THE importance of our subject is obvious to even the most casual observer. At no time in the history of our country has there existed a keener desire to attain a national consciousness and a cohesive national organization. The innumerable schemes of Americanization, the stressing of the so-called "one hundred per cent. Americanism," show the tendency of the day. Nor is this tendency merely the result of the wave of patriotism aroused by our participation in the World War. Already in 1912 Theodore Roosevelt's "New Nationalism" had swept over the country, arousing intense enthusiasm in all sections and breaking down the most inveterate party ties.

A newer and deeper tone has made itself evident in the traditional "scream of the eagle," a tone with less of self-complacency and braggadocio, and more of seriousness and humility. This tendency, without exaggeration, can be said to constitute the most important and characteristic sign of the times. It has manifested itself not merely in the field of politics, but in every other field of American consciousness and endeavor as well, and, not least, in the field of fine arts.

From all sides the demand has arisen for a characteristic American literature, an American drama, an American stage, an American painting, an American sculpture, an American architecture, and, above all, an American music. And many serious and important movements have sprung
up in various parts of the country to fulfill this demand. As universal and as worthy as this desire for a national art undeniably is, its attainment will be a matter of grave difficulty, and will have to be predicated upon certain fundamental factors which, unfortunately, are usually ignored in the discussion of the problem. For instance, in studying the great national art of various times and peoples, we find that the most fruitful and important periods have always coincided with times of intense national consciousness and activity. In other words, the national art has always been the expression of an ardent national spirit,—to cite a few examples: the Periclean age in Greece, the Augustan age in Rome, the Italian Renaissance, the Elizabethan period in England. A national art can only be premised upon a nation of which that art is a direct and immediate aesthetic expression. If we in America desire a national art, we must first have a nation to furnish the basis for this art. This brings us face to face with a question of far greater importance than any mere aesthetic question, namely, Are we a nation?

Before this question can be answered, we must first agree upon what we mean by the word “nation.” I shall not attempt to give a logical definition of that word, but I think you will all agree with what I am going to say. A nation is not a mere aggregation of human beings, held together by some form of political or governmental organization. A nation is a group of people more or less homogeneous, having the same blood, possessing common traditions and customs, speaking a common language, and having identical or similar reactions to certain broad fundamental emotional and mental stimuli. In other words, individual members of a national group, when faced with the same situation, would, with of course some few exceptions, tend to think
and act in the same manner; for instance, be moved by approval or indignation at certain ideas and events, or be insulted at certain epithets. I think this gives a fair idea of what we mean by a nation. Let us test the United States by this standard. What is the result? We are not a people of homogeneous blood, not even approximately so; we do not possess common traditions and customs; we do not speak a common language; we do not react, mentally or emotionally, in the same way to certain great fundamental facts and challenges of life. And as we are not a nation, we cannot hope to have a national art in any field. We cannot hope to have even a truly national government.

I was familiar for many years with the old Austrian Empire. In Austria there were twenty-seven separate and distinct political parties, and seventeen separate and distinct languages, and every one of these component groups considered itself the most important, and strove to force its language and ideas upon the rest of the empire. You can imagine the bedlam which reigned in the political and other fields. And, my friends, we are rapidly approaching just such a condition as existed in Austria before 1914, a condition which had more to do with initiating the World War, I believe, than any other one factor. Is it not high time for us to call a halt and recognize frankly the situation which faces the United States?

There was a time when we were a nation; a time when, perhaps, we were less well organized politically than today; when there were sectional misunderstandings, envies, jealousies, bitter political hatreds. And yet in spite of that we were, in fundamental matters, more of a nation than at the present time. When this country was first formed, it was composed of thirteen separate and distinct states—not states in the sense in which we use that word to-day,
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but "sovereign states"—so recognized by England at the close of the Revolutionary War. We do not deny that they were jealous of each other; that there were serious differences in regard to political, economic, and industrial matters; that they were brought together with difficulty and kept together with even greater difficulty. But these states did consist of a people homogeneous in blood, speaking a common language, with common ideals and traditions of liberty and law. And these ideals caused them to attain a height of magnanimity that no other race than the Anglo-Saxon has ever achieved. They said this: We have fought for our liberty and won. We will use this liberty not merely for ourselves, but dedicate it to the whole world. We will throw open our gates to the oppressed and down-trodden of every nation. We invite them to come to us and to share with us this great gift which has been vouchsafed us. And they came, those who were drawn by our ideals, at first slowly, and then more rapidly; their first idea being to become one with us, to assimilate our language and our traditions, to share with us our obligations and responsibilities as well as our rights and privileges. The very best the outside world had to offer came; people already swayed by ideals similar to our own; sturdy pioneers, industrious, freedom-loving, filled with admiration and gratitude for what we had given the world. We had little difficulty in assimilating those men and women. They brought much of value, materially and spiritually. We are grateful for what they brought. But as time went on a different type began to swarm to America. The land of millions began to attract by its wealth rather than by its ideals. They came not for the ideals and aspirations, but for the "loaves and fishes."

And we Americans have been largely to blame for this
invasion. In our eagerness for growth and expansion, in our indecent haste to amass wealth and exploit the illimitable resources of our country, we have often sacrificed fundamental racial and spiritual values on the altar of quick results. Why should we yield to this senseless impatience? We have all of the future before us. America and its resources are not going to run away from us. There is plenty of time for their development. It is of more importance to build soundly than to build rapidly. It is suicidal to incorporate into our structure elements unsound and dangerous to our present, and destructive to our future.

