cal composition. By so doing, the separation between the domains would be defined beyond any possibility of confusion of categories, and the composer would be free to pursue a private life of professional achievement, as opposed to a public life of unprofessional compromise and exhibitionism.

But how, it may be asked, will this serve to secure the means of survival for the composer and his music? One answer is that after all such a private life is what he university provides the scholar and the scientist. It is only proper that the university—which, significantly enough—has provided so many contemporary composers with their professional training and general education, should provide a home for the “complex,” “difficult,” and “problematical” in music. Indeed, he process has begun: and if it appears to proceed too slowly, I take consolation in the knowledge that in this respect, too, music seems to be in historically regarded parallel with now sacrosanct fields of endeavor. In E. T. Bell’s *Men of Mathematics*, we read: “In the eighteenth century the universities were not the principal centers of research in Europe. They might have become such sooner than they did but for the classical tradition and its understandable hostility to science. Mathematics was close enough to antiquity to be respectable, but physics, being more recent, was suspect. Further, a mathematician in a university of the me would have been expected to put much of his effort on elementary teaching; his research, if any, would have been an unprofitable luxury. . . .” A simple institution of *musical composition for research, of academic for classical, of music for physics, and of composer for mathematician, provides a strikingly accurate picture of the current situation. And as long as the confusion I have described continues to exist, how can the university and its community assume that the composer welcomes and courts public competition with the strictly certified products of the past, and the commercially petrified products of the present?

Perhaps for the same reason, the various institutes of advanced research and a large majority of foundations have disregarded this music’s need for means of survival. I do not wish to appear to obscure the obvious differences between musical composition and scholarly research, although it can be contended that these differences are no more fundamental than the differences among the various fields of study. I do question whether these differences, by their nature, justify denial to music’s development of assistance granted these other fields. Immediate “practical” applicability (which may be said to have its musical analogue “immediate extensibility of a compositional technique”) is certainly not a necessary condition for the support of scientific research. And if it be contended that such research is so supported because in the past it has yielded eventual applications, one can counter with, for example, the music of Anton Webern, which during the composer’s lifetime was regarded (to the very limited extent that it was regarded at all) as the ultimate in hermetic, specialized, and idiosyncratic opposition; today, some decades after the composer’s death, his complete works have been recorded by a major record company, primarily—I suspect—as a result of the enormous influence this music has had on the postwar, nonprofessional musical world. I doubt that scientific research is any more secure against predictions of ultimate significance than is musical composition. Finally, if it be contended that research, even in its least “practical” phases, contributes to the sum of knowledge in the particular realm, what possibly can contribute more to our knowledge of music than a genuinely original composition?

Granting to music the position accorded other arts and sciences promises the sole substantial means of survival for the music I have been describing. Admittedly, if this music is not supported, the whistling repertory of the man in the street will be little affected, the concert-going activity of the conspicuous consumer of musical culture will be little disturbed. But music will cease to evolve, and in that important sense, will cease to live.

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Classic Essays on Twentieth-Century Music
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The Composer on His Work: Meditation on a Twelve-Tone Horse

The eclectic Italian composer Luciano Berio (born 1925) has explored nearly every significant technique and method known to twentieth-century music: twelve-tone music, serial composition, electronic composition, new theatrical resources, extended vocal and instrumental techniques, popular music, and quotation music. He founded the Studio di Fonologia Musicale in Rome and has conducted acoustic research both there and at IRCAM (Institut de Recherche et de Coordination Acoustique/Musique) in Paris. Berio’s collaborations with the soprano Cathy Berberian resulted in extraordinary vocal scores such as *Sequenze III* (1966), *Air* (1969), and *Recital* (1971). In addition to his vocal, electronic, chamber ensemble, and orchestral works, Berio has composed a series of solo works—each titled *Sequenze*—for a variety of instruments (including voice); these works have singularly broadened the technical resources for composers and performers alike. In “The Composer on His Work: Meditation on a Twelve-Tone Horse” (1968), Berio objects to the slavish codification of Schoenberg’s compositional principles into precompositional systems, and equates the trend toward serialization with musical fascism. This essay is one of a series of short articles by noted composers that were commissioned and published in 1968 by *The Christian Science Monitor*.

Thanks to Italy’s political situation, it was not until 1945 that I first had the opportunity to see and hear the works of Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Webern, Hindemith, Bartók, and Milhaud. I was already 19 years old. Of that crucial period let me simply say that among the many thoughts and emotions aroused in me by those encounters, one is still intact and alive within me today: anger—anger at the realization that Fascism had until that moment deprived me of knowledge of the most essential musical achievements of my own culture; further, that it was capable of actually falsifying spiritual reality.
Today, so many years afterward, talk of "cultural development," "the art explosion," "free expression," may make my recollected anger seem out of place. Yet, beneath the glossy surface of contemporary artistic liberality, a more subtle form of Fascism is taking shape; a disguised Fascism which, while it is not at the moment depriving us of any current "information," is threatening all the same to change our consciences and our recognition of our responsibilities in regard to music as a social act.

I refer to what H. M. Enzensberger calls the industrialization of conscience, which praises maturity and at the same time stifies maturity, which builds monuments to "culture" which bear no relation to cultural reality, which preaches peace and makes war, which buys and sells: work, the worker's conscience, happiness, symphonies, life and death, mail-order guns, and a label for every truth.

