, the era when musical modernism, in all its glorious multiplicity, burst upon the New York scene. Thanks to this extraordinary book our knowledge of this vanished world is much enhanced. I, for one, will never view the 1920s in quite the same way again.

Notes

1. This includes Oja's work on the Copland-Sessions Concerts (1979) and fine articles on such diverse figures as George Gershwin (1994) and the mystical Dane Rudhyar (1999). Oja's dissertation on the Canadian-American ethnomusicologist-

composer Colin McPhee is not brought into play here. McPhee had little effect on musical New York in the 1920s.

2. It is largely to Oja's collaboration with pioneering magazine editor Minna Lederman (1983) that we owe a suberb digest of the best articles in *Modern Music,* published as *The Life and Death of a Small Magazine, "Modern Music," 1924–1946.*

3. To be sure, there are a few figures in our musical history who tower over the rest, and in America's classical tradition they certainly include Ives, Copland, and Barber. And to some extent we need to indulge those who perpetuate personalized legends of heroes, since it is increasingly difficult to engage a wider public in these matters at all.

4. The obvious contrast here is with someone like Aaron Copland, who strove to bring composers together for their mutual benefit, and worked tirelessly to promote and assist younger musicians he believed in. While he was clearly the most gifted member of his cohort, critics had difficulty crafting an image for him that would be good box office, and sought a more suitable rival to dub the Great American Composer. Roy Harris was deemed the perfect alternative: ruggedly handsome, a westerner, heterosexual, and something of a loner, he lived up to the image in every way, except in producing a catalog of great works.

5. In this regard, it is interesting that Oja also mentions, in chapter 11, the group of painters, including Arthur Dove and Georgia O'Keefe, who clustered around Alfred Stieglitz. These painters to some extent parallel the "forgotten vanguard" composers both chronologically and stylistically, and it is fascinating to note that their works, and those of European contemporaries, were shown in exhibitions connected with the early seasons of the International Composers' Guild. This in turn echoes the first season of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes in Paris years earlier, when an exhibition of Russian paintings was an important component in the troupe's initial foray west.

6. A good place to start is with John Kozar's 1990 recording of Whithorne's piano music (Preamble PRCD 1786), which is, in fact, in Oja's discography.

7. The other, which sold musical instruments, records, sheet music, and other ordinary merchandise, was organized as the Modern Music Shop, Inc., in 1920. Its certificate of incorporation is in the Municipal Archives, County Clerk's Office, New York.

8. Oja herself quotes critic Paul Rosenfeld (1922) as follows in a review of the New York premiere of Schoenberg's *Five Orchestral Pieces:* "The assemblage sat like patients in dentist chairs, submitting resignedly to a disagreeable operation."

9. In fact, Oja herself notes that Rosenfeld noticed this derivativeness even at the time (305). Oja's discussion of Rosenfeld is valuable, although I think she is somewhat hard on his writing style.

10. Oja misrepresents the reaction to the *Jazz Symphony* at Antheil's disastrous 1927 Carnegie Hall concert when she states: "Even the sensational stroke of having the work performed by W. C. Handy's Orchestra did not seem to affect the overall impression" (356). True, the concert as a whole was a critical debacle, but the *Jazz Symphony* had been extensively rehearsed, at great expense, through the determined patronage of Harlem hair products heiress A'Lelia Walker, and the audience greeted it with an ovation.

11. In his essay "A Blues for the Ages" (1990), Hamm focuses his praise on the *Concerto*'s central slow movement, much the strongest section of the piece.

12. The frequent references to Cage and other later figures in the book eventually come to seem somewhat anachronistic.

13. This curious error also cropped up in a pre-concert lecture given by Cori Ellison at St. Paul's Chapel at Columbia University around 1997; I have yet to locate the ultimate source of this double misconception, which seems, unfortunately, to be spreading.

14. Oja clearly knows all this, and discusses it quite ably on pages 65–67. Her editors seem to have let her down at some point.

15. It may be that Oja sometimes assumes too much about what her readers already know of her subject. In this case, for example, Hughes, a knowledgeable and experienced critic, may simply not know or remember how low a public profile Ives actually had as a musician before the 1940s.

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