In the light of this thought we must recognize the folly and wickedness of those industrialists who, demanding a large and cheap supply of labor, use all of their power and influence to cause an immense influx of the lower elements from the European and other continents, which not only debases the average level of intelligence and character of our population, but brings our own laboring classes into competition with a lower standard of living, and so seriously hampers their progress and development. The great steamship companies have coöperated in this nefarious work to their own enormous profit, and, by holding forth false promises and by other iniquitous propaganda, have greatly increased the horde of unworthy immigrants. Under such conditions it is not surprising that the vast majority of immigrants come, not for our ideals, but for what they think they are going to get out of us. They have no wish to learn our language, to understand our aspirations, or to conform to our traditions. They remain with us in racial groups, speaking foreign languages, maintaining their own un-American, often anti-American, ideas and ideals; and newspapers, published in these foreign languages, have
sprung up all over the country, confirming and perpetuating these un-American tendencies. Societies have been widely organized which retain the membership of the descendants of these immigrants, sometimes even to the third generation, and which often are dominated from abroad by alien propagandists who seek thus to disseminate their destructive and anti-social doctrines. We did not realize how widespread this condition had become until, during the World War, it was ground into our consciousness by the so-called hyphenated citizen.

It would not be fair to these immigrants not to recognize the fact that their attitude towards America is largely attributable to America's attitude towards them. They have been enticed to America in order that they might be exploited by Americans, and in such numbers that it has been well-nigh impossible for us to recognize our responsibilities towards them and to fulfill our duty towards them. We have brought them here for what we can get out of them; it is only natural for them to have come for what they could get out of us.

It is manifestly absurd to expect ardent patriotism towards an adopted country from people who felt so little patriotism towards their native country that they could have been willing to leave it. And that inevitable selection which occurred in the case of the first American settlers is no longer effective, owing to increased facilities in transportation and progress in material comforts. In the case of the first English settlers, there was no question of a desertion of their native land or a betrayal of their race. On the contrary, these settlers were doing a patriotic service in expanding the power and influence of their own people. They were building and securing the Empire. Much of the fine temper and spirit of the early American
is attributable to the various processes of selection which determined the make-up of our earlier population. There was a rigid selection even before embarkation for America. Only courageous and adventurous spirits, men and women of sterling character and fearless independence, would dare the dangers of the deep, or could endure the severance of traditional ties. And after landing in the new country, only the hardiest, bravest, and most intelligent could survive the dangers and hardships of the pioneer life.

At the present time the immigrant has no such conditions to face. Travel by sea is safer than on land, and the newcomers arrive under conditions safer and more comfortable than those they left behind. These facts explain to a large extent the deterioration in the quality of our immigrants, and should make us exceedingly tolerant of their delinquencies and shortcomings. Nevertheless, they are here, and constitute a problem which must be reckoned with.

We might just as well face that fact. We must face that fact if we are to do anything of value in meeting the situation. How, then, can we become a nation? A common political government will not make a nation of us. Can a nation be artificially manufactured? No. You can no more manufacture a nation artificially than you can take so many amœbæ into a biological laboratory and manufacture a human being. A nation has to grow and develop in accordance with those laws of growth and development which control all living organisms. What solution then is there for us? The one most widely advocated is that of the "melting-pot." This theory, as it is usually enunciated, is somewhat as follows:

This is America, a large country. We are the hope of the world. We stand for and safeguard the liberty of the world. We are the greatest country that ever existed or
ever will exist. People of every race and clime have come to our shores. The white, the yellow, the red, the black, and the brown are all here in this great melting-pot. They are all free and equal in the brotherhood of man. Eventually they will fuse into a homogeneous mass, and the outcome of this amalgamation will be the highest type of humanity ever known in history—because this is America.

Nobody has more respect for America nor more pride in her than I myself. But it seems to me that the folly of this idea surpasses anything that has ever come within my knowledge. It is idiocy to suppose that mere contact with American soil can change age-old hereditary characters; that, because this is America, the action of ineluctable, biological laws will be suspended. The melting-pot should rather be termed the "witches' cauldron." And we can be well assured that no miraculous alchemy will transmute these tainted strains into the perfect superman. Indeed, nothing more preposterous than this theory has ever been preached to a long-suffering people. Why, we would not think of subjecting even our domestic animals to such conditions as these! Everyone knows that if he wishes to breed thorough-bred horses he cannot admix inferior breeds into the stock. The same applies to flowers, to garden vegetables. How dare we sit still and let happen to our children—bone of our bone, blood of our blood—that which we would not allow to happen to the very beasts of the field. I wish here and now to enter my protest against this insidious, this hideous doctrine with every drop of blood in my veins and every ounce of vigor in my body.

If there were no other reason for rejecting this solution of general miscegenation, the negro problem would furnish good and sufficient grounds. If the present ratio were to remain permanent, the inevitable product of the melting-
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pot would be approximately an octoroon. It should not be necessary to stress the significance of this point. We know that under the Mendelian law the African strain is hereditarily predominant. In other words, one drop of negro blood makes the negro. We also know that no higher race has ever been able to preserve its culture, to prevent decay and eventual degeneracy when tainted, even slightly, with negro blood. Sixty centuries of history establish this rule. Since the first page of recorded fact, history can show no exception. Were the American people to become an octoroon race, it would mean their sinking to the level of Haiti and Santo Domingo.

With the constant interchange of population between Europe and America, Europe would likewise inevitably become tainted. This would mean the degeneration of the whole Caucasian race, the annihilation of white civilization. For not only are the physical characteristics of the negro predominant, but the universal experience of the past, as well as the study of our own hybrids and the other negroid peoples of the present time, proves conclusively that his psychology is also hereditarily predominant. This is the reason why every race which has mixed blood with him has decayed. If we, in America, allow this contamination to proceed unchecked, our civilization is inexorably doomed. For the transmission of these characters is effected through the germ plasm; and, whether we accept or discard the more extreme deductions of Weismann, we must still admit that the poison is too deeply embedded to be eradicable by education, or by material, social, or political advantages. Once let our germ plasm become tainted, and all is irrevocably lost. For, granting that natural selection and the course of evolution might eventually produce from this contaminated mass a race of high order, even then æons
would have to elapse before any appreciable results could show themselves, and Anglo-Saxon civilization would long since have vanished eternally from the face of the earth. But if we reject this melting-pot solution, what is left to us?

I have said we cannot manufacture a nation. We cannot manufacture a culture. These things have to grow and develop gradually under the great biological laws, under the action of which those things which are useful and valuable in the ancient customs and traditions are preserved and gradually adapted to meet changed conditions. This takes ages to accomplish. But we of to-day are anxious to see something accomplished in our own time. We are unwilling to sit supinely and await the course of the ages. We feel that we have a glorious and sacred heritage handed down to us by the fathers of our country. It is not ours, it belongs equally to the past and the future. We are the trustees to whom it has been delivered, and the first duty of every one of us is to recognize his responsibility under this trust. We are not willing that all that is most holy to us, for which our forefathers, through countless generations, have lived, have worked, have prayed, have fought, have bled, have died, should be endangered. We must preserve our civilization. How can we do it? By grafting the stock of our culture upon some already existing national root. What root should that be? Certainly one that is already strongly represented in our present make-up.

America is composed of many and various groups. Each group would naturally wish to have its culture made the foundation of the future America. How can the choice be made? By the process of elimination. We may reject at once the consideration of the Asiatic and African roots. We call ourselves "Americans." But, in reality, the only real Americans are the red Indians. Our population is
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overwhelmingly European, and our customs, traditions, and languages are European.

The matter has already become simpler. It is at once apparent that the root to be chosen must be European. Should we choose the French root upon which to engraft our culture? One has only to ask the question to answer in the negative. Or the Italian, the German, the Russian, or the Spanish? You see at once that the only possible root upon which we can engraft our culture is the Anglo-Saxon root, and that, not because the founders of our country were almost exclusively Anglo-Saxon, but because those ideals upon which our republic was based are characteristically and distinctively Anglo-Saxon. The Anglo-Saxon spirit of good sportsmanship and sense of fair play and justice have been, up to this time, the basis of everything that is fine, that is liberal, that is progressive in our past and in our present. They are the basis of our liberty as well as of our respect for law and order. They are even the basis of our religion, for they are only our particular version of the Golden Rule. They are the informing spirit of Theodore Roosevelt's "Square Deal," as of the Declaration of Independence and of Magna Carta. For that reason we should choose to retain the Anglo-Saxon as the basis of our civilization and culture.

But you say: "This is a democratic country; we are committed to the theory that the majority should rule. Are you sure that the majority in this country are of Anglo-Saxon extraction and desirous of having our ideals devoted to Anglo-Saxon principles?" Well, what if we are in the minority, if such be really the case? I tell those who ask that question this, that the only race in the history of the world which has ever risen to the height at which it could say: "Our doors are open to all who are oppressed, to all who
are down-trodden. Come and share freely with us all we have to offer,"—the only race, I say, which has shown such magnanimity is the Anglo-Saxon, and as soon as the Anglo-Saxon race becomes a hopeless minority and its ideals cease to be the guide and basis of the civilization of this country, just so soon will this country cease to be a haven of refuge for the suffering sons of man.

No constitution is valid that contains within itself principles which would destroy the organization that that constitution bestows. And so no application of the principle of democracy that would destroy democracy itself can be considered valid.

This whole discussion would have been unthinkable twenty-five years ago. At that time it would have been inconceivable that any one could doubt that our country was, and was to remain, a member of the great Anglo-Saxon community. And the fact that in so short a period the matter has become debatable should warn us of how rapidly this grave danger is sweeping upon us. The celerity of the submergence of our original stock need not be pointed out to those who are familiar with the New York of to-day, or the mining and industrial centres all over the country. Large sections of the Middle West are predominantly foreign, and the English language is more and more falling into disuse, even in the schools. On the Pacific Coast we have the threat of the Asiatic problem; in the black belt of the South, the negro is in the majority; and even in the old rock-ribbed New England State of Massachusetts, one of the cornerstones of the earlier America, descendants of the Anglo-Saxons comprise only thirty per cent. of the total population. And this is true of the rural districts as well as of the manufacturing towns. A few years ago, in motoring with friends through Massa-
chusetts, we lost the way and for a space of fifteen miles stopped at every farmhouse to ask for direction. Over this whole district we found not one family that could speak English distinctly. They were all Italians.

Taking it for granted that we wish to base our nation and culture on our Anglo-Saxon heritage, let us come down to practical matters and outline a plan of action. The first and most obvious step to take is to regulate immigration. We can ensure that only immigrants of sufficient intelligence, those who, in blood, character, and habits of life, are capable of assimilating the American ideals, be permitted to enter this country. We can furthermore remove from the United States those already here who have proven themselves unworthy of the benefits our country bestows. And if this policy is to be thoroughly effective, it must embrace even those individuals who have been naturalized. And this policy should apply not merely to individuals, but to groups.

In addition to the exclusion and expulsion of undesirable elements, we can provide that no immigrant be allowed to remain in this country, if, after a certain time, he cannot, or will not, use the English language. We must stop the indiscriminate publication of foreign-language newspapers. In this connection I would like to relate an occurrence of several years ago, when I had the honor of participating in a benefit concert arranged by the Defense League of America, given at the New York Hippodrome. The performers and compositions were to be exclusively American. Theodore Roosevelt had accepted an invitation to be present and address the gathering during the intermission. When the time came, however, Roosevelt was ill in the hospital and could not leave his bed. But he wrote a message which was read by the president of the
league. I wish I could remember and give you every word of it, but two sentences were indelibly impressed upon my memory: "There is room for but one language in the United States of America, the English language," and, "We must see to it that our country does not degenerate into a polyglot boarding-house." My friends, before the echo of those words was stilled in that auditorium, Theodore Roosevelt was dead. This was his last message to his people.

We in the South did not vote for Mr. Roosevelt; we often disapproved his policies and his actions. But we respected him; we loved him because he was a man, and we recognized his greatness as a man and a leader. And in all seriousness I say to you that never in all his distinguished career, in none of his utterances, did Theodore Roosevelt surpass or even attain the level of that last message, his swan-song. If I were an orator, with these words as a text I could inspire an ardor, an enthusiasm, that would sweep over the length and breadth of this land like a purifying flame, burning out all dross, and ensuring the glorious future that we as Americans are entitled to demand for our beloved country.

But the mere exclusion and deportation of the undesirable aliens will be insufficient to our purpose unless we recognize our responsibility towards those foreign elements that, in any case, will be among us. In insisting on their use of the English language, we must give them the opportunity of understanding its inner spirit and not merely its outer forms. If these people, in using English, are merely approximately translating their own previously acquired concepts, they, as well as ourselves, will reap little benefit from the change. For translation, at the best, is a poor makeshift. In fact, the most real values of any language
are untranslatable. For instance, take the French word "mère." Every school child knows that it means "mother." And yet, does it? "Mère" and "mother" mean equally the female parent, but that is practically all they have in common. The deepest reality of both these words lies in their associations and connotations, and no one not familiar with French family life can form even a vague conception of the values innate in the word. For the "mère" occupies a very different position in the French family from that of the "mother" in the English. The relationship towards the father, towards the children and the rest of the household, is absolutely different. In this word the whole tradition and development of French family life is embodied. And so, without an intimate acquaintance with German family life, we can never get a true concept of the meaning of the word "Mutter." The richness and power of any language lie in these associations and connotations which embody the whole history and tradition of a race, socially and even politically. It hence follows that if the use of the English language is to be of deepest benefit to our immigrants, they must be enabled to understand our history and our traditions, our social and political concepts and ideals; they must be taught to understand the innate values in the lives and utterances of our great men, past and present, as well as in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. Valuable work along these lines is already being accomplished by the various Americanization agencies.

But we will not get very far in imbuing our alien elements with Anglo-Saxon traditions and ideals unless we strengthen and confirm them in ourselves. "If the salt hath lost its savor, wherein shall it be salted?" And this is really the most pivotal point in the whole problem.
The time has come when it is necessary for us to return to first principles. We must impress upon our young people the fundamental verities, traditions, and principles, if we hope to maintain our Anglo-Saxon culture. One of the strongest aids in this endeavor would be the cultivation of relations of mutual sympathy and understanding with England and the other Anglo-Saxon communities. The recognition of our racial unity with these communities can, in no sense, impair our political independence. And this course will not only be a benefit to us, but, in the present unsettled state of world affairs, will offer, I believe, the only possible basis for the establishment and maintenance of the prosperity and civilization of the whole world.

Those who would engender discord and strife between our country and the British Empire are no true patriots. Persistent miseducation along these lines has been practised since the period of the American Revolution; and I want, here and now, to contradict certain very widespread historical delusions. It is pretty generally taught that the tyranny and oppression of England were so great that the colonists could not endure them any longer, and for eight years they fought England to win their independence. As a matter of fact, the colonies did not fight England. The English people were so unwilling to enter the conflict against us that George the Third had to hire Hessian mercenaries to fight his battles in America. The great mass of liberal sentiment in England was in sympathy with the colonists, as were the greatest English statesmen, notably Burke and Pitt. A truer view of the American Revolution would be this: that the great liberal forces of America and England joined hands to break the oppression of England's German tyrant. And not America alone reaped the benefit.
of the successful revolution. Our success laid the foundation of England's freedom as well as of our own.

No quarrels seem so bitter as family quarrels; and the petty foibles of relatives are always more irritating than those of strangers. Also many English people are naturally envious of our material prosperity, just as many Americans are envious of England's more mellow culture. But those who would cast ridicule on English methods as slow and out-of-date can have had little experience with England's business men and statesmen. It is true, the outer manifestations of haste and hurry, so familiar to us in America, are absent in England. But very often we are so busy being in a hurry that we do not have time for anything else. The English are reproached with excessive conservatism. They are conservative. But we must remember that the principle which they have most consistently conserved has been the principle of an unbroken liberal progress. Some people sneer at the English as inveterate compromisers, with the implication that compromise must of necessity be a betrayal of principle. And yet I believe this spirit of compromise in England is based upon the English ability to see various sides of one subject, and that it exemplifies only another manifestation of that Anglo-Saxon spirit of good sportsmanship and fair play which consists in a willingness to give and take, and to see that the other side receives due consideration, or, in the American phrase, "gets what's coming to it."

One of our most serious hindrances in developing a national consciousness is our lack of a national capital. In saying this, I am not denying the existence of the City of Washington. But you will at once see my point when you compare what Washington is to the United States with what London is to the British Empire and Paris to France.
Washington is merely the place where the President lives and Congress meets. It is in no sense the focal point of the nation. It radiates no impressive or directive influence upon the rest of the country. Even politically, its influence is negligible, as is seen, for instance, when comparison is made with New York. It possesses no wide social prestige. It exerts no leadership in the fields of music, literature, and painting, nor in science and education. It does not even set the styles. As a national influence it is in no sense comparable with New York. This, my friends, is a very unfortunate state of affairs; and, it seems to me, one of our first efforts should be directed towards making our national capital a real and dominant influence throughout the whole country. This could easily be done. For instance, we might institute a Washington Season, on the order of the London Season, when all the prominent English people come to London for two months. Wealthy people take houses in London for the Season; famous artists, great scientists, philosophers, not merely from the various parts of the British Empire but from the whole world, come together and meet to their mutual benefit and delight. The opera at Covent Garden is not the least attraction. The institution of a national opera in Washington could be easily accomplished, and the expense of such a Washington Season would be a mere bagatelle to our citizens of wealth. This is only one of many ways of making of Washington a truly national capital.

And now, to sum up: I have shown that if we desire a national music we must first have a national consciousness as the basis for this music. I have shown that we are, at present, not a nation, and have outlined various means by which we can acquire nationhood, the most important of
which is the engrafting of our culture upon the fundamental Anglo-Saxon root. The realization of this purpose, however, will take time. Meanwhile, what can be done immediately for an American music? This question can only be answered when we review what has been and is being done in this direction.

About thirty years ago a very remarkable man came to this country from Bohemia. He was not so famous then as he was later. Upon studying musical conditions in this country, he saw that we all loved music very much. He also saw that America was the Mecca of all musicians who wished to make money. And he thought it very sad that we, who were doing so much for the welfare of European music and musicians, should not have a music of our own. He was carried away with the Stephen Foster songs, which he erroneously believed to be negro songs. There were other songs which he thought interesting and valuable. There were also the Indian folk-songs—fewer and less valuable—the real negro songs, and, finally, the popular music of the day. Dvořák insisted that these elements could be used to build up a real American School of composition. To prove his point, he wrote a very beautiful quartette in E minor, based on such material as I have outlined. He continued this propaganda with the famous “New World Symphony,” his masterpiece, and also other compositions, best known of which is the “Humoresque”, which is nothing more than a variant of the tune of “Suwanee River.” These ideas of Dvořák exerted a large influence on music in America, and almost immediately various groups began to spring up with the idea of developing a characteristic and distinctive American music.

I shall not attempt an exhaustive discussion of these various movements, as the subject is very intricate, and the
various circles of influence often intersect. But I think the following analysis will be found to be fairly comprehensive:


Let us take up these movements in order, and discuss their past accomplishments and what they offer us for the future.

1. Red Indian School

The advocates of this school claim that if we wish a distinctive American music it must be based on the only real American music, Indian folk-music. They claim that the Indian music is filled with beauty and character, and by proper development could be freed from its manifest limitations and made the vehicle for the expression of a truly national music. The earliest and most important work along this line was accomplished by the "Wa-Wan" movement, led by the enthusiastic and brilliant Arthur Farwell. Under his leadership the "Wa-Wan Press" was founded and many interesting settings of Indian folk-music were published. But the movement did not confine itself to the use of the Indian themes. It also brought forth excellent settings of poems of Poe and Whitman in a style which, at that time, was very novel and daring. Use was also made of negro material. With the exhaustion of the easily available Indian material, however, the movement lost im-petus, as was inevitable from the inherent fallacy in its fundamental contention.

Edward MacDowell also made use of the Indian idiom, notably in his "Indian Suite," his most beautiful and most perfect work. The most valuable work in this field in
recent times is that of Charles Wakefield Cadman, whose settings of Indian songs, particularly his "Land of the Sky Blue Water" and the other songs of that set, have made him famous all over the country. His opera, "Shanewis," on an Indian theme, was given recently at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where it was awarded a success unattained by any other American opera.

As interesting and valuable as the contributions in this field have been, it is already apparent that the Red Indian School can never give us a national American music. In the first place, the Indian material is too scanty, monotonous, and inelastic to lend itself to musical development in the higher and more complicated forms. But the fundamental trouble lies deeper. We Americans are not Red Indians; we are not even Americans; we are Europeans in race and language. And it could never be possible to express our European culture and psychology in terms of the musical idiom of an alien and primitive race. Of course, for purely objective works of special character and local color, the Indian basis can be used to good advantage, as Brahms, the most German of all recent composers, used the dance-music of the Hungarian gypsy. But think of the loss to the world if Brahms had limited his musical creation to the setting of gypsy tunes!

2. Negro School

The advocates of this school claim that the negro music offers a rich and varied field for musical development; that it is filled with melodic charm and rhythmic fascination, keen pathos, and broad humor. They assert that, in its present stage of development, it is unique and characteristic of America. They infer that it is possible to build on this foundation a school of music of character and distinctive-
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ness, which can take the same place in America that gypsy music has taken in Hungary and which Moorish music has largely taken in Spain.

The accomplishments in this field have not been as valuable as those just considered. We are all familiar with the negro influence upon our popular music, commonly known as "ragtime." But even the works of serious composers in this direction have usually embodied only the lighter and more superficial elements of the negro idiom; as, for instance, MacDowell's "Uncle Remus." Dvořák's "New World Symphony" offers a notable exception. Recently we have been inundated by a flood of settings of the so-called Negro Spirituals, the most valuable and beautiful of which are those of a young Texan, David Guion of Dallas. I must urge all who are unacquainted with these settings to procure them and study them at the earliest possible moment.

Formerly I, myself, made certain contributions to this field in my "Sonata Virginianesque" for violin and piano, my piano suite "In the South," and more recently in my "Rhapsodie Nègre" for piano and orchestra. In my own case, however, the expression was purely objective, and was frankly intended to be character music. I do not consider that this school has much of value to contribute to a national American music. When the negro music is analyzed, we see at once that that part of it which is purely African is almost as meagre and monotonous as the Indian music. Many of the best known negro songs are now known to be not folk-songs at all, but the compositions of white men; as, for example, the Stephen Foster songs. And the Negro Spirituals, it has now been discovered, are also chiefly European in their origin, being merely negro adaptations of white camp-meeting and revival tunes of the last century.
Most of these spirituals, when critically analyzed, show clearly in their melodic and harmonic structure their Caucasian origin. But, in addition to all this, the same objection that was made to the Indian School holds good here. We Americans, so-called, are no more black Africans than we are red Indians; and it is absurd to imagine that the negro idiom could ever give adequate expression to the soul of our race.

3. **Stephen Foster School**

The advocates of this school claim that in the Stephen Foster songs, and other songs of the same period, they have a wealth of material of great beauty and distinction; that these songs are intimately associated with our historical development and lie very near the heart of our people. There has been more talk than action in this field, and the only examples that I can give of compositions influenced by Stephen Foster are "The Banjo" of Gottschalk, the Largo of Dvořák's "New World Symphony," his "Humoresque," and Percy Grainger's "Tribute to Stephen Foster" and "Colonial Song." As much as I love and admire these songs, I feel that they are too closely identified with a particular period and a particular condition of society to be of more than superficial assistance in developing a national music. The innate spirit of the Stephen Foster melody has far more in common with the German folk-song than with the Anglo-Saxon. In fact, so striking is the resemblance of his songs to German folk-music, that some students have charged—I do not agree with them—that Stephen Foster was not their author, but that he got them from an old German and merely purveyed them to the public.
4. **Popular Music School**

The advocates of this school claim that in our popular music we have a mass of material absolutely unique and characteristic of America; that nowhere else in the world is there anything comparable to our ragtime and our jazz; that all the newness, vigor, irreverence, and hurly-burly of American life are truly embodied in this music; and that, consequently, on this basis a national school of music can be founded. They point out that Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven wrote music for the ballrooms of their time; they point to the waltzes, mazurkas, and polonaises of Chopin as evidence that the use of popular dance and song forms is not unworthy of serious music.

It is not difficult to demolish this specious argument. In the first place, I deny that this music is characteristically American. It is a spurious product foisted off on the public by vaudeville and musical comedy magnates of Broadway. The taste for it is cultivated by professional "pluggers", and it is usually artificially manufactured by the lowest and vulgarpest type of the foreign musical parasite. Admitting the charm of the negroid syncopation of the ragtime and the Latin-American spice of the more recent jazz rhythms, I must point out the inanity and imbecility of the melodic line of these compositions; also their monotonous similarity, one success often engendering a whole succession of watery imitations. I put this question to you. Do the musical comedy and the vaudeville stage represent the real spirit of our land and people? Can the spirit of Washington, of Lee, of Lincoln, of Woodrow Wilson, be expressed in terms of this gaudy vulgarity? And yet even this idiom can be used effectively in character music, as is shown by the tangos of Boyle and Carpenter and the "Golliwogs' Cake-
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walk" of Debussy. I, myself, must confess to one or two experiments in this field: "Clowns" from my suite "At the Fair" and "Poème Erotique" from the suite "In the South." The most successful accomplishment along these lines is the piano sonata of Harold Morris, a brilliant and serious composer and a native Texan.

5. ULTRA-MODERN SCHOOL

The advocates of this school claim that America is a new country, situated in a new world; that we are the living embodiment of a miraculous denial of the Solomonian dictum: "There is nothing new under the sun." A music adequately expressing all this novelty must, above all, be new; it must sever all connections with a European past; it must be free from all rules and restraints; it must ignore all traditions of form and content.

The fallacy of this contention is at once apparent to any student of history or biology. We have already seen that the innate values of speech lie in the traditional associations and connotations. And this is equally true of music, which is as much a language as speech itself. No language can be artificially manufactured; and if such a thing were possible that language would still be of no value save as a vehicle for a mathematical treatise. This is even more true of music, the language of mood and emotion. The truth of this is seen when we examine the work of our American ultra-modernists. Their concoctions may be filled with meaning for themselves, but, without a common means of communication, the content must remain as securely locked as the secret of the Sphinx, in their own bosoms. For the purpose of art is not expression, but communication. And this is especially true of literature and music. Of what value would a poem be if written in
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a language invented by the author and known only to himself? As a matter of fact, these American musical "Chaoticists," I would call them, fail even in attaining novelty, their works being nothing more nor less than cheap replicas of those of the recent European musical Bolshevists. And yet some composers of this school, in spite of their avowed aims, have occasionally produced work of value—for you are as much bound by a tradition when you consistently break its laws as when you follow them. In spite of themselves, logic and coherence sometimes creep into their work, and their achievements in atmosphere and tone color are often remarkable. All composers of the present day have been, consciously or unconsciously, influenced by this movement, sometimes to the benefit of their work but more often to its detriment. As examples of particularly successful compositions on these lines, I would recommend to you "The White Peacock" of Charles Griffes, and "The White Birches" of Marion Bauer. The most notable American composer whose compositions are influenced by modernist tendencies is Daniel Gregory Mason. But so universal is the character of his genius that it is impossible to assign him to any clique or faction. Grandson of the world-famed Lowell Mason, nephew of the distinguished Dr. William Mason, he springs from an old New England stock, as is shown on every page of his writings, while the breadth of his culture, his mastery of technique, the vigor of his imagination, and his mysterious and passionate Romanticism place him in the front rank of all contemporary composers.

6. Anglo-Saxon Folk Music School

We have now come to a movement which, I believe, promises a solution of our problem.

The advocates of this school claim that a music to be
truly national must be based on the national musical idiom of the people; that the most valuable achievements in musical history have been essentially national in spirit. They point out that music, as we know it and love it to-day, came into existence with the use of folk-music in the art forms. The old Italian School began to flower when the dry ecclesiastical forms became imbued with the spirit of the folk-song. German music came to life when “Papa Haydn” began to use in his symphonies, chamber music, and oratorios the folk-songs of his native Croatia. Mozart followed in his tread, though to a lesser extent. And Beethoven went even further in the use of the folk-song and folk-dance in his most serious compositions. Schubert’s idiom followed so closely that of the folk-song that some of his songs have been taken up by the people and have actually become folk-songs. And this, to my mind, is the highest honor a people can pay to a composer.

Schumann, Wagner, and Brahms carried on the same movement. Chopin embodied in his music not merely the folk-idiom of Poland, but even the tragic history of his race.

The informing spirit of Grieg was that of the Scandinavian folk-music. Russian music also is based almost exclusively on folk-dance and folk-song, as is shown in the music of Glinka, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Tschaikowsky, Bordine, Moussorgsky, and others. And these men consciously used that music to build up a national consciousness and a national self-respect.

In France, folk-music was less rich and interesting, and this accounts for the relative inferiority of French music. the only work of supreme genius emanating from France in recent times being the “Carmen” of Bizet. But in this case Bizet based his work on the Spanish folk-music idiom.
It can be safely stated that all the music which is really alive for us to-day is based on folk-music, and if we wish a living music in America we will have to provide it with a folk basis.

We have seen that our only hope for a nation in America lies in grafting the stock of our culture on the Anglo-Saxon root. Is it not equally evident that, if we desire a music characteristic of our racial psychology, it must be based upon Anglo-Saxon folk-song? By way of analogy, it is inconceivable that our national literature could be in any other language than English. But, someone objects, there is no Anglo-Saxon folk-music. The Irish and Scotch have a folk-music as well as all the European races and even primitive savages in the uttermost ends of the earth. But the Anglo-Saxon is unmusical. He is the only race that has no folk-music. This idea is still extant, and thirty years ago was fairly universal. But even as a child I writhed under this accusation against the Anglo-Saxons, and would say: "If we have no folk-music, what is 'Billy Boy,' 'Frog Went a Courting,' 'Barbara Allen,' 'Lord Lovell,' 'Hangman Hold Your Hand,'" and other songs. My question would produce little effect, and was usually rewarded with contemptuous silence. But I was justified when, about 1900, Cecil Sharp began publishing his collections and settings of English folk-songs. I can never forget my relief, pride, and joy, when in 1905 a volume of these folk-song settings came into my hands, and I was told that Sharp had already published six other volumes. Among these songs I found several familiar to me in my childhood in Virginia, and realized that as an Anglo-Saxon I had a right to exist in the world musically, that I had a native musical language, and that the folk-song of my own people, so far from being non-existent, was more varied
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and richer in power and beauty than the folk-music of any other race. Sharp, having covered the English field thoroughly and published ten volumes of his collection, has since come to America for similar work in this country. He states that in the Appalachian district the field is even richer than in England, and, in proof of this assertion, has published a volume of settings of English-American folk-songs which he selected from the six hundred and twenty-five he had collected during his investigations.