This is why I choose to vent my remembered anger here in commenting on the responsibility of the composer at a historical moment so grave and so crucial that to limit myself to anecdotes about my life in music would almost seem a shirking of that very responsibility. Furthermore, ideas in music (like any other ideas) are cumulative, and I am not so falsely modest as to claim I can capsule into 10 minutes what took me 20 years to experience and achieve.

We all know that music can't lower the cost of bread, incapable of stopping (or starting, for that matter) wars, cannot eradicate slums and injustice. Never before, however, have responsible composers felt so compelled to challenge the meaning of and reasons for their work in relation to the world of events. Yet we are constantly faced with the ludicrous image of the Great Society composer, occupied with the assembly-line production and collection of well-made, cleverly imitated musical objects. Never has The Composer come so dangerously close to becoming an extraneous, or merely decorative, figure in his own Society.

Composition deals in the invention and elaboration of patterns of expectation; that is, creating modes of conditioning...
a piece of music cannot, however, account for the meaning of that piece unless it is placed in a historical continuity. By the same token a "theory" derived from analysis can never legitimately be used as a tool for producing music. Attempts to do this betray an idea of musical language based solely on procedures for combining elements, which is, to say the least, irrelevant to any serious discussion of music.

Such a concept of music gives rise to the well-known query which opens many "theoretical" discussions these days: "How did he get the notes?" Shuffling notes with the illusion that one is dealing with the formation of music is like using words like "peace" and "freedom" in speaking about Vietnam without touching the underlying relationships that constitute the real and horrifying meaning of that rotten war.

But, rather than pursue that unhappy metaphor, let me turn to another, this time from linguistics. The choice is logical, with all one hears about "language of music," "musical grammar," and such, and discussions of music always seem to demand an eventual resort to metaphor anyway. Recently a major breakthrough was witnessed in the field of linguistics. At its head was Noam Chomsky, who pointed out the need to abandon the dead end of taxonomic linguistics, which is based on segmentation and classification of elements. These elements are found by "discovery procedures" which are considered supremely scientific by some because they are applied only to given sequences of sounds without regard to the underlying structure of the language. This is a consequence of the notion that the sequence of sounds represents the structure of the sentence in some direct way.

Chomsky's insight was that one must begin, not with discrete units (in a loose sense, sounds) but with a semantically meaningful deep structure, from which is derived, by a series of operations, the surface structure, which is then assigned a phonetic form. The grammar, then, which describes these steps, shows how the sense of a sentence is related to its words. Chomsky repeatedly asserts that a grammar is a theory of language in that it describes what a person must know in order to produce language. The parallels to music here are not accidental. The composer's steps always imply theoretical experience, but he is, so to speak, condemned by the very nature of his responsibilities never to succeed fully in reconciling theory and practice. To use Adorno's terms, "the problem facing the composer is not so much how to organize a musical meaning but rather how to give a meaning to organization."

There is the story of the man who stopped his watch, which had been running slow, so that it would at least give the exact time twice a day. The composer's watch is always too slow or too fast. Still, he falsifies the nature of his work and abdicates his responsibilities if he stops the mechanism to assure himself a narrow range of absolute accuracy and security. He is bound, instead, to resist surrendering to the prejudice of The Theory and be prepared to face the multiple character of experience. He must find conceptual schemes open enough to allow him to select, to process, to combine the many aspects of reality, always bearing in mind that any significant musical idea is not the result of a neo-positivistic procedure but a system of interrelationships in progress.

A theory cannot substitute for meaning and idea; a discrete analytical tool cannot be turned to creation by dint of polishing and perfecting it. It is poetic which guide discovery and not procedural attitudes; it is idea and not style. This basic fact has been missed by those who insist on trying to create a twelve-tone utopia of "twelve-tone coherence" by forcing on us the dubious gift of twelve-tone melodies in which, as someone has written, "the twelve-tone rhythmic structuralization is totally identical (sic) with the structuralization of the twelve tones." Alas, this industrialized twelve-tone horse, dull on the outside and empty inside, constantly being perfected and dragged to a new Troy in shadow of an ideological war long since fought and won by responsible minds like Schoenberg, with neither systems nor scholarship for armor!

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**And Don't Call Them "Lady" Composers**

An artist who works in acoustic, electronic, and mixed performance media, Pauline Oliveros (born 1932) resigned from an academic career to be an independent composer/performer. She has received numerous awards, commissions, and grants for her work in composition, performance, music therapy, and criticism. Many of her purely electronic works were produced in the 1960s, when she was co-director of the San Francisco Tape Center and director of the Mills Tape Music Center. Her multimedia works incorporate dramatic narrative, electronic sound sources (both precomposed and improvised), acoustic sound sources, improvisation, film, text, and choreography. An accomplished performer on the piano, accordion, horn, and violin, she often scores her instrumental works for strikingly diverse combinations. She has written many articles on music and has published two books: Pauline's Proverbs (1976) and Software for People: Collected Writings, 1963–80 (1984). In response to an article published in The New York Times on the theme "why there are no great women composers," she wrote "And Don't Call Them 'Lady' Composers" (1970), a frank discussion of the professional barriers faced by women composers.

Why have there been no "great" women composers? The question is often asked. The answer is no mystery. In the past, talent, education, ability, interests, motivation were irrelevant because being female was a unique qualification for domestic work and for continual obedience to and dependence upon men.

This is no less true today. Women have been taught to despise activity outside of the domestic realm as unfeminine, just as men have been taught to despis