2) Dallapiccola

Until his death in February 1975 Luigi Dallapiccola was continuing to add to the small store of 20th-century works that seem destined to survive as classics. His music had long possessed those qualities of creative imagination and character which, over the centuries, have proved more enduring than any style or idiom. It was surely in that sense, rather than simply to identify the city in which he lived, that contemporaries would refer to him as 'the Florentine Master'. Today, the particular resonance of that collocation seems more appropriate than ever. *Tempus aedificandi*—the title of the second of his two late choruses—seems to epitomize his conception of the artist's duties in a troubled age whose potentialities are nevertheless immense. It also reflects his relationship to the traditions of Italian music which he so splendidly renewed, and to the ancient craft of composition which he practised with such meticulous and loving precision. Each and every work was manifestly made to last, and in the very making already implied a faith in the future—including, of course, the future of music as an expression of humane ideals and a means of civilized and responsible communication. Few composers of our time have been so consistently truthful in their art, and few have managed to reconcile such veracity with the discovery of so much that is beautiful—whether serenely so (as in the visions of the *Parole di San Paolo* and *sicut umbra . . .*), or fiercely, as in the laments and exhortations of *Tempus Destruendi/ Tempus Aedificandi* and *Commiato*, his last completed work. It is music that always reflects the indomitable courage of his own convictions, even in, or especially in, its darkest and most violent moments.

Dallapiccola's development seems to have been as little affected by the acclaim of later years as by the neglect and ostracism of earlier ones. His music has never invited the applause it always deserves; it simply seems glad to be alive because it is working not for itself but for others, in search of freedom, of order, and of God. Its absolute probity on every level reaffirms the teachings of the great masters whom Dallapiccola revered, and represents the kind of standards which any composer worthy of the name can at least strive for. Since the future of music depends as much upon the proper exercise of genuine talent as upon the emergence of new genius, it is an example which none can afford to ignore. And if in recent years it has apparently lost the kind of topicality it possessed when the post-war world was attempting to come to terms with the 'classical' 12-note method, and in consequence has sometimes been overlooked or taken for granted, his music does, of course, remain in full possession of those qualities which assure its survival.

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