The question naturally arises: how could educated and cultured people have been ignorant and oblivious of the existence of this mass of folk-music? The answer is found in the pages of history, and carries illuminating and valuable lessons for us of to-day.

In the days of "Merrie England," England was acknowledged to be the most musical of all the European countries. Not only did the population as a whole take the keenest delight in the song and the dance, but almost every gentleman could read fluently at sight his part in a sixteen-part madrigal,—and this at a time when even the most cultured showed a woeful deficiency in the technique of spelling, as, for instance, the illustrious Shakespeare, who experienced difficulty in spelling his own name consistently.

The recent discovery in the archives of Oxford of a vast library of musical manuscript of the Tudor period shows the enormous musical development of that day, and demonstrates conclusively that the English musical culture of that time was far superior to anything which the contemporaneous Continent had to offer. This music is now being transcribed into the modern notation by enthusiastic scholars, who claim that it constitutes a cultural treasure as important in music as is the Elizabethan literature in the world of letters.
With the growing power of the Puritan movement, however, all forms of art came into disrepute; all that was beautiful, pleasurable, gay, in life came to be considered wicked. Under Cromwell, not only the sculptures were removed from the churches, but the beautiful stained glass windows were broken and the organs were taken out and burned as agencies of the devil. All expressions of beauty were condemned and forbidden; but folk-music was especially abhorred. Folk-dancing was strictly prohibited, and anyone caught singing a folk-song was publicly exposed to contumely in the stocks. This especial hatred was directed against folk-music because of its deep hold on the hearts of the people. The folk-songs and folk-dances disappeared from view, but they were too deeply embedded in the hearts of the people to be entirely eradicable. The old traditions were handed on in secret from generation to generation, principally among the humble and lowly, and have survived, not merely the Cromwellian, but the succeeding waves of Puritanism which have continued to recur even to our own day. Persistence of this traditional folk-music proves two things: first, the intrinsic value of a music which could maintain in secret its sway under such hardships over so long a period; and, second, the innate musicality of a race so loyal to its music. To outward appearances, the Puritan suppression was entirely successful, and the folk-songs ceased to be sung, save secretly and in remote and out-of-the-way districts. And so in the centres of culture their very existence came to be forgotten. Inevitably the characteristic English art-music disappeared also.

When, on the restoration of Charles II., the demand for music reappeared, there were no native musicians. Foreigners had to be imported to supply this demand. These imported musicians attained complete command over the
musical field in England. The situation was exceedingly profitable to them. They naturally used every means to strengthen and maintain their strangle-hold on the situation. This foreign dominance has lasted even to the present day.

What I have just said applies equally to America. A well organized propaganda was put into effect to uphold this foreign yoke. The Anglo-Saxon was not merely musically uncultured; he was innately and temperamentally phlegmatic and unmusical. His composers were unoriginal and imitative; his popular songs were sentimental and vulgar. Why, he did not even have a folk-music of his own. The habit of humble acceptance of these alien oracles was early formed. They did not even let us have opera in our own language. The English language was crude, harsh, unsingable. So it was to their untrained and clumsy tongues. And as there was no native competition, there was no influence to compel them to learn to use and respect the language of the people on whose bounty they were waxing fat.

The untruth of their assertions of deficient musical intelligence and talent of the English was repeatedly proven by the quick and spontaneous response of England to the music of great continental geniuses. Handel was more deeply appreciated than on the Continent. Beethoven was honored and supported at a time when the mass of German opinion considered him an uncouth vulgarian. The same holds true of Chopin, Schumann, and Wagner. To show the insidiousness and unscrupulousness of these foreign influences in America, I will relate a story recently told me by a celebrated French conductor, now employed in this country, a man of a very different type.

Monsieur X was conducting opera at the Colisurban Opera House a few years ago. He received a letter from
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an unknown American composer requesting an appointment. The composer had completed an opera which he hoped might be produced at the Colisurban, and he begged of Monsieur X that he listen to the score, and, if he approved it, recommend it to Signor Y. Monsieur X, keenly interested in the advance of American composition, generously granted the interview. The opera, however, proved to be valueless, was filled with crudities and ignorance, and entirely lacking in creative interest. He pointed out these deficiencies to the composer, who boasted he had never studied composition for fear it might injure his originality. Monsieur X explained the necessity for musical education, offered a few suggestions in detail, and bade the composer a courteous adieu.

A month later he received a second letter from the composer requesting an interview, which was granted. The composer said: “I took your advice and have been studying composition. I have adopted your suggestions and made other improvements in the work, and I hope that you will now find it improved enough to recommend it for a Colisurban performance.” Monsieur X examined the score, and of course found it as worthless as before. He explained that the technique of composition could not be acquired in a month; that the road to excellence was long and arduous, and that perhaps, after ten years of earnest work and study, something valuable might be achieved. The composer left in high dudgeon.

Three months later Monsieur X was invited by Signor Y to an audition at the Colisurban, at which an American opera was to be passed upon. Monsieur X arrived at the appointed place and time. He found the bigwigs of the Colisurban all assembled to give judgment on the new work. The door opened, and, attended by a lady, in came
the same composer, with the same manuscript that Monsieur X had already twice criticized. He seated himself at the piano and sang all the male rôles, while the lady sang all the female rôles. The work, although slightly changed was no whit improved. Signor Y received the performance with great enthusiasm, and at the close announced that it would be given a Coliseum performance.

When alone with Signor Y, Monsieur X protested against this decision, emphasizing the musical meagreness, crudity, and general worthlessness of the work. Signor Y looked very wise and replied: "That's just why I am going to produce the work. I am tired of all this agitation for American opera, and wish to put an end to it. If they will have an American opera, at least I can see to it that it is so bad that nobody will ever have the face to demand another American production." I make no comment on this typical story, save that it explains why Anglo-Saxon performers and composers, on both sides of the Atlantic, have found the path to recognition so thorny. However, since the inauguration of the work of Cecil Sharp and others in the field of folk-music exploration and popularization, a change has already manifested itself in England, and an eager sympathy and appreciation are calling for English musicians and English music. A national school of composition, based on the English folk-idiom, is already emerging and already boasts many important works of distinctive character.

Most prominent of this group is Vaughn Williams, whose "Pastoral Symphony," based on folk elements, and showing the strong influence of the Tudor art-music, was given its first performance last June at the Norfolk, Connecticut, Music Festival. Percy Grainger's "Shepherds Hey" and "Mock Morris," although unpretentious, are very valuable
contributions to this movement. I might continue the list almost indefinitely, but enough has been said to prove the enspiriting effect in England of renewed acquaintance with the native musical folk-idiom. Folk-songs are of the very essence of the soul of a nation. For in distinction to songs composed by individuals, even of the highest genius, they are the collective creations of a whole people. They have grown up with the race in more intimate association than folk-lore or folk-epics, because, in the nature of its very being, music is closer to the heart. By a process of variation and selection almost identical with that of organic evolution, they have been passed on with loving tenderness from generation to generation, becoming ever more refined in their content, more polished in their surface, and more poignant in their concision.

If music be the language of the soul, folk-music is the consummate expression and synthesis of all that is most deep-rooted and enduring in a race. And yet, in general, folk-song has its serious limitations. Its phases of expression are usually confined to the more fundamental and primitive aspects of life experience; the most usual types being the grimly tragic and the unrestrainedly gay, with scanty intermediate gradations. Not so, however, with the Anglo-Saxon folk-song. Here the whole gamut of life is aptly and beautifully expressed—crude brutality, as in the primitive ballads, gay abandonment, impish merriment, farcical horse-play, gentle humor, sturdy adventurousness, unwavering fidelity, tender lyricism, passionate romanticism, delicate sadness, touching pathos, witty comedy, poignant tragedy.

For perfection of line and richness of color, the beauty of Anglo-Saxon folk-music surpasses any other in the whole world. It embraces all the historical periods of the race
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from "Lord Rendal," which, by internal evidence and analogy, can be shown to derive from the period of the Teutonic migrations, to "The Green Mossy Banks of the Lea," in which the hero says: "When I left Philadelphia, my home," and "Brother Green," in which the dying soldier says: "The Southern (Confederate) foe has laid me low." The incalculable importance and value to us in America of this folk-music, which should be our most treasured cultural inheritance, is immediately apparent. Here, at last, we have a basic idiom thoroughly competent to express our national psychology. For this music is not only marvelous in content, but, even from the purely technical and formal side, it often attains a perfection rarely achieved even by composers of the most surpassing genius. And this proves not only the innate musical gift of our race, but also the high plane of musical culture and taste that our forefathers, as a whole, had reached, and which, consequently, is reattainable by us, their descendants.

Here, indeed, we find the solution of our problem; but this solution can only be effected by a serious and intensive study of the field, and this not merely by musicians, but by the musical laity as well. And this study will not be arduous. These folk-songs are equally fascinating to those untrained musically and to the technically trained musician. The universality of their appeal is their chiefest glory; they enthrall the babe on the mother's knee as they do the old man tottering on the abyss of death; the farm boy as the college student; the business man as the university professor; the factory laborer as the scientist or poet. Above all they rejoice the soul of the creative musician, who can find in them a perennial and eternal source of ideas and inspiration; for they lend themselves marvelously to development in even the most complex musical architecture.
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They should be studied in all our schools and higher educational institutions. They should furnish the principal basis for our community singing. But, above all, they should be loved and honored in our homes.

Fortunately for us, a few of these song and dance tunes are generally familiar to us in America, especially in the Southern States. In Atlanta, and a few other communities, annual celebrations are held, at which the old fiddlers assemble from the outlying districts to the unspeakable delight of the urbanites.

Efforts in America to use this material in art-music are in their infancy. The phenomenal success of David Guion's "Turkey in the Straw" has spread even to Europe. My own setting of the "Arkansas Traveller" in the "Pioneer Dance" procured for me in 1908 a Paris publisher, while my setting of the "Mississippi Sawyer" and "Old John Hardy" in the "Banjo-Picker" opened to me the doors of the most influential firm of music-publishers in London. My use of the Anglo-Saxon folk-idiom in my violin concerto gained for me my first support in Vienna, as well as the first performances of my compositions in New York and Chicago. As I have said, however, this movement is in its infancy, and we have at our disposal a wealth of practically untouched material. I must urge all American composers to avail themselves of this unparalleled opportunity. In this way, not only will our racial heritage be used to give us a national music, but the resulting music will become one of the most important means towards the end of achieving a national consciousness. It has been wisely said: "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws." And, after all, this is the most important aspect of the matter. Let those active in the Americanization of our alien elements heed this. For these immigrants, be they
ever so ignorant and uncouth, love music and understand its language—the real, the practicable Esperanto. An hour's enjoyment by these newcomers of our folk-music would engender more sympathy and understanding of us than could a year's study of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, Washington's Farewell Address, and Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg. It would open the secrets of our psychology and emotional reactions, our traditions and our behavior, to those musically sensitive foreigners as could nothing else. But, above all, familiarity with this noble inheritance would revive and confirm in ourselves those traditions and feelings which are the crown of our race, and make possible for us, not merely the inauguration of a Golden Age of National Art, but assure to us as well that supremest glory, a nationhood, unparalleled in the annals of all time.

JOHN POWELL.