

witz's background. He shows its strength in validating Horowitz's individuality as such performers as Battistini, Rachmaninoff, Friedman, and Kreisler (and the musical culture they represented) passed away, leaving Horowitz very nearly "The Last Romantic," as his publicists claimed. However, I also believe Schonberg lets a paradox escape him. Until 1961, Horowitz had always appeared in the West as a "modernizer"—the young savage of the late 20's with the close-cropped hair. Then in America he was a Red Seal artist with Toscanini and Heifetz—streamlining, even reductionist vehicles of the repudiation of Romanticism. Was it "Romantic" to play like a machine? Horowitz was sometimes a voice of industrialism and a destroyer of nostalgia in the 1940's and 1950's. Schonberg lets this point go, for example, in considering the 1932 landmark recording of Liszt's Sonata in B minor.

Then, too, he has changed his evaluations of certain recordings—what were

once deemed as flawed in various ways are now subsumed in the glory of Horowitz's best work. And I think Schonberg is just plain wrong about Horowitz's interlocking octaves at the end of Chopin's Scherzo in B minor. The point is not that his effect can be justified, but that the unison scales Chopin wrote are harder to bring off: Horowitz's "effect" is an evasion of difficulty that can hardly be classified as "virtuosity"—"inappropriate cheap stunt" would be more like it, though a stunt at the highest level, to be sure.

Furthermore, since music is such a vital part of culture, the testimony of Horowitz's few pupils shows not how much but how little he connected with them. Horowitz performed, but he didn't do much to pass on what he knew, as other great pianists such as Schnabel, Cortot, and Serkin did pedagogically and in print. Horowitz's narcissism was a crippling limitation.

But never mind—the man was a hero of the keyboard. Schonberg's is a stirring

and convincing book, and he is right that Horowitz was the greatest pianist of the second half of the 20th century. He is right that Horowitz had a demonic quality that actually scared people. He is right that Horowitz had an uncanny ability to control sound, to weave textures, and to fill the biggest hall with unique sonorities. And he has a point in calling for a reassessment of even Horowitz's Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert.

Schonberg's *Horowitz* transcends its subject, even as Horowitz's recorded performances are more than individual statements. The recreative freedom, lyric-dramatic projection, and sustained line of Horowitz's best work remind us of how much we have lost in disconnecting ourselves from the past. And that gap, a fissure running back to the outburst of modernism and the First World War, has swallowed up more than our musical heritage.

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The Afterworld

by Charles Edward Eaton

Summer goes again, and you release its fable—
Tanned swimmers in blue pools, blue seas, the specters of fading roses,
The glistening lust for life, the predator at table.

All the lovers, all the grapes and melons that you knew—
I kissed the girl, ate the fruit with her,
And fantasized that melon rind offered voyages of love in its canoe.

The thing we like the most is just the thing that keeps on coming after—
The caressive sun on skin made stringent by the pool,
The comic songs from sentimental ones, from those romantic tears the
sparkling laughter.

This is what the fable says, this is what it does for us:
Pears come after peaches, melons. The hammock, packed with power,
Sways and sways—a basket for late pathos.

Or so it was, to me, in early June related.
Such relatives that came to picnic on my lawn!—
The muscled one looked like Apollo, the predator was never sated.

Still, in moonlight, comes a time for one last, rueful kiss:
Gold figures folded in the pool, blue worlds we fully occupied—
The afterthought is asking now if tales of autumn hold anything like this.

Letter From Serbia

by Momcilo Selic

Notes From the Front, Part II



Basically, the Yugoslav problem is simple: it is a war of vanities, of various ethnic and religious groups vying for supremacy. If this sounds familiar to American and other Western readers, the parallel is intentional: after all, it was Tito, the archcommunist, who first implemented the New World Order of former President George Bush, of Henry Kissinger and the Trilateral Commission, and of the vintage Council on Foreign Relations. All the necessary components were there, in the Yugoslavia of 1945 to 1991: socialism (communism), obligatory internationalism (the “Salad Bowl” concept), a bureaucratic structure to keep the balance between the warring factions (a huge federal, state, and municipal administration), phony humanism and fake “democracy” (lip service to the various liberal holy causes, such as “sharing and caring,” “compassion,” “ecumenism,” etc.), with—to top it all off—an actual if informal aristocracy to oversee the whole works.

Serbs are being crucified today because they will not submit themselves to the New World Order, which they barely survived the first time around. In 1914, there were over eight million Serbs in the Balkans—they were, by far, the largest and the most important nation in the region. Today, after two successful genocides—the Austro-Hungarian in World War I and the Croat and Muslim in World War II—the current one is proving too much for the remaining ten million Serbs: their archenemies, the Albanians, the Muslims, the Croats, the Bulgars, the Magyars, have, in some cases, doubled or tripled their populations and are being egged on by the several-times-defeated Germans, Austrians, and Turks.

On July 22, 1941, before a cheering Croat crowd, Mile Budak, a novelist and

the Croat Minister of Cults and Faiths, publicly said that the Independent State of Croatia was, as a matter of state policy, going to “kill one third of [its] Serbs, convert a third to Roman Catholicism, and expel the remaining third into Serbia.” Dobroslav Paraga—once an Amnesty International prisoner of conscience, today the head of HOS, a militant Croat organization—is calling for a Croat invasion of Belgrade, of the kind that made some German cities in the Thirty Years War beg for deliverance from “the Croats, the fire, and the pest.”

Apparently, the Croats, still only a third as numerous as the Serbs, are willing to ignite a world war in order to prove their eminence to themselves. For a nation that was, for almost a thousand years, the subject of Hungary, which in turn became the subject of Austria, the Croats’ claims to fame are curious. According to their own centuries-old propaganda, they are one of the foremost nations of the world and have contributed mightily to the pool of the world’s knowledge and artistic accomplishment. Instrumentalized by pan-German imperialism (during World War II, some Croat historians sought their national origins among the Goths), as well as by expansionist Roman Catholicism, the Croats have so far committed unpardonable crimes against their neighbors, the Serbs. During the last 150 years, under Austro-Hungarian aegis, they have converted over a million Serbs to Roman Catholicism, renaming them “Croats” in the process. (Croat national doctrine does not recognize the existence of Roman Catholic Serbs, as, for instance, the inhabitants of Dubrovnik and some other coastal cities, until quite recently, used to call themselves.)

To facilitate the transmutation of their Slavic neighbors into “Croats,” they also took a Herzegovinian Serb dialect for their literary language, though very few Croats spoke it as their own. (Native Croat dialects are the Slovene-like *Kajkavski*, spoken around Zagreb, and *Ikavski* and *Cakavski*, spoken on the Adriatic Coast, while *Stekavski*—today’s official Croatian—is an eminently Serb language, spoken by at least three-quarters of all Serbs.) Worst of all, from the Serb

point of view, the Croats have transferred *their* sins upon *us*, blaming *us* for what *they* did—and are still doing—to us, making use of an opportune crack in the fabric of this planet’s sanity and misperceived self-interest.

The Serbs were the first—and the only—Balkan people to free themselves from the Ottomans through their own efforts (the Greeks and the Bulgarians achieved their liberation with British and Russian aid). In fact, the Serbs threw off the Turkish yoke despite long-standing British, French, and Austrian support of their Asiatic occupiers. Such historical tenacity should, in the case of normal reasoning, give pause to those who have written the Serbs off so easily because of their recent stumbling through the bog of communist insanity, foisted upon them—at Teheran and Yalta—by Joseph Stalin and a compliant West. There would have been no World War I had legitimate Serb claims to Serb Bosnia been taken into account. Gavrilo Princip, then, would not have felt forced to fire his bullet into Franz Ferdinand, and there would have been no Russian Revolution, no World War II, no Cold War, none of all this that’s killing us today.

When in 1991, exactly 50 years after the first Jasenovac death camp, the Croats began brandishing their World War II checkerboard flags and singing songs like “Who needs the dark red wine / When Serb blood is just as fine!” the Serbs of Croatia and Bosnia—a quarter of all the existing Serbs—had little choice but to prepare for the worst. The war itself, however, was started by Croat President Franjo Tudjman, who in a recent public speech stated that “Croatia could have accepted the reordering of the Yugoslav Federation, but, without war, we would not have got our independence.”

As for the Jasenovac Memorial Museum itself, it has been sacked by the Croat Army, and all its exhibits of the Serb, the Jewish, and the Gypsy holocausts have been obliterated. Unfortunately for the Ustashi, a substantial Jasenovac archive still exists in Banja Luka, a Bosnian city under Serb control. Franjo Tudjman had plans to remake the museum into a “memorial for all the dead in